WEEK ENDING SEPT. 21, 1929

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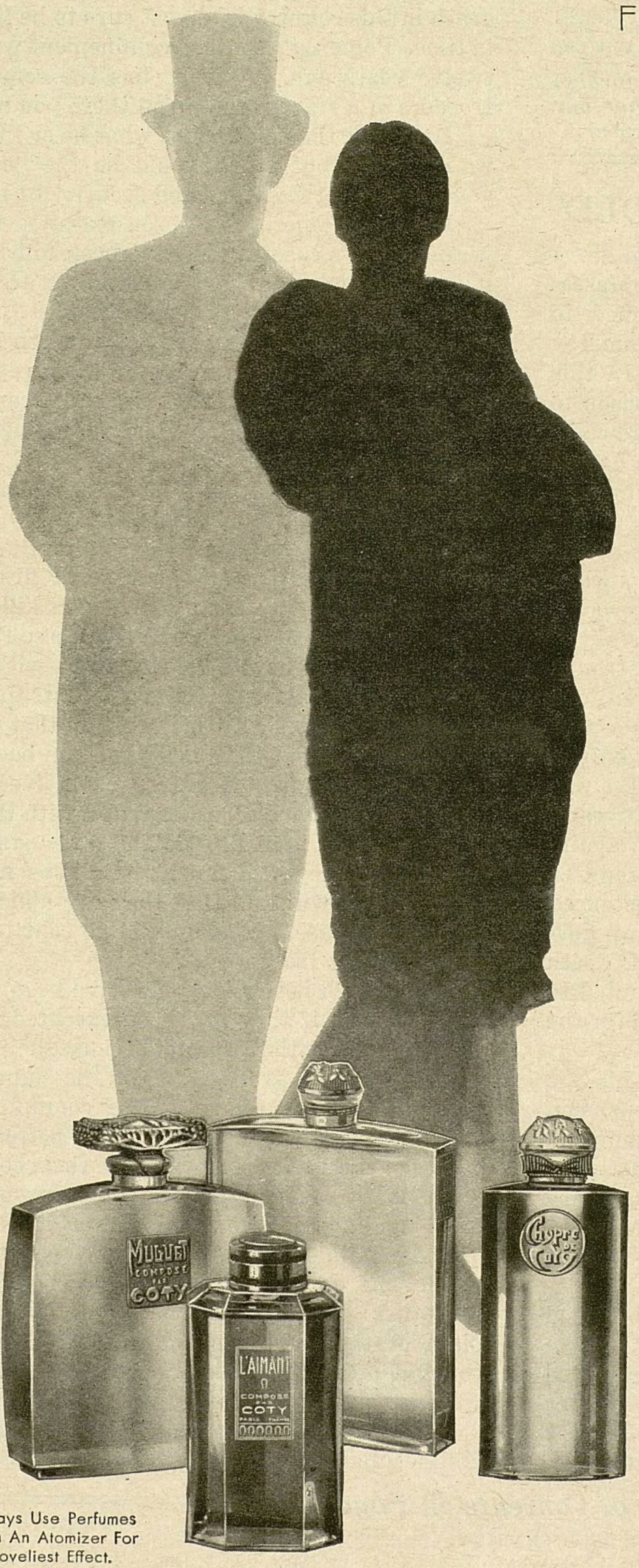

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SEPT. 21, 1929

Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

VOL. 6 No. 37

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"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong." —*Stephen Decatur.*

POMEROY, LOEB, LEOPOLD

Newspapers recently recalled again the story of Jesse Pomeroy, life-term convict of Massachusetts. New Englanders are accustomed to hearing it retold from time to time, for Pomeroy has long been a legend around Boston. In this instance his transfer from Charlestown prison to the Massachusetts prison farm at Bridgewater gave him a glimpse of a world from which he had been banished for more than half a century, and that, of course, was dramatic.

Well, this time mothers didn't shudder at the name of Pomeroy as they did in the old days when Pomeroy was younger, but some folks were led to ponder a question which his case suggests.

In the early 70s there was a series of strange crimes in the suburbs of Boston. Children, one after another, were caught by an unknown assailant and terribly tortured with ropes and knives. Pomeroy, then only 13, was suspected. He was sent to reform school, where he spent two years.

After his release the crimes began again. Pomeroy was caught and presently confessed two murders. In 1874 he was convicted and sentenced to hang. But, because he was so young, two governors of Massachusetts refused to sign his death warrant. In 1876 his sentence was commuted to solitary confinement in Charlestown prison for the rest of his life.

Now obviously this boy, regardless of his age or mental condition (his sanity was established), was an acutely dangerous person. He committed or attempted murder repeatedly and instinctively.

He was condemned to the torture of solitary confinement. The cost of keeping Pomeroy in prison for fifty-five years must have been over fifty thousand dollars.

What we want to know is, what possible good did this do the state or Pomeroy himself?

We admit that Pomeroy probably preferred solitary confinement to hanging. This writer admits that, as far as he is concerned, if he were confronted with a choice between the short, sharp pain of death and the endless misery of a life in prison, he would undoubtedly choose the latter.

We are so made that we are supremely concerned, in almost any circumstances, with avoiding death. And we know that any sentence short of death in this country is almost sure to be lightened in time. Pomeroy's solitary confinement was ended twelve years ago. Now he has the comparative freedom of a state farm. And there you are.

However, the point is not what he or the writer would want, but what would be the best thing generally, for the safety and security of all of us.

If Jesse Pomeroy had been executed fifty-five years ago, his case would have been finished. As it is, it has run its slow, agonizing course in the public prints from that day to this. It is known that, repeatedly, Massachusetts mothers have clutched their children in terror when reports got about that "the wall-eyed boy" had escaped.

In recent years we have had a striking parallel in the Leopold-Loeb case in Chicago, and the saving of these two boys from execution by the efforts of their lawyer, Clarence Darrow, and the action of the presiding judge, John R. Caverly.

There never was such a case of first degree murder as this, in which young men killed a boy for sheer pleasure. They were the Jesse Pomeroys of their day. They did not torture with knives, but they tortured their victim's parents to the very extremity of grief with the pretense that their son was alive and that they could get him back.

No such human monsters have lived before, but they are alive and healthy, and with the power of money as it is in Illinois and other states, it is doubtful if they will finish their lives in prison. Some doctor will find that they are afflicted with a deadly disease, and they will be sent to a sanitarium or set free.

How much better it would have been, in every possible way, if they had been executed!

People know they weren't because their families were rich. But, to repeat, from the standpoint of themselves, their relatives, the community, and the state, it would have been far better if they had been executed promptly upon their conviction.

It is the fear of death which prompts this mistaken "mercy" to criminals. Not on the part of the criminals themselves—of course they fear death—but on the part of the great body of sentimentalists whose imaginations put them in the place of the criminals and who shudder at the thought of a hanging or an electrocution as if it were happening to themselves.

We could do with a little less of this particular and peculiar kind of imagination.

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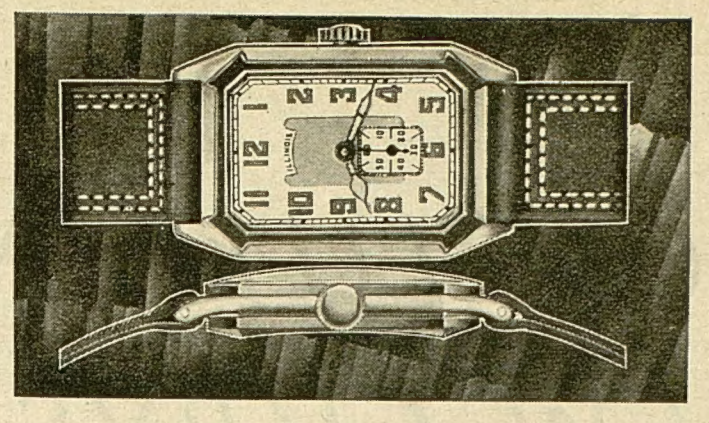
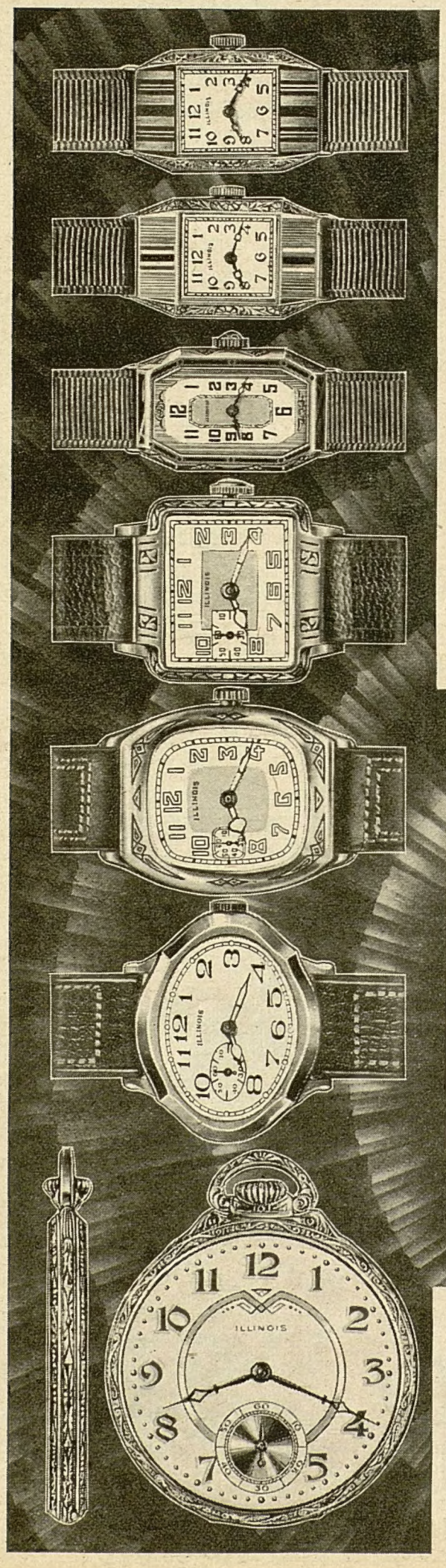


THE NEWEST IN STRAP WATCHES—WITH ILLINOIS ACCURACY



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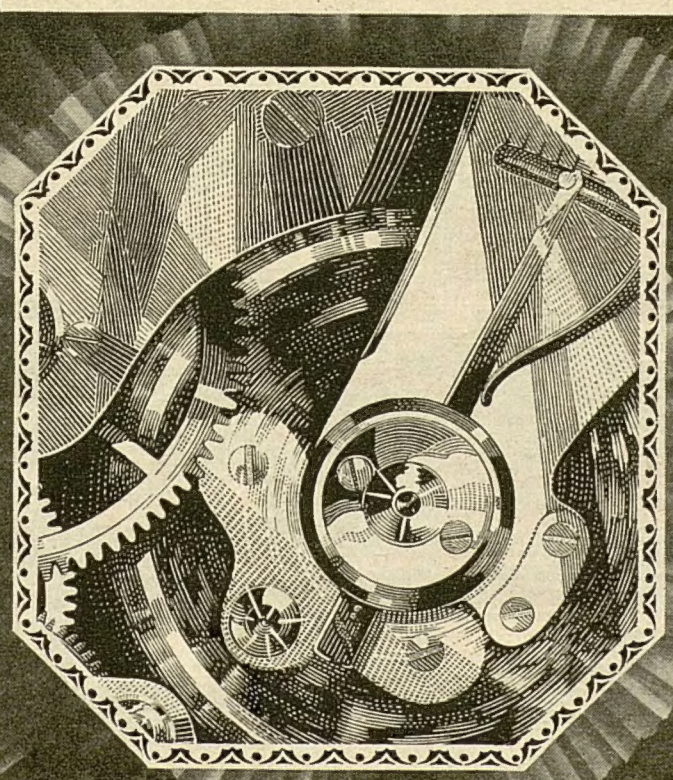

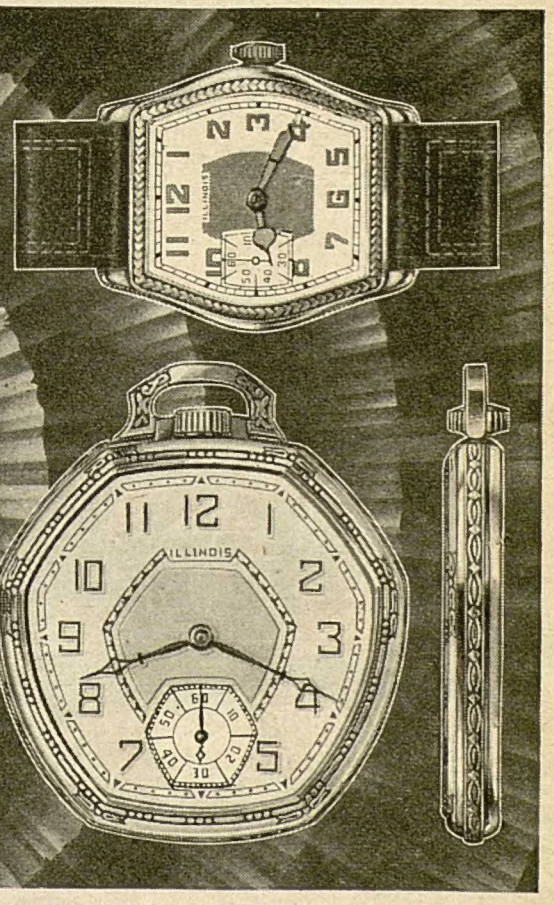

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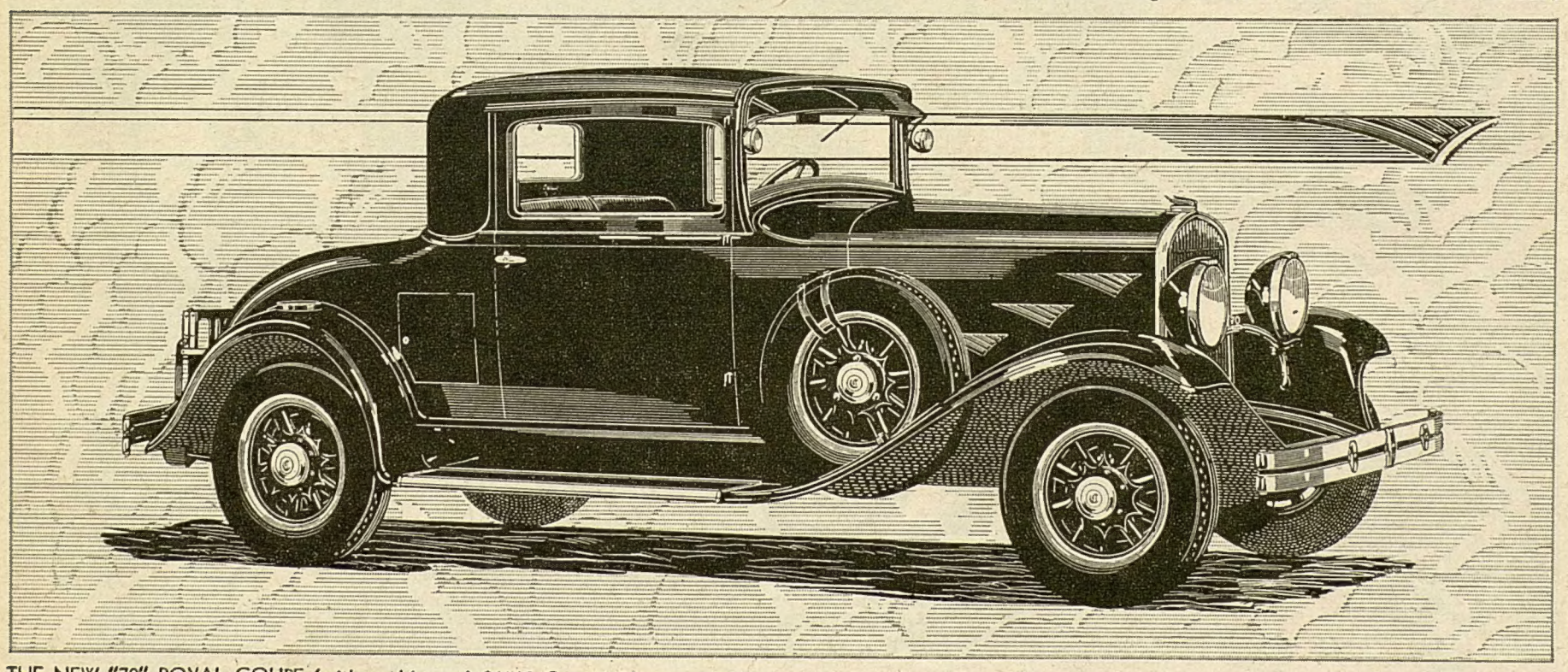

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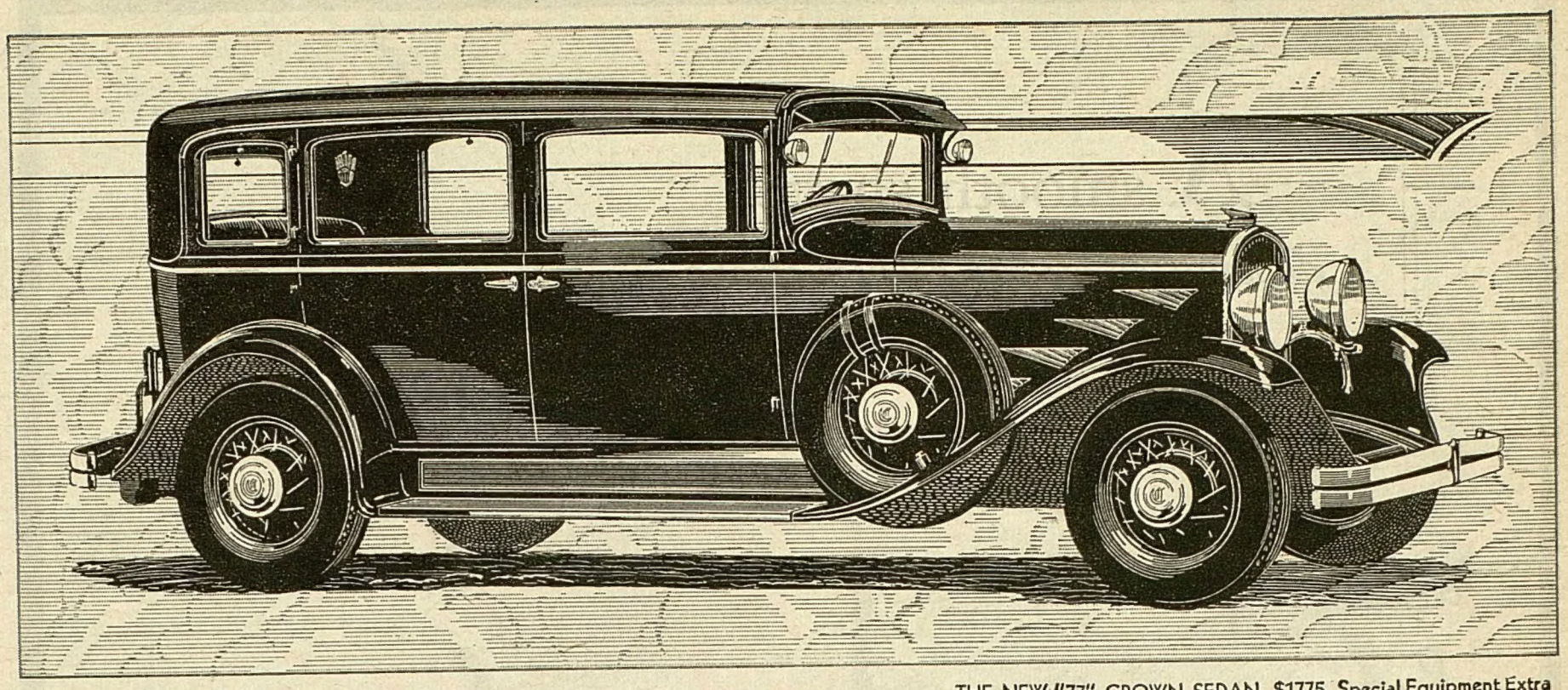

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THE NEW "70"
WITH MULTI-RANGE GEAR SHIFT

THE NEW "66"

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ROYAL COUPE (with rumble seat)	1345
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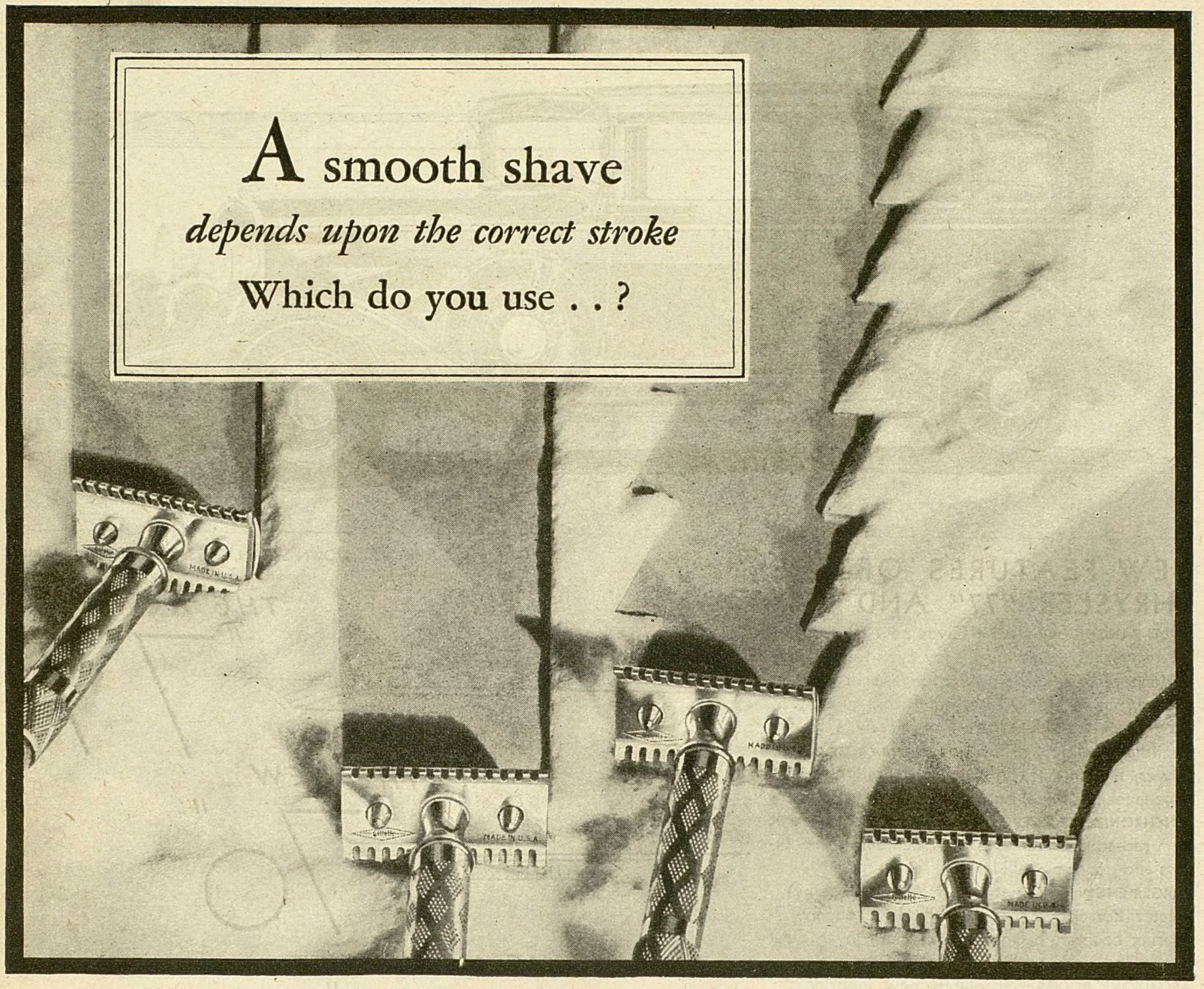

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Valentino

The Life Story of "the Sheik"

Photo by D. H. Eddy

Valentino, "the Sheik" of the screen.

By

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

Los Angeles is Miss St. Johns' old home town, and she still lives near by. Naturally she knows Hollywood, while as for the people of the movie world, she herself is very much one of them. In LIBERTY'S *pages she has told the life stories of Wallace Reid and Barbara La Marr, and has painted word-pictures of Garbo and Clara Bow.*

PART ONE—THE BOY ROMANTICIST

THE story of Rudolph Valentino is the story of a great and bitter love.

The greatest lover the stage or screen has ever known, the man pursued by women of the highest rank and greatest beauty, was not able to hold the love of the one woman he ever cared for.

It is also a new version of the tale of Jekyll and Hyde wherein the magic of the motion picture transformed a simple, gay, gentle young Italian boy into a mysterious and menacing sheik, without his own volition and often to his great bewilderment.

His life was spent in an effort to keep his real self from being completely submerged; to get the things from life which Rudy, child of the sun and soil, wanted—not just the things that the world offered in such profusion to Rudolph Valentino, screen star.

He didn't succeed.

Most of the women who loved Valentino in his life fell in love with that shadow self before they could know the real measure of the man.

Not even the woman he loved, the bizarre and exotic dancer Rambova, understood this tragedy of dual personality that in the end broke his heart and robbed him of the will to live.

When he died, so suddenly, so bravely, upon that dark morning in August, 1926, Rudolph Valentino had everything it could seem possible for a man to want. He had come back to the highest point of his career and it stretched before him more glittering than he had imagined it in his wildest dreams. People, money, fame, adoration, with the thousand and one minor gifts these things have to offer, all were his.

But Rudy, the Rudy his few real friends knew, the boy who was brought up in a white-walled Italian farmhouse, whose father on his deathbed had bequeathed to him the words, "*madre e Italia*" (mother and Italy), as his first duties in life, who had carried off first honors in agriculture—he had dreamed differently.

Wife, home, children—the real desires of his heart—where were they?

Where was the woman he had loved and still loved with all the force of his nature?

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Cover by Leslie Thrasher

PRIZE AWARDS FOR PICTURE NO. 2 IN LIBERTY'S $1,000-A-WEEK MISTAKE PICTURE CONTEST ARE ANNOUNCED ON PAGE 52

[VALENTINO
Continued from page nine]

In that last moment when he turned his tired eyes toward the light he knew must soon fade into eternal darkness or brighten into eternal glory, it must have seemed to the great Rudolph Valentino that he was leaving little that really mattered.

If SHE had been there, bending her tall and graceful body above him, begging him with the love light in her strange eyes not to leave her alone, if there had been a little hand to reach up and hold him back, if there had been the hope of going home to a united fireside such as he had known in his own simple youth—then Rudy might have found that he could not bear to die.

Life, which had given him everything, had given him nothing — partly through his own fault, partly through strange freaks of fate and twists of circumstances.

Rudolph Valentino, the greatest matinée idol the world has ever known, the one and only original sheik, was always the victim of women, of their love for him, their pursuit, their misapprehension of his character, their insistence upon his oneness with his screen personality.

Every woman maneuvered to be alone with him, at the same time conveying the impression that it was an exceedingly dangerous thing to do.

His native chivalry would never allow him to say "No" to a woman. More than that, he was no saint but a hot-blooded, young, and virile Italian. And probably no man who ever lived was ever placed in spots where it would have been so difficult to say "No."

HIS life unfolds some strange results of his softness where women were concerned.

Even more than this, he was the victim of another wrong impression which grew out of their idolatry.

Those two wrong impressions! How they colored his whole life!

First, the impression of women that he was a sheik and a seeker after women, a great lover, a ruthless, impassioned Don Juan.

Yet I do not think Rudy ever sought but one woman in all his life—Natacha Rambova, the tall and sensuous beauty who suggested a reincarnation of Cleopatra and who became his wife.

The second impression, gained by men, that Rudy was a sort of glorified gigolo. Many men looked down upon Rudy with contempt because of the feeling women manifested for him. And nothing hurt Rudy so much, for he was in reality a very two-fisted sort of guy.

But Rudy was unfortunately susceptible of imitation, actually of caricature. And those who chose to imitate him were of a low order, possessed only of his physical attributes and of none of the fine things that belonged to the real Valentino.

Thus arose an order of sheiks and gigolos patterned after Rudy's general style, who descended to fascinate women by methods which every man believes he could employ but which the majority of men would scorn to use to win any woman.

The sheik and gigolo type developed, to the wrath of American manhood, and Rudy bore the blame.

The things written and printed about him along this line were among the severest of his crosses. The famous powder-puff article inflicted a wound which he carried to his grave.

He himself always fought for stories like Blood and Sand, in which he had an opportunity to do something other than make love. It was unfortunate that he was allowed to do pictures such as Cobra and A Sainted Devil, which led to emphasis upon the wrong side of his personality, the side he hated, and which could have no real and lasting place, however sensational its momentary popularity.

His consent to make these pictures was but one of his many sacrifices upon the altar of his love.

For above everything, above the glare and glitter of his life, above the melodramatic love affairs connected with his name, above the silly women who attached themselves to him, stands the indisputable fact that he loved but once—but that once with a passion and a romance and a completeness that might have satisfied even the public enraptured by The Sheik.

Wide World photo

Natacha Rambova, who was the wife of "the Sheik."

NO novel ever written can show a stranger love story than that of Rudolph Valentino and Natacha Rambova Valentino. She was a strange creature, unlike any woman I have ever known, seemingly a product of another age, and her influence over him was supreme. From the day he first met her until his death, Rudy's life can be understood only through his love for her.

They dwelt in paradise a while, these two. But the traditional serpent entered—a new type of serpent tempting Eve with a very modern apple—and destroyed the dream and all that went with it.

There is only one way to understand and that is to know as much as possible about a thing. So few people knew Rudy, even while millions loved and acclaimed Valentino.

I make no contention that Rudy was a great man or even a particularly good one. He was intensely human, he was wildly extravagant, impulsive, easily swayed, hot to enjoy life.

But this I do contend:

He was an artist and the only screen artist to date who has ever made a really big sacrifice for what he believed was his art.

Beyond question, also, he was the most picturesque figure we have ever had in motion pictures.

His tremendous popularity at the time of his death, the vast amount of discussion which his work and personality caused for years, and above all the unique happenings of his own life and the story of how the great screen sheik won and lost his wife, make his biography an important human document.

I knew Rudy for a good many years. I can remember the first time I ever went out with him to dance. Getting out of the rickety old car he was driving he tore the pocket of his white flannel trousers in a rather disastrous fashion.

"Oh, that's all right, Rudy," I said; "I'll wait while you go home and change."

He hesitated in some confusion. And finally the fact developed that he had no other pair of pants. He would have to stay in bed while those were mended. We were an aspiring but poverty-stricken group of young folks in those days.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWELVE]

RUDOLPH VALENTINO at the height of his sudden and glamorous career—a studio portrait made in Hollywood in 1925, the year before he died.

[VALENTINO
Continued from page ten]

And the last time I saw him was the night he was taken ill with that illness which was to end so fatally for him, so sadly for all of us.

He stopped in my rooms which were close to his at the Ambassador in New York to suggest that Jimmy Quirk, the editor of Photoplay Magazine, and May Allison and I should join his party. But we had theater tickets and it wasn't until the next day that we knew the serious results of that gay evening.

It is my purpose to prove that Rudy was no mere tango dancer. To understand him we must always remember that he was an Italian—born in Italy of an Italian father and a French mother.

He never acquired the American viewpoint.

Thus it is necessary that we go across the sea for the background and beginning of his life; that we understand something of his ancestry, see his birthplace and meet Giovanni Guglielmi and Beatrice Brabin Guglielmi who upon the morning of May 6, 1895, became the proud parents of a second son who was taken forthwith to the adjoining church and there baptized by the priest—Rodolpho Alfonzo Raffaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentina d'Antonguolla.

Rudolph Valentino had a swashbuckling inheritance of feuds and duels and brigands that may well have accounted for much of his swashbuckling charm upon the screen. The blood of Italian nobles and of Italian peasants mingled in his veins and gave him both that dark, flashing handsomeness and that cavalier manner which he brought to our more sedate shores.

The heroic tales told to him in youth, at the knee of his vivid, dramatic little French mother, were tales of his own ancestors and their deeds and hardships, and to these tales little Rodolpho, of all the four Guglielmi children, listened with the most absorbed interest and most often said in his liquid baby Italian, "Tell it again, *madre*."

In particular did he love the tale of that ancestor to whose daring and misfortunes the family owed their reverses and their descent from the class of fighting nobles to that of farmers in southern Italy. To him, a noble of ancient Rome, the family owed both that luster of romance which still attached to them and the loss of the proudest of their names—di Valentina and d'Antonguolla.

For he had the misfortune to kill a member of the Colonna family in a duel, and those were the days when the Colonnas were among the three greatest of the Italian clans. Forthwith he and his little band of fighting men were forced to flee Rome or be exterminated by the greater force and enormous political influence of their enemies.

I HAVE often wondered if it was the memory of this ancestral hero that caused Rudolph Valentino later to pay $4,000 for a gem-incrusted sword which had been used by some duelist during those dangerous and romantic days. He was extremely fond of that particular sword and used often to take it out and whip it through the air, and I dare say he was a fair reproduction of his idolized ancestor as he did it. For there was something about Rudolph Valentino that belonged distinctly to the time of Cesare Borgia and Cellini and El Moro of Milan.

The exiles settled in the little village of Martina Franca in the province of Lecce and there lived the lives of hard-working peasants, far from all the things they had known and loved. There they stayed, cultivating the soil, reëstablishing their fortunes as best they could, until misfortune once more overtook them.

This time it was brigands who routed them—and it is easy to picture the small Rudy at his mother's knee, wide-eyed and breathless before the story of that last battle.

In 1850, when Ferdinand II, "King Bomba," reigned over Sicily and Naples, a band of brigands attacked Martina Franca. They were a wild, lawless outfit, desperate and well armed. Before them the farmers of the peaceful community were almost helpless, but they defended their homes and their property as long as they were able. At last they fled to save their lives, in rags, wounded, barefooted and heartbroken, leaving behind the homes they had loved so well.

This time the family settled in the little village of Castellaneta, the direct forbears of the Guglielmi family, and there they were to remain until Giovanni's second son, the wild young Rodolpho, was to set out for America on a new adventure.

THE house into which Rudy made his advent was a typical Italian farmhouse, sprawling low and white-walled about a big courtyard. On the ground floor were the enormous living room, with its old hand-carved beams, its polished tables and big open fireplace, the dining room, festive with candles, the father's study, and the kitchen.

Attached to this and forming a big square about the court were the stables and the quarters for servants.

Everywhere in the house were evidences of the mother's piety, for which she was famous throughout the countryside—exquisite crucifixes, delicate blue and gold statues of the Madonna, charming images of the Child Jesus.

It was a home of peace and plenty, of simplicity and devotion, and of a most united harmony within between its six members—father, mother, Beatrice, Alberto, Maria, and Rodolpho, the four children, who rode and frolicked, laughed and sang in the sunshine, kept feast days, ate prodigiously of the good Italian fare, and knew for the first years of their existence not a care in the world.

It is very easy to picture a little Rudy there—brown-skinned, eager-eyed, passing swiftly from laughter to that strange gravity of small Italian boys which no one who has walked the streets of Rome or Florence can ever forget.

Whatever else those first years gave him, they bred deep into the very soul of him a great love of home, of family, a great belief in the beauty and sacredness of marriage. It was bone of his bone, that belief, and though at times he slipped away from it, always it caught him back and within him awoke a great craving for the happiness which those things alone can give.

P. & A. photo

Valentino at 18, from an automobile license issued to him in Italy.

For it had been a love match between Rudy's father and mother, and no "arranged" union.

She was the daughter of a rather celebrated French doctor, Pierre Filibert Brabin, whose name may be found here and there in the medical history of France. In her childhood she had endured the never-to-be-forgotten siege of Paris—and thus her son listened to another set of historic and heroic tales connected directly with his own people. Those early horrors and deprivations had given her a sweet and serene gratitude for the most simple of God's gifts, and that quality made her much beloved by all who knew her, particularly by her children.

It was while Giovanni Guglielmi was serving in the Italian cavalry as an officer that he met her and she lost her heart to him.

They went back to the family home in Castellaneta and never left it afterward. Their love for each other, their devotion and courtesy in all the little acts of everyday living, were something their younger son never forgot.

It had been a love match indeed and it remained a love match up to—and even beyond—the day when little Rodolpho, only eleven years old, held his mother's hand while they lowered her husband into the grave.

"She grieved very much, my mother," Rudy said to me one day. "But it was the grief of lonesomeness and not of despair. Always she seemed to feel him near her and to be sure that the time would come when they would be together for all eternity. There was no doubt in her dear heart of that happy reunion to come. So her grief was a beautiful and inspiring thing, because it had so much courage and serenity about it—so much complete faith in the goodness of God."

I have sometimes thought that it was this sense his mother conveyed of feeling the presence of her departed husband always near her that planted the seed of the belief in spiritualism which gained such a profound hold upon Rudolph Valentino in his manhood. Though he clung somewhat to the church in which he had been brought up, and when the end came breathed his last upon the comforting bosom of the Holy Mother Church, he studied spiritualism deeply for many years and was greatly influenced by messages from spirit guides and controls.

Valentino in a scene from The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, his first great screen success.

RUDOLPH'S father was a practicing veterinary during Rudy's boyhood. He worked indefatigably, not only in caring for the stock of the surrounding farms, but in scientific investigations along the lines pursued by Pasteur in Paris. Night after night he sat up until dawn, reading and studying, trying to work out a way to check the disease among the cattle which he—far ahead of most of his profession—had diagnosed as malaria. His work was eventually recognized and he was given credit for much good to humanity, but overwork brought on the collapse which killed him.

There is no use pretending that Rudy was a good little boy.

He was, in fact, a regular little devil, after the manner of most small boys. He got into every kind of trouble possible for a boy to get into.

Alberto, the brother who was eventually to join Rudolph in America and was to be the only member of his family present at the amazing funeral given him in New York, was a number of years older and was busy about his own concerns. Beatrice, the older sister, died when Rudy was quite small. But Maria, closest to him in age, was a pal who shared his every adventure, never backed out of anything he suggested, and was remembered all Rudy's life as someone who completely understood him.

The estate which Rudy's pictures earned was divided equally in his will among this brother and sister and Mrs. Theresa Werner, Natacha Rambova's aunt, who often lived with the Valentinos and whose kindness and helpfulness Rudy attempted to repay by this symbol of his affection.

When he was six, the future "sheik" fell in love for the first time. Her name was, poetically enough, Teodolinda.

She was nine and had bunches of soft black curls which she wore tied with a ribbon at her neck. The little boy worshiped her from afar as long as he was able to contain his bubbling affections. Then he attempted declaration, only to be met by severity at the hands of her older sister, who like all the sisters of fairy princesses was extremely ugly and unbelievably cold-hearted.

Rudy's little-boy life ended and his adolescence began with the death of his father when he was eleven. The peacefully flowing river of life in the Italian farmhouse was disturbed, never to return to its former conditions.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[VALENTINO
Continued from page thirteen]

The last farewell—his father, his strong, stern, invincible father, so white and quiet upon the enormous bed, between the burning candles. Rudy, with Alberto, kneeling to receive that last exhortation, "My sons, remember that your first duty is always to your mother and your country—*madre e Italia.*" His mother's black-clad figure bowed in prayer, the tears dripping over the beads of her rosary. The strange, impressive military funeral, uniforms, horses with plumes. The quiet house, and little Rudy trying to take his father's place, lavishing caresses and tender words upon the bereaved mother.

It is a fact which life teaches everyone in time that outside events very seldom change the actual fundamental nature of a person.

The sorrow of his father's death touched Rudy's warm heart deeply. But he was only a child, and the event and its meaning soon passed into memory. He was still Rudy, incorrigibly mischievous, incurably romantic, dissatisfied with humdrum life and doing his best in his own imaginative and creative mind to make it over in the image of the tales upon which his mother had brought him up.

It would be pleasant to record that Rudy settled down and never gave his mother another moment's anxiety. But it wouldn't be true, and if it were true there would doubtless be no life story of Valentino to write.

For it is an unquestioned fact that his family eventually sent him to America as so many younger sons are sent—in sheer desperation, hoping that if he was to disgrace them with his wildness he would do it far enough from home so that few would know about it.

Soon after his father's death he was sent to the Dante Alighieri College, a Catholic grammar school, where he apparently spent most of his time dreaming and reading books of ancient and Oriental adventure. He left this school to enter a military academy, where he distinguished himself only by the well-known episode of his ride on a donkey to see the king.

It happened that upon the day King Vittorio Emmanuele was to visit the little town, young Rodolpho Guglielmi was in disgrace for low marks in his studies and for some prank or other. In fact, he was so deeply in disgrace that all his clothes down to his undershirt had been taken away from him and he had been confined to the dormitory.

IMAGINE! The king was to ride by, and there was Rudy, naked and imprisoned. His heart almost broke. He wept bitter tears. And finally he decided that matters could be no worse than they were for him and that, come what might, he must see the king So he adventured forth, found a uniform and hat many sizes too large for him, crept out to the stables and commandeered the only steed remaining—a donkey—and rode into town, where his wish was gratified and he saw the king.

But the consequences were dire and at thirteen he was removed by request from the academy. He was sorry, sorry because it caused his mother pain, but he claimed he could have done nothing else. One does not get an opportunity to see a king every day.

Until he was fifteen he attended the College della Sapienze in the historic town of Perugia. Still he could not seem to study and had to re-do his year's work. He read the poets Tasso and Ariosto, and was continually in love—with love. He wove all sorts of dreams and romances about the heroines of the poems and stories he read, and even about the ladies and the Italian signorinas of whom he had distant glimpses now and then.

When he left there he told his mother of his ambition to become an officer in the Italian cavalry. But the financial standing of the family at that time would not permit it.

As the next best thing, he determined to attend the Royal Naval Academy and become a naval officer. Great were his hopes and great his preparations—all to be dashed when upon the day of the entrance examinations in Venice he was rejected for one inch too little chest expansion.

"Never in my life," Rudy said in speaking of that moment, "did I feel quite so cheap. It was the bitterest and most humiliating moment of my career."

But his mother, to his amazement, rejoiced. The sea was a dangerous profession. He would have been far from her. Now perhaps he would be persuaded to follow the course which she had always held secretly in her heart.

ITALY needed scientific farmers. Perhaps he would go to the Royal Academy of Agriculture at Santa Ilario Ligure and prepare himself to carry on the work of the land.

It was the happiest day of her life when the boy was graduated at the head of his class. He had turned in an almost perfect record.

Besides having had his second adventure with the fair sex. The heroine, alas, was the daughter of the dormitory cook. But she was the only feminine creature the boys ever saw, and they surrounded her with a charm that upon looking back they realized she had never possessed.

Photo by Burton Holmes, from Ewing Galloway

Perugia, Italy, where young Valentino went to school and daydreamed.

But following his graduation, young Guglielmi felt the call of the world for the first time. He would return and take up his career, but in the meantime he was a man, he must see a little something of life; Paris—Paris called him.

His mother consented and the boy raced off to the French capital, mad with eagerness. Then he proceeded to behave as most boys do. He squandered his money, dashed to Monte Carlo in a vain endeavor to recoup his fortunes, and had to wire home for railroad fare.

This time the matter was serious. There was a solemn family conclave. The uncle who had managed the financial affairs of the family since his father's death was called in. It was decided to send Rodolpho to America, there to try his luck.

His mother gave him $4,000 and her blessing. And the boy kissed her good-by in a state of hopeless confusion between his remorse at the disappointment he had occasioned her, the pang of parting from her, and his delight in adventuring forth into a new world. He sailed from Italy aboard the liner Cleveland upon December 9, 1913, and landed in New York two days before Christmas. He was eighteen years old.

Certainly no one who saw this young Italian step ashore that day, awkward in his strangeness, unable to speak a word of English, unknown to one soul of all the busy millions, could have guessed that in less than ten years his photograph would be enshrined in more boudoirs in America than any other photograph ever taken.

In next week's installment Miss St. Johns will tell of the bright lights and park benches of young Valentino's early days in New York City.

A Story of Love Triumphant

SANCTUARY

By

ALLAN SWINTON

an Englishman—soldier and traveler in many lands, including India, the Argentine, and France. Since the war he has lived mostly in Canada. He began writing four years ago.

Pictures by HERBERT MORTON STOOPS

SHE never passed the Ritz without going in. Her visits had become a rite.

THE leave train crawled into Waterloo, belching a yellow flood of troops fresh from the trenches.

One tall figure in a muddy trench coat shouldered through the press and hailed a taxi. "St. James' Club," he ordered, and, subsiding within, watched zestfully the familiar streets roll past. At the club he picked up a suitcase that had been packed ready by his cabled orders and drove thence to the Turkish baths, where he paid the driver prodigally and ran up the steps.

Three hours later he emerged, his mired and weary figure changed to the resplendent one of Captain Sholto Hayes—the Rajput Horse. His eyes, avid and dark under the low-wound turban, swept the street; the well remembered buildings, solid and gray, with the smart men and women passing, and the traffic roaring by. His spirit soared. Good old London, the one place for a splurge! And he had three weeks' leave to spend there, three weeks respite from pain and hovering death.

Then at once his mood was darkened, and his heart gave a queer twist; for no one was waiting for him; no one was glad; no one would share what well might be his last hours of happiness on earth. But stubbornly he denied nostalgia with common sense. He was an ungrateful chump, a sentimental idiot. Was he not a sound man still, in spite of two years' fighting and four wounds, and young, foot-loose and fancy free, in London in the springtime? Life was good. Of course it was good. Or, anyway, he would make it so. He had known loneliness before and had learned how to combat it.

Determinedly he hitched his sword belt, clanked up the street in the crisp sunshine and around the corner to the Ritz, where, entering, he flung himself into a deep chair, crossed his brown-gleaming and spurred boots luxuriously, and beckoned the waiter.

"Some of that Alvear de Vegas. None left? Oh, damn! Your best, then."

He sat savoring the golden sherry, while the youth and glow and glitter of wartime London surged about him, and sweet stringed music ravished his starved spirit.

A girl, superbly dressed in dusky browns, sat facing him. He looked so virile, she was thinking, so eager, and so young, and with what an air, in his romantic uniform—the eyes aglow somberly in the lean long face, the mouth drooping, half humorous, half sulky, above the deep-cleft chin.

By and by he grew aware of her, and as he drank he watched covertly. It seemed to him she incarnated magically the spirit of the autumn hues she wore. She was young—not more than twenty-three or so—yet not youthful; slender but very ripe. Not pretty. Hers was a far more potent charm. Her mouth was wide, deli-

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ciously curved and very red. Her cheeks, a little hollow, blushed ivory in color, dimpled. Her eyes were like brown pansies. There was in her face longing and tenderness, a little sadness, humor, and much passion. She was very much a woman.

By and by she raised her head and met his eyes, which glowed at once. His sulkily curved lips quirked, and he toasted her with a small gesture and a swift flash of dark eyes. She blushed furiously and lowered her lids. Her face was cold. There were indignation and finality in her manner.

Oh, well! But his loneliness, half forgotten, returned tenfold. His heart was leaden under the beribboned tunic, and suddenly he was very angry. He drained his glass and slapped it on the table. The stem broke with his violence. He called the waiter. "Here, take this and bring me another drink. No, dammit! Bring me the bottle."

Soon the bottle was half empty.

That last drink, he reflected a while later, had been different from all the others. There had been something queer about it. It had wafted him to a sweeter universe. He reclined on air, in an ethereal void through which impassioned music swept like a mighty wind. Presently his spirit left his body and soared through infinities of radiance in which the only firm thing was a woman's face. In a unique way the loveliness about him seemed to emanate from her, to be her personal aura, fragrant like autumn bracken, or the scent of pot-pourri and wood smoke in the air at Cullendene, his home that used to be—for Sholto was the last survivor of an ancient strain of squires.

Then, all at once, astonishingly, the face was floating toward him. He heard a voice say, "Lady, if you had only three weeks life to count on, what would you do?"

Her eyebrows climbed—ominously, he recognized—but the voice persisted, unabashed. "But, honestly, what *would* you do?" And with alarm he realized it was himself who spoke.

"You require to be well snubbed." Her voice was low, with a mellow quality.

"Of course. But won't you tell me?"

With care he lowered himself to sit beside her. Her head was bowed, her eyes on her brown suède shoes, but he saw the dimple on her cheek above the mink stole flicker and go, and flicker again. Then she turned to face him. Amber eyes met his through tawny lashes—just like sherry, he thought, but even more stimulating.

"I wouldn't waste a bit of it, I think. That is, if I wasn't too afraid of—what came after."

"Exactly. And I'm not. Not now, at least. And now that's settled, have some sherry. Hi, you. Waiter! Bring that bottle and another glass. Then where shall we lunch, and what show after? Unless you know some better way to spend the afternoon?"

BUT at this she sat up abruptly, her head high and her eyes forbidding, and through his fuddled brain he realized the gravity of his presumption. His face flushed, and his eyes fell.

When he raised them, to meet hers penitently, the coldness had left her. He was aware of sympathy, a swift reaching toward him, a hunger, even a little pleading, and, as he clutched for understanding, the fumes cleared from his brain. He stood up abruptly.

"I say," he burst out. "I was a frightful bounder, butting in on you like this."

She nodded gravely.

"I—you see," he thrust on, "I've just got three weeks' leave. I've lived longer than my time already, and I want to make them very good. I'm all alone, and this might be the last I'll get, so I was drinking. That's what made me barge across. If I hadn't been, I wouldn't have. No, I don't mean that. I mean I never could have screwed up nerve enough. No, curse it, of course—Oh, Lord! Can't you see what I'm getting at?"

He stopped, covered in confusion, his eyes very bright in his tense face, his lips, under the sleek black mustache, a little parted. He gnawed his lip, hesitated, then turned and walked back across the carpet to his bottle, pouring a drink and leaning on the chair arm moodily, glowering into space.

She watched, her face very tender, like a mother's who has been chiding a beloved child. Then she got up.

Sholto was aware of perfume. A white-gloved hand appeared on his sleeve, and a soft voice said, "Eat, drink, and be merry for tomorrow ye die. Is that it, soldier?"

He turned in his seat, eyes down, looking rueful and petulant, and very virile, like some young and untamed forest thing. "Yes, lady."

It seemed long before the dimple showed—he could not tell whether from mirth or sadness. Then she nodded. "All right, soldier. Life's not so long for any of us." She relaxed beside him, crossing exquisite legs and eying him sidelong and bewitchingly, while the dimple played, and violets on the fawn lace jabot at her bosom rose and fell.

The waiter bowed before them. "If you please," she said to him. "With very little bitters."

Presently, "You may call me Ruth," she told Sholto.

II

IT was ten days later. Sholto was climbing for the twentieth time the stairs to her apartment, whose dingy walls, whose scars on every step, had become familiar, friendly things. He was very smart in mufti; new blue serge suit, gray hat, spats, and gloves, a sleek Malacca cane under his arm.

Annie, the little Cockney maid, admitted him, and once within he was enveloped by that fragrance which seemed to fill always this place that was Ruth's home.

It had none of the affected "artiness" so usual with Chelsea studio apartments. It was dainty, fresh, and gay. In the hall were water colors, the etched head of a horse, daffodils, and the scent of ferns and spring flowers. A wood fire crackled in the drawing-room. There was delft blue everywhere, and Wedgwood pottery. A polar-bear skin, more daffodils, and narcissi. A jade-green Chinese shawl draped on a black teak screen.

Sholto filled his lungs like a man who leaves a fetid barroom on a frosty night, and dropped into an armchair. Though in the heart of London, the place was very quiet. Nothing but the occasional rattle of a taxi in the street below disturbed it. Presently, from somewhere within, came the sound of singing in a gay and lilting voice. It made his heart turn over.

Since that chance meeting ten days ago, his universe had been completely overturned. All his hopes, his fears, his dreams of what life after the war might be, had changed. He had not slept for days, the new tension on his war-frayed nerves reaching a point where he barely could control them. One thing only was in his consciousness, an abysmal, devouring hunger that nothing he could do would satisfy. He was in love, with an abandon that comes only to the young and virile and romantic, and he had come determined to end his torment.

For days he had rehearsed declarations, promises, supplications, meticulously chosen words wherewith to tell her what was in his heart and to lay siege to her delectable remoteness.

Why didn't she come? He must have been there fifteen minutes. He got up and mixed a drink, gulped it down.

Good Lord, what was keeping her? He must have been there hours!

He sat down at the open piano and struck a chord or two. The sound gave just the emotional relief he needed and he began to sing in a soft, rich barytone, all his pent spirit pouring out through his voice. He sang The Vagabond, that braggart lilt. He sang The Border Ballad, and the room rang with trumpets and the clash of swords. He sang Follow Me 'Ome, dirge of lost com-

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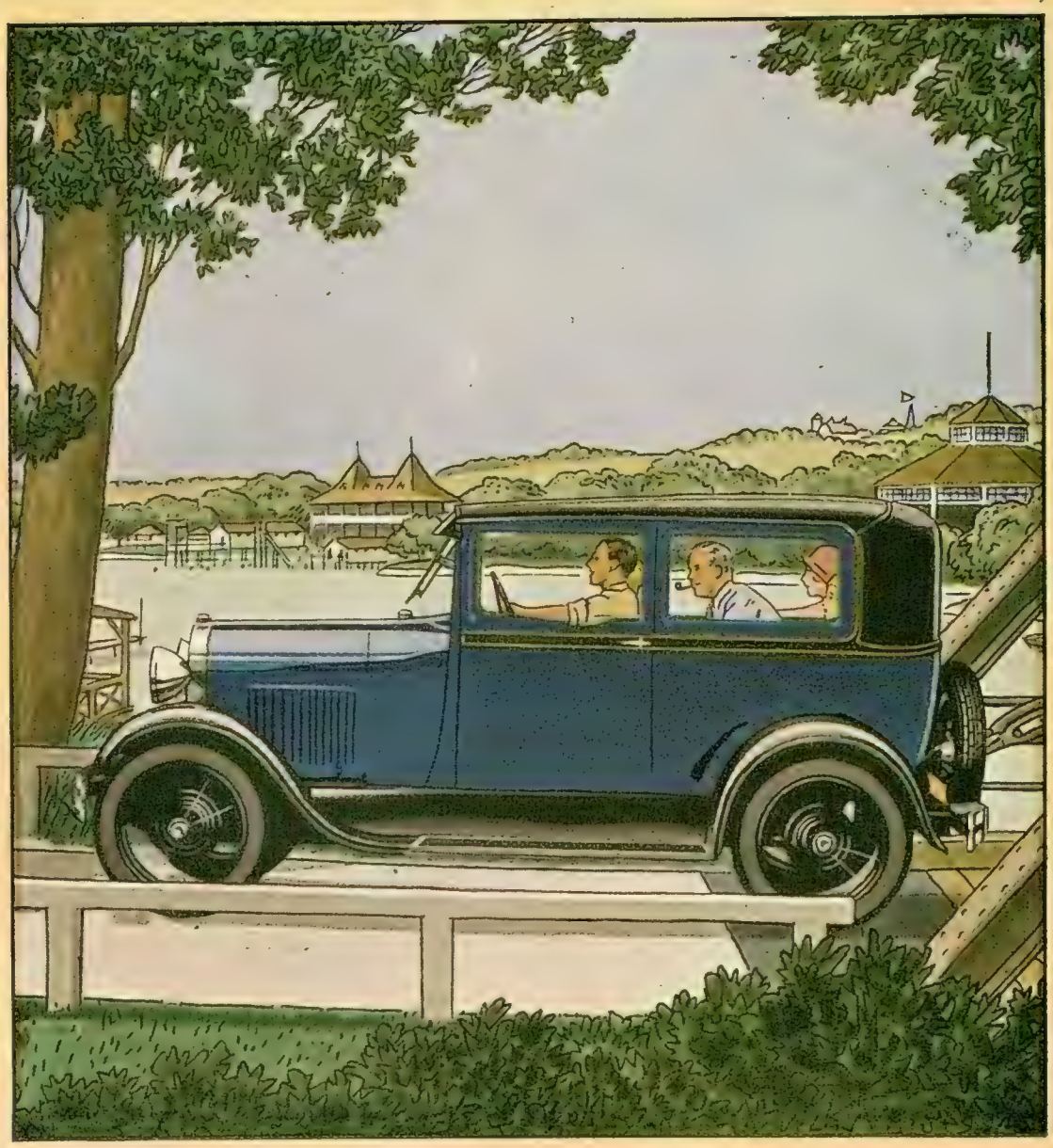
ECONOMICAL TRANSPORTATION

for All The People



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Before the Ford was introduced, the automobile was considered as an expensive toy. There was no conception of its uses and possibilities as we know them today. It was accepted in much the same manner that the airplane was accepted five years ago. Great emphasis was placed upon its racing speed—little upon its practical utility.

With the coming of the Ford, it became possible for men in all walks of life to enjoy the benefits of transportation that formerly had been limited to a fortunate few.

A great change came over the country and with it a new prosperity. By freeing the movements of men, the Ford also freed their thoughts and created new opportunities. The barriers of time and distance were broken down. Good roads followed close behind the automobile and the isolation of country districts disappeared. The nation grew as people learned to use this newly developed horse-power and fit it to their needs.

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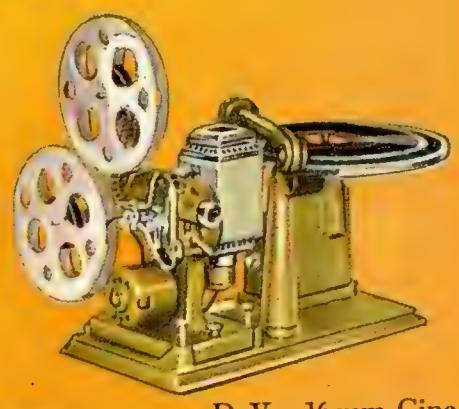

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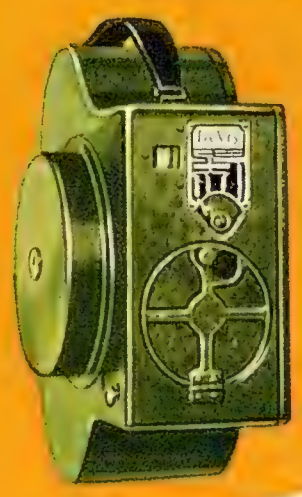

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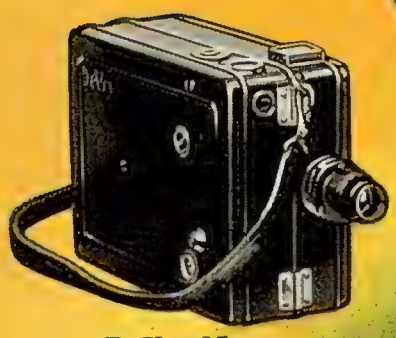

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

rades, and he sang Don Juan's Serenade. The immortal supplication of the Spanish lover on his lips was but the echo of all humanity's hungers since time began:

"The gray sky is flushing, long since the moon set.
I call thee beloved, I call thee beloved,
Come forth, my Nicette."

Now he was limp, exhausted with the passion of his singing, and he sat with bowed head and hands idle on the keyboard till presently the sixth sense told him he was not alone. He stood up abruptly, turned, and saw her standing in the doorway.

She wore a draped velvet gown the color of old ivory, with shoes and stockings of dull gold. Her neck and arms were bare and free of ornament, save for a heavy circlet of carved jade above one elbow. Her chestnut hair was sleek, close to her head held very high, and there was in her eyes a look he had not seen on any woman. The beauty of her was quite lost on him as he beheld that look. For he was at once aware that the thing which he had thought beyond the scope of glorious possibility had come about. She came toward him. He met her, and they went to each other's arms in silence, clinging as to the last sane thing on earth. Annie came in with the tea tray, but they were not embarrassed. With his arm about her he led her to the fire and sat on a stool at her feet.

She drew his head back to her breast and they sat in a tumultuous silence.

Presently he said, "I feel as I used to do when I was a little chap, years ago, before my people died. I never dreamed such happiness could come again. I thought it had gone forever, with childhood and home and all those things." She did not speak, but her arms tightened around him.

"I've eleven days left," he exulted. "We'll be married tomorrow and go down to Devon in the coombe country by the sea."

AT his words, the caress on his forehead stopped, and he felt her form grow rigid.

He sat up, wheeled round on the stool, and faced her.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing. Nothing. . . ." She swallowed hard and looked down. Presently she raised her head.

"Sholto, don't ask me to marry you again. I—I can't."

Incredulous consternation crossed his face. "But you must. Why, we—aren't we—do you mean you're just fooling with me? That you—"

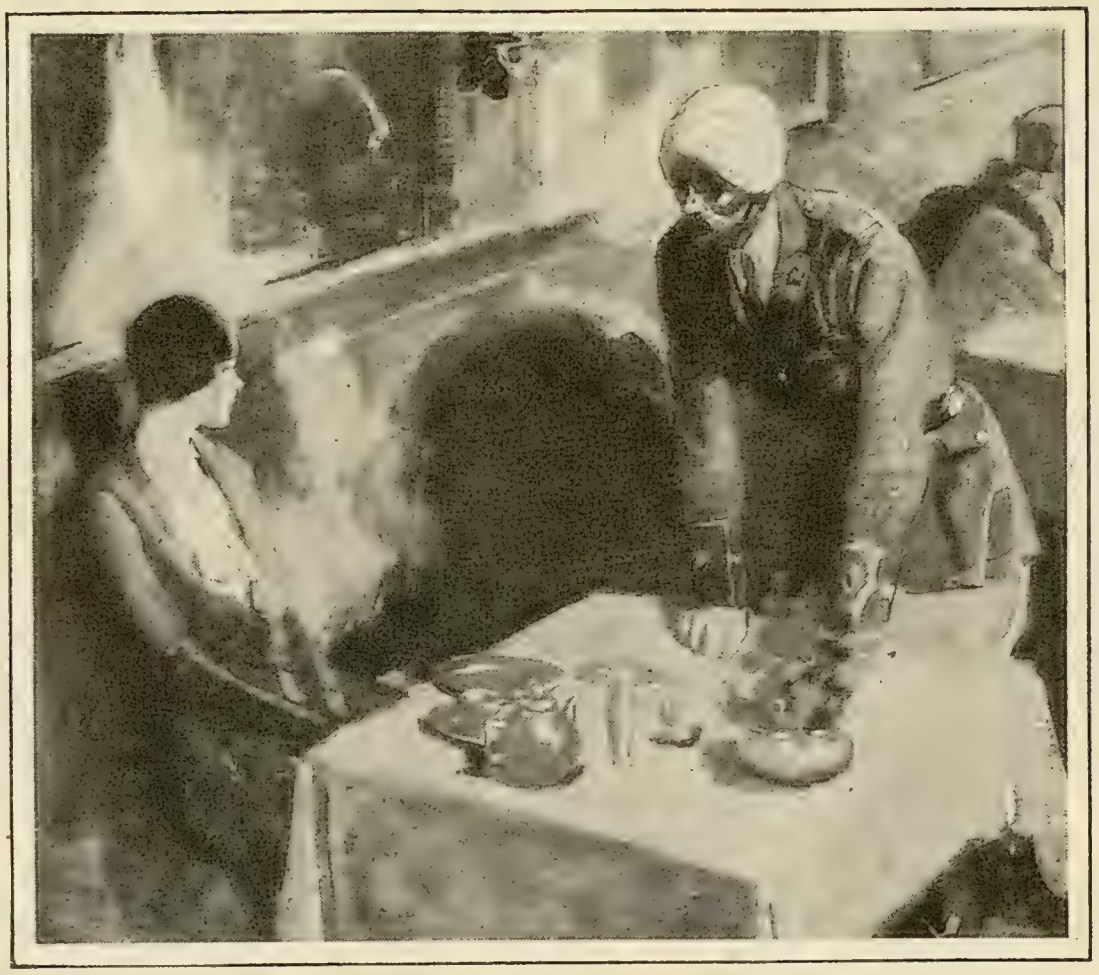
"No! Anything but that! I'll never love anyone but you, but I can't marry you."

"You mean you're married? There's someone . . ."

"Yes." Then, as fury crossed his face, "Oh, no, no! Not that, silly. He died."

"Then what—of course you'll marry me. What the deuce do you mean?"

She shook her head. "I won't marry you, Sholto. Don't ask me. That's not for me. I've been through it, and I've watched other people. It would spoil everything for us. I must have my music. Before my marriage I was beginning to succeed, but at once my husband was jealous of it. I tried to reason with him. I did everything I could to do my job, for him and with him, but he would not help. He hated my music and in the end he spoiled both it and our marriage. If we hadn't married, who knows, we might have been happy yet. It was a ghastly failure, but it dragged on till the war. He was killed in the beginning, and I began my life again, took up my singing, and I've given everything to it.



He stood up abruptly. "I say," he burst out. "I was a frightful bounder, butting in on you like this."

"I'VE worked so hard and am succeeding, Sholto. Morosco says nothing can stop me. When I began this it was to be just for your leave, partly for you and partly for me, because we were both tired and very lonely. But it has gone wild. It's swept me off my feet. I love you, dear. I tell you I never knew what the word meant before, and I'll be yours for always. But please, please don't try and make me marry you. It would spoil everything—"

He burst in resentfully. "It wouldn't! I wouldn't interfere. What kind of a pup do you think I am? I'd do anything to make you happy."

She shook her head. "I know you mean that, but you don't know of what you speak. Once we were married, you'd resent what I must give to Morosco and my singing, and you'd feel you had the right to have your way if we didn't agree. You love me; me as I am now—free. If we married it would be another thing. You'd want to bend me to fit your ideas of wifehood. We'd be always at daggers drawn. Let's go on as we are."

He reached down and pulled her upright savagely, and took her white arms in lean fingers. "No. You'll marry me tomorrow. I want you for my own. To hell with Morosco!"

He held her fiercely, kissing her, and pouring out words of love and adoration. She gave him kiss for kiss, and passion for passion, and when they ceased and she hung breathless in his clasp, he said, "Tomorrow morning we will be married at St. Giles, then catch the two o'clock to Devon." Her arms closed around him hungrily. "To Devon, yes. But I'll not marry you, Sholto dear."

They fought it out while dusk came down and the fire waned neglected to gray ash, ruthlessly, and with all their wills pitted against each other. But when it was dark and he could barely see her white face in the gloom, he had not moved her. She lay back in her chair wearily, and her voice shook.

"Please, *please* don't keep this up, Sholto. Don't you hear me say I'll never love anyone but you?"

He stood up abruptly and kicked the stool with savage force across the room.

"I don't believe you. I offered you my life, everything in the world I have to give. You want a plaything. You're just the same as all the rest of them. To hell with you!"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SANCTUARY
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He went out, slamming the door.

She sat by her dim fire a long time, with tears in her eyes and mouth that shook.

That was at 7 o'clock. At 9 she alighted from a taxi at the Ritz, wrapped in an ermine cloak with a great bunch of her inevitable violets on it. She went swiftly through the vestibule to the foyer and stopped at the entrance, standing close behind a pillar, searching the gay throng with dewy eyes.

Then her heart plunged and her mouth went dry. He was there.

He had not changed his clothes, but sat in his blue serge, crumpled in a deep chair with a bottle of old brandy at his elbow. She steadied her lips, passed through the crowd, and stood before him very humbly. He raised his eyes.

Seeing her there he did not move, but sat, chin on his chest and his knees higher than his head. Yet the glowering anger on his face could not conceal the joy that leaped into his eyes.

"Won't you please come home, Sholto?" she said simply.

For a long time he sat as though he had not heard. Then he nodded and stood up, and they went in silence out to her car and sat in silence still, hand in hand like children, while they drove home.

Her flat was lighted now, the fire crackling. She put him into a chair, laughing. "You've had no dinner. I knew you wouldn't? See?" On a table beside him were caviar sandwiches, fruit, coffee, and old brandy. She sat humbly at his feet while he ate. She did not speak.

Presently he relaxed, lay back in his chair, and reached for her hand, and they sat on still without speaking. At last she said, "You've never heard me sing."

She went to the piano. There was music, golden and glorious, till nothing in his universe remained but youth and that night.

At 9 o'clock next day they took their train for Devon.

III

THE three years following brought Ruth and Sholto glamorous and beautiful fulfillment such as life brings to but a chosen few. Regularly each three months his leave came round. They spent every moment together. Twice he was wounded, slightly, but enough to take him home for several months.

In '17 her name began to be heard in London, and in that season she made a triumph greater far than she had dreamed and Morosco had promised.

Sholto had triumphs, too—honors, promotions, and the abiding love of men proven through fire and misery. And through it all, Ruth's and his passion grew and deepened, satisfying and possessing them utterly. All smart wartime London knew the gracious and lovely figure of Ruth Hulme, greatest soprano of her day, and Sholto Hayes, virile and gallant colonel of Rajput Horse, her lover and inseparable companion.

At last, incredibly, came the war's end, London's stupendous hysteria of the armistice, and the disbandment of the greatest army history has known.

Ruth was now at ripe and glorious womanhood. Maturity was in her face with a serene and burning passion which with the years had lost none of its poignant hunger.

Two months after the armistice a telegram came from Sholto. He was bringing his Hindu lancers back to Aldershot, there to await their turn for shipment back to India. He would be in town to dine with her a week from then. She had a flat in Mayfair now, beautiful with the fruits of her success. She had spared no expense upon it, and had yet skillfully contrived to achieve the same gay and dainty charm that had filled her old tiny flat in Chelsea. It was there still, the aura of herself, over the Chippendale and Sheffield silver, the etchings and the water colors, the chintz and dull-gleaming wood.

His telegram marked for her the evening of one phase of her life and the dawning of a new and sweeter day. It was over. The fear and the separation, the clutching at the heart at sight of telegraph boys.

She spent the week of waiting in eager preparation for his return, buying new clothes, a new and shining roadster, and preparing a place for him in her apartment, which was as near perfection as her ardent pains could make it. The last days seemed like years. He was to have come in the morning, but he wired a delay and did not arrive till 8 o'clock at night. Everything was waiting, anxiously arranged—flowers, sherry, and caviar on the low table by the fire—before she heard the rattle of his key and stood up, breathless and with misty eyes, watching the door open and the beloved figure with its indescribable romantic air stride in.

THE war had set its brand on him. There was gray at his temples, and a hunted, wistful look in his blue eyes. A long scar on his weathered cheek showed horribly livid. But the old gay smile was there. The whimsical lift of an eyebrow and all the tantalizing glamour of him.

They met with that rapture which since the first day had never failed.

"Isn't it too wonderful?" she said. "I can't believe it. No more war, no more going away and fear of losing you. And we've the whole world before us. Oh, my dear!" Sholto did not answer, but held her close, his lips in her hair.

But at dinner she grew slowly conscious of a shadow on him, which all her joy, her studied witchery, could not dispel. "What is it, dear?" she asked. "You don't seem very happy."

He fiddled with a fruit knife. "Nothing special. I'm very tired after it all, you know. The war had got to be a habit. There seems nothing to go on for."

They took coffee by the fire and she sat on a stool at his feet. Her eyes never left his face. He held a heavy liqueur glass against the light for a long time, till at last he said, "There won't be many more of these nights of ours, Ruth."

Her cup stopped halfway to her mouth, and she creased her brow.

"Why, whatever do you mean?"

"I'm retired. I heard it today. I'm out of the service. Invalided—in the discard—with a small pension. It hurts."

She hugged his knees and reached her red lips up to him.

"I know, my dear; but that will pass. It's going to be wonderful now, you and I. I've been looking at a place by the river. It's exquisite. Just a tiny cottage in a backwater. There's a rose garden and wistaria, and a funny old man comes in a boat with the milk, and in the evening there isn't a sound except the fish jumping and the crickets and the wild ducks flying overhead. My season's nearly over. We'll go there. We'll stay till you've forgotten the war, and I'll love you all the time."

A tall, grim, sunbit fellow with a markedly foreign air.

His lips were clamped in a grim hard line. "My God! Don't talk like that. That won't be for me."

"Oh, my *dear*, what *is* the matter? What do you mean? I don't understand at all."

"The war's over. I'm out of the service. You don't think my pay kept me at the pace I've lived these last years, do you? I never had much. The war cut what I had in two, and after a year or so I was so sure I'd

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

Concerned only with perfection, the true *élégante* remains faithful to Face Powder Houbigant in both its *loose* and *compact* forms—confident that its soft smoothness, its invisible yet lasting adherence will always bestow a final, flawless touch of beauty to the make-up. There is the smart Round Box to grace your dressing table; the thin, platinum-toned octagonal Triple or Double Vanity to fit your purse. Fragrant with the delightful parfums—Quelques Fleurs, Le Parfum Ideal, Mon Boudoir, Subtilite or Le Temps des Lilas—and blended in your most complimentary shade—Rachel, Naturelle, Rachel Soleil, Ocre, Rosee, Ocre-Rosee or Blanche.

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[SANCTUARY
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be killed like everybody else that I cut loose and lived while I could and didn't bother. And now I'm out of the service and I'm almost broke."

"But, you silly boy, whatever does that matter? I've heaps of money, and now the war's over there'll be heaps and heaps more. Morosco says there'll be New York next. In ten years I'll have made a fortune—all we can ever need—and you'll be well and happy and we can live."

"And you think that I'd lie around and live on you?"

"But, my dear, we belong, don't we? If you're broke, the war did it, while I've been living here in luxury. What's this about money between us? It's only to use. You silly boy. There, kiss me. I can't believe it. No more war. Nothing but you and I."

But his lips set harder still. "I'm not that kind of man. I'm almost broke. England will swarm with down-and-outers; there won't be a chance, and I'm going to Paraguay with a major of ours who knows the country, to see what we can do."

Her mouth was dry and her eyes wide with fear at the incredible, preposterous thought. "Sholto! You must be mad. Why? Why such foolishness?"

"You know I've got to go. Wednesday we sail."

Her voice was sharp with terror, "No! No! No! You can't go. Listen, it's ridiculous. All these years—everything—and now you go off like that just because of money. You can't. I can't stand it."

"I've got to. I can't live here on you. I'd loathe it and you'd loathe me. It would change everything. It would break me up, and you'd hate me."

She was crying now. Not with restraint, but utterly unnerved and sobbing like a child. "Oh, no! Don't you see? Nothing like that matters for us. We belong. There isn't anything else."

He said: "Three years ago I said those things to you. You know what you said. Maybe you were right, but I do know that what I say is right now. We do belong. That's the spirit—that's the soul of it. But I can't live on you, an idle, useless thing, kept for your pleasure. That would destroy me."

"But how ridiculous. That's all changed. That's past. We're different now. You're all I've got—everything. I can't let you go. I'll give up my music. There's enough money to start us in something. We'll be married and then you won't feel that way." She clutched at the idea, clutched frantically at the hope the thought afforded. "Yes, we'll be married. Tomorrow we'll be married. Oh, I want it more than anything. I must have you. I can't go on without you."

He shoved back his chair so that she lost her balance, and stood up abruptly, his face like weathered oak.

"Don't say that to me. I can't stand it. This is hard enough without it. You know I can't marry you on those terms. I would have married you years ago. I wanted it devilishly, and I'd have given everything to make life for us good. And you had your reasons. I saw the force of them and gave you your way, didn't I? Now I've got mine.

"IT'S hell, the damnedest, bitterest business, but there's no way out. If I stayed here I should hate myself. I shouldn't be the man you knew, and I wish to be that always."

She stood up, facing him with heaving breast.

"But, listen. What you say is true. I know that. But don't you see it's all past? Everything's changed. I didn't realize then what I know now. I don't want anything else but you. Don't you see? Everything can go—my music—everything."

The grimness left his face, and he was once again the lonely boy of the Ritz three years ago. "No," he said, and his lips shook and his voice gave a queer break. But there was no wavering in it. "No. I can't do it. I've got to get on my feet again before that. I must go."

He put his head down and sank to his knees before her, clasping her close as she stood and burying his head in her skirts. His shoulders shook, while she gazed straight before her with wide and frightened eyes that did not see.

She never moved him.

The next week they stood on the wet deck of a Plate-bound liner anchored in the Thames with the tender hissing at the gangway. An impalpable fine rain was in the air, keeping the ships glistening wet.

Sholto and Ruth stood by a ventilator at the rail. She was holding on to a button of his raincoat, as a child clings to its mother's garments, while he gazed down in silence at her hand. Her eyes never left his face. Words were bereft them in the tempest of emotion clamoring in their hearts.

WHEN the siren roared its signal for non-passengers to leave, her lips shook; that was all. They kissed. Then she went down the side, and, as the tender chugged away, stood at the rail watching his figure with its indescribable jaunty air grow gray and faint in the drifting mist.

When she reached her flat, she was soaked and shivering. Her maid took her cloak, and she sat on the edge of a chair, staring into the fire with eyes that glowed amber in the dark pools of their sockets.

The afternoon had slipped already into unreality. He was not gone, she knew. Soon she would hear his key in the door, and he would enter with that whimsical lift of one eyebrow which was his invariable welcome to her. There was a low stool by the chair which he had always used; on it a pair of spurs and a pipe. In an uncanny way the sight of them drove home the truth to her again. It stopped her breath. Frantic, she sprang up, put on her things, and went out into a London drizzle. Aimlessly she walked the gray streets while the rain soaked through her shoulders, her thin shoes grew sodden, and the cold seeped into her body. She found herself in Piccadilly, near the Ritz, shrine of old memories, and of long habit turned into its glowing doorway. The doorman looked queerly at the beautiful woman in the costly clothes sodden with rain. She went no farther than the lounge, where she looked eagerly to see him, proving that afternoon a dream, sunk in a chair, chin on his chest as he had been on another day.

But he was not there, and she went out and walked and walked, arriving home very late and utterly exhausted. She was blue with cold, and her teeth chattered as the maid got her to bed. By the small hours she was in high fever. A doctor was called, and by morning he pronounced pneumonia.

Six weeks' desperate illness followed, an age of pain, delirium and loneliness, from which she came up in due course like a child waking from sleep, wide-eyed and wondering.

A letter came from Sholto in Buenos Aires. He was going into the wilderness with his partner, having joined an exploration party seeking some fabled gold reef. He would write from the last outpost of civilization. After that he would not be able. It was the last blow, and her spirit groaned under it.

One morning after she was pronounced quite out of danger, Morosco faced the doctor in her drawing-room. The little Jew's long, olive face was drawn and anxious. The doctor said:

"Singing? Opera work you mean? No, sir, I'm sorry, but for a year, at least, she will not have strength. She must not. No matter what it costs, she must wait a year."

Morosco clawed his hair and raised his hands in Semitic exasperation.

The year dragged by, a steady discipline of convalescence for her, pains and expense not spared to make her strong and to safeguard her voice. One letter came from Sholto from the rim of the Chaco, the Paraguayan no man's land. Whereafter she heard nothing.

In six months she began to work with Vanni, her

Italian tutor, and as the months slipped by, it seemed her voice was as magnificent as ever. Then, one day, at last she met Morosco at the studio with Vanni. The little Jew took both her hands and led her to the piano. His voice shook with excitement.

"Sing, Ruth. Sing like you used to do."

She sat down and sang *Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix*, Delilah's love song, faultlessly, with all her old-time verve and glamour. Before she had finished, Morosco ran across the room with tears of incoherent joy in his eyes. He patted her shoulder and burst out excitedly:

"Ruth! Marvelous. Immense! There was never anyone like you. Now they shall hear again, these people, what is a mezzo-soprano!"

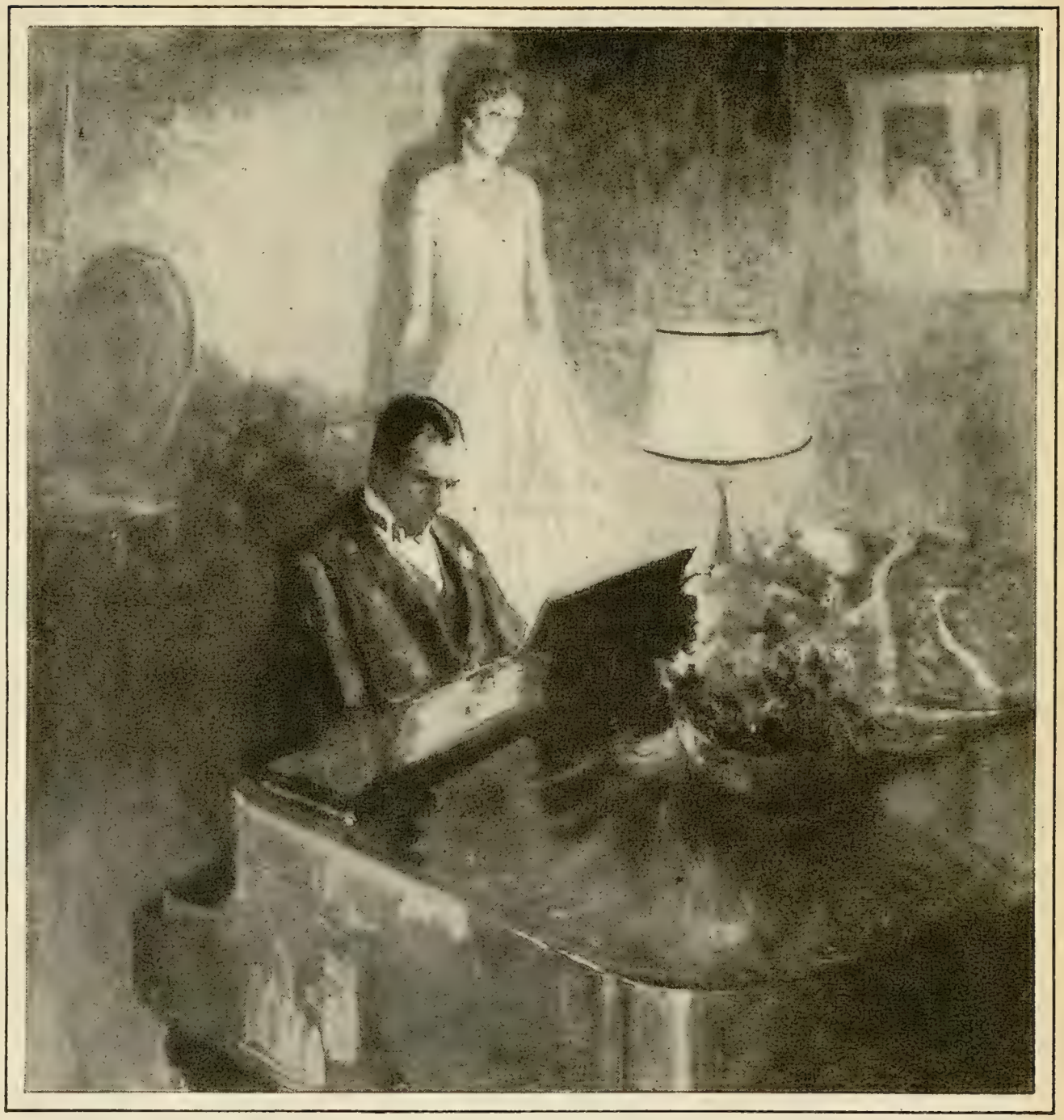
SHE opened at the Opera with La Bohème, and the despair in her heart for Sholto Hayes lent to her rendering of that tragedy a profound realism which, added to her art and her glorious voice, made a performance that is history to this day. It was a mighty triumph and London rang with it.

But next day her throat was stiff and swollen, and she could not sing. The most despairing efforts of great experts failed to remedy it. She could sing up to a point, but her own great voice was gone. Her illness had so weakened the throat muscles that they could not stand the supreme strain asked of them. Incredulous, Morosco spared nothing of money, pains, and prayer, but all of it failed, and in the end he deprecatingly turned from her.

And in all that time she heard no more of Sholto.

She had some money—just a little—for after her early years of economy she had lived up to her new wealth, sure of much more to come in the future. After she realized that her career was finished, she stood up and faced life gallantly. She could still keep small concert engagements—even now her voice was splendid for such purposes—but she tired so soon that she could seldom sing, and as time went on she grew still weaker. She gave up her lovely flat and moved into the quaint small Chelsea studio she had occupied when Sholto met her first. It was sanctuary to her, its low walls, jutting corners, and queer casements crammed with memories of him. To augment her tiny income she began to teach, and as the months slipped by achieved a steady round of life wherein she had its bare necessities, her few books and flowers, and clothes, good but anxiously chosen and worn to the last possible degree of shabbiness. She had a little slavey in the flat. There was never a day in which she did not wake up hopeful that it would bring her news of Sholto, and if she dwelt on the thought that actually it might, her heart swelled always with exquisite passion.

But the years slipped by and she did not hear. He had vanished, swallowed up in the great wilderness of Central America, seeking a fortune that he might return to her with his proud head held high in self-justification.

She never passed the Ritz without going in, and always crossed the foyer with a little catch of breath in case she might see him there, sprawled in a deep chair, his shining tan boots crossed and his long chin deep in his chest.

He sat with bowed head and hands idle till presently the sixth sense told him he was not alone.

As the years slipped on and she grew shabbier, she did not care to enter the lounge. But her visits had become a ceremony, a rite, and she continued to slip in through the vestibule and peer in, as she had peered on another night, years past.

IV

TEN years after the armistice a weary, bellowing mob of cattle were herded into shipping pens at the railroad's end on the Paraguayan pampas. They had come from the far limit of settlement on the edge of the unknown wilderness, a crawling three months' trek.

Among the picturesque half-Indian vaqueros herding them, rode with a splendid seat a tall Englishman, incredibly lean and hawkish, burned near black by the sun, and with a scar on his cheek which showed an angry purple. He wore ancient native trousers tucked into a battered pair of high-heeled boots, a ragged blue shirt and a vaquero's brown velvet jacket, dusty and worn to the last degree. On his head was a felt hat of the country.

Sholto Hayes, beaten and penniless, fugitive from the wilderness, lucky to escape with life, had the same gallant air, the same old glamour, the same sulky mouth with its sweet invitation to a woman, and hot hungry eyes.

He and his partner had separated from the original party, following a tale of gold. Deep, deep into the unknown they had gone. Brady had died, and Sholto, knowing that outside there was for him nothing, had pressed on through the years, hoping against hope, drifting from village to village through jungle and desert

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SANCTUARY
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until he had forgotten the sound of a white man's voice, until he thought of women and seas as things as utterly beyond his grasp as childhood was, and until his pride, his hopes, his fierce defiance after eight years had narrowed down and now his only passion was for the sight of white men and the sound of his own tongue. He had turned his back on pride, faced east doggedly, until by good fortune he had met this cattle outfit, rounding up wild cattle to drive to the end of steel.

It was eight years since he had received or written a letter, and Ruth, though never absent from his memories, held her place there more as a legend, a ravishing, poignant tradition that held a man from slimy things, than any possible reality that might have been, or yet might be.

At the end of steel he managed to get taken on to tend the cattle during the long journey down to Buenos Aires.

In due course they came to the vast cattle yards of B. A., and the beasts once penned, he drew his few dollars, pay from the foreman and wandered through the wilderness of whitewashed pens.

Presently he came to a small office building close by the wharves with their bristling masts and funnels. Twenty or thirty nondescript and ragged men were waiting around it. White men all. He strolled across and mingled with them, hearing them talk in the whine of London gutters.

"Goin' across, mate?" inquired a ratlike individual, grinning and jerking his head toward the ships.

"Across? How do you mean? I thought maybe there was a job to be got here."

"Is, too. They're shippin' 'ands to nursemaid cows to England. Yer passage an' a quid for pay—that's so the third mate 'as the law to beat you up if so be he wants to."

Sholto's heart turned over, stopping the breath in his throat. London! *London!* The word on a white man's lips brought his native land from the limbo of unattainable things back to reality. And he could go there; he could start this moment.

The hoodlums were passing by a wicket gate, putting their mark on a paper. He fell into line, signed a printed form, and in an hour was boarding a bull-nosed, rusty tramp, to feed, clean, and water seasick cattle all the way to London town.

The ship was foul, his comrades worse. Days were a monotonous nausea of stink and muck of beasts, and no less unclean company in human form. It mattered not to him. When he was not working he leaned on the rail to windward, staring out to the clean sea and filling his lungs with the salt, wet air that is the breath of life to all true English, and memories poured through his brain. What he would do, and how he would live, he did not know; he did not care. He was as full of joy as if he had just inherited a mighty fortune. He was going home.

HE thought of Ruth—just in a rapturous vision. She was a great lady now, famous and rich and honored. Married? Oh, yes. Such women as she can't live without love. She must be married to some good fellow—had his children now. From his reflections, sweetness, though poignant, ravished Sholto.

Five weeks brought them to London river. They crawled up in a Thames mist made glowing by sunshine seeping from above, and warped to the dock side in the early afternoon.

It was springtime, and there was fragrance and a glow on the air that even the gloom of London docks could not dispel.

The roustabouts were paid off at once—one golden sovereign—and they clattered across the decks and down the gangway, a motley, scabrous crew. Sholto held back, leaning on the rail till the echo of their feet died among the hollow dock sheds. Then he went down the gangway and trod again the soil of England. He still wore the clothes in which he had escaped the Chaco. He had a sovereign in his pocket; that was all. But he was home. He was home in springtime, and his heart swelled in his bosom.

The ghost of his old quirk on his lips, he squared his shoulders and raised his chin with its jaunty challenge, and tramped through the docks to the great gate. There he stopped again. What should he do? He had a sovereign in his pocket; that was all. It would not last long, and he must live. Surely there was someone of those he had known in his old days to whom he could look for a job. As his mind sought avenues of hope, suddenly he received a thought so unexpected, so dazzling in its impact, that he stopped short in his stride and stood with his lip between his teeth, furiously thinking.

HE had been given a pension when he left the army, a hundred pounds a year which, like so many men of his type, he had never cared to draw. A hundred a year for eight years was eight hundred pounds. *Eight hundred pounds,* and two pounds a week thereafter—a fortune to him now.

But would they pay such arrears? Why not? It was his. He had been out of reach of mails for all that time. They would pay it; of course they would. No. It was too good to be true. Yet he could find no flaw in the stupendous truth. "By Gad!" he would go to the War Office at once.

With thumping heart he inquired the way to the underground and broke his sovereign for a fare to Thames Embankment. He emerged soon from the tunnel in the late afternoon to meet the full roar of London. It was familiar and beloved as ever as he crossed the street and entered Whitehall.

But at the War Office he found closed doors, and realized with exasperation that it was Saturday afternoon. He must wait till Monday morning—in his state of mind an age. Thank heaven he had most of his sovereign still in his pocket. He turned from the heavy portals with a strange uplifting of the heart, crossed the street, and went through the Horse Guards where the Life Guardsmen sat their chargers, gallant and gay. He smiled grimly. He had been a soldier once, a light-horseman, colonel of lancers who could ride rings around these heavy and stolid dragoons.

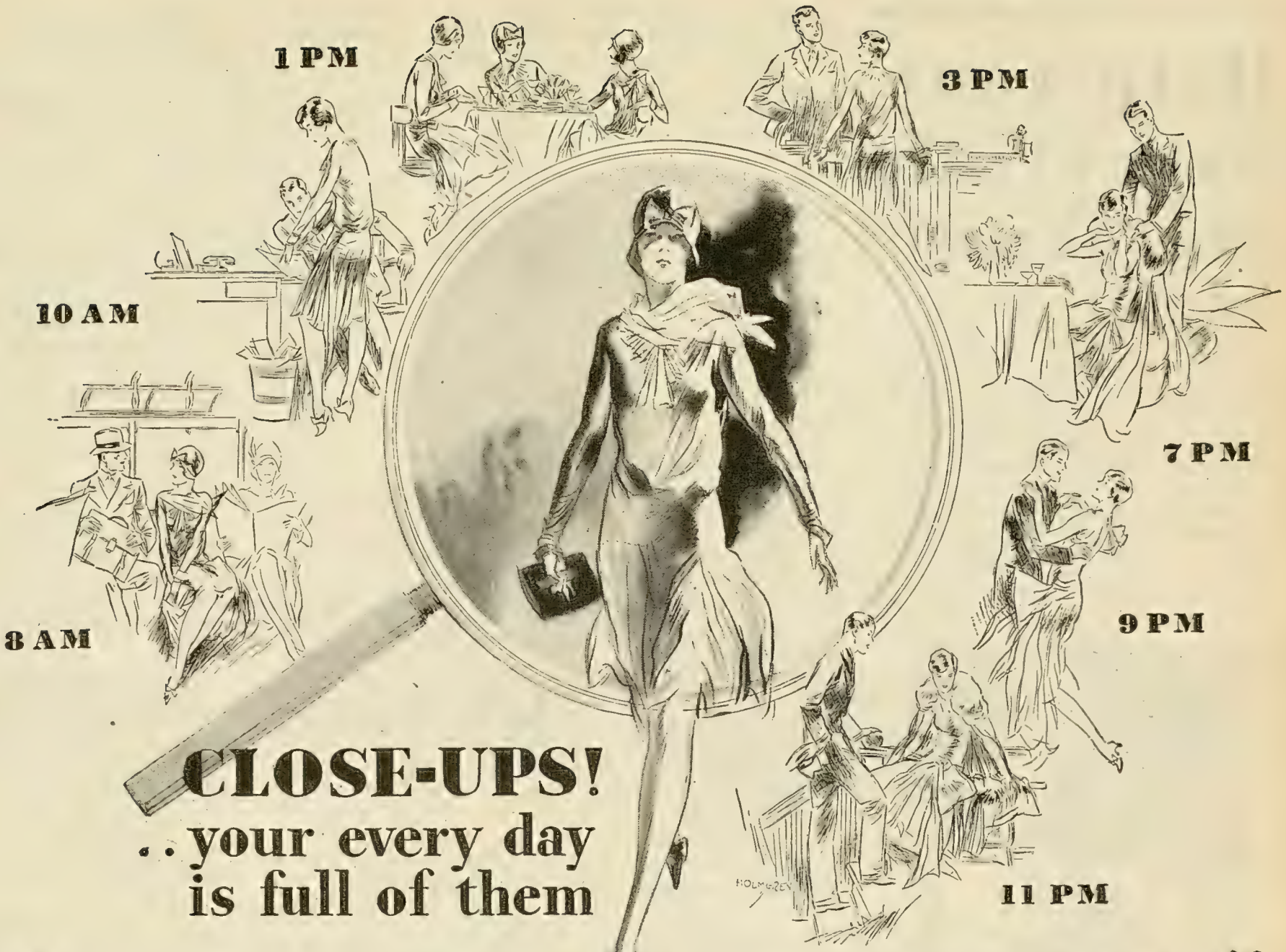
He went on, fixing his eyes on familiar sights. St. James' Street! He stopped with a jerk as he caught sight of his reflection in a shop window. A tall, grim, sunbit fellow with a battered felt hat, high-heeled and broken boots, and grimy clothes, with a markedly foreign air. He grinned into the glass and, turning on his heel, strode up the street. Men, and much more often women, gazed startled into his striking face with its stormy eyes and wry, tight smile.

By and by he was passing the club, his own club. He stopped. He was still a member, but he shrank at the idea of entering in his astonishing garb to meet the startled eyes of men he did not know. But as he stood, there came a vivid memory of thirteen years ago, when, immaculate and debonair in the uniform of a great regiment, he had clanked his spurs on a sunny morning down these steps to enjoy three weeks' respite from the agonies of war.

The war, his youth—how far away they seemed. And then, with a brutal twist upon his heart, he thought of Ruth, and memories of unutterable bitter-sweetness crowded in upon him. His brief happiness was blasted, and his London was a gray and hostile wilderness no kinder than the Chaco.

Ah, Ruth! Nine years since he had heard from her. Her letter had been in his pocket till the writing

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



CLOSE-UPS! ..your every day is full of them

Never has cleanliness been so important!!

Crowded hours . . . and crowded cars, streets, stores, offices, theaters, dining and dancing places. Everywhere, *close-up, appraising eyes.*

Also: light-colored stockings; short skirts; dress materials that are half-transparent; bare elbows, necks and sometimes knees; and heads bobbed so severely that hair *must* be kept healthy, shining and clean.

It certainly is true . . . personal cleanliness of the 100% and constant kind never has been as important as it is today.

Step in before you step out

What is it about the thorough bath that makes different people of us in a few short minutes?

It's a combination of effects, no doubt: Dull skin made vivid by the fresh-coursing blood just beneath; cleansed pores; new vitality; and a happy, priceless, self-assurance.

When we're anxious to look our best (which is really almost always), how short-sighted it is to have "no time for a bath." Nothing else so easy pays half the returns that this all-year habit does of *always* "stepping in before you step out."

Wanted: a good complexion

Worried a little about your complexion? Thousands of women are. It's really rather amazing how many.

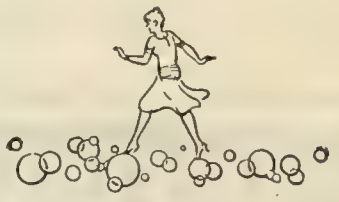
But it's also amazing, how simple the remedy often is: just freeing the pores, every day without fail, of the dust and soot they collect, and the left-over powders and creams. It takes warm water and soap to do this.

Nice hands, nice clothes, nice hair

Hands, to be beautiful, should be kept as pink-and-white as they look after the bath.

And, whether they're old or new, what gives our clothes the good looks and good feel that fresh cleanliness does?

As for the hair, authorities advise a thorough shampoo every two weeks . . . and *oftener* when the hair is naturally oily or a dressing is used, when you perspire freely, when your head is exposed to more dust and dirt than is usual.



The shortest route to charm

Would you be *charming?* Then be carefully clean every day.

Would you have the kind of beauty called "elusive"? Then keep *unusually* clean . . . cleaner than your friends do.

Would you add greatly to your happiness, good times and popularity? Then every day think a wee bit more about personal cleanliness, than you've sometimes thought was necessary.

Published by the Association of American Soap and Glycerine Producers, Inc., to aid the work of CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, *45 East 17th Street, New York.*

Help your digestion *when it's good!*

MILLIONS have found Beeman's Pepsin Gum a pleasant and wholesome precaution against indigestion. Millions prefer the fresh, keen flavor of Beeman's, its smoothness and fine quality, and the pleasant way it stimulates digestive action after meals. Perfected by Dr. Beeman over 30 years ago, this delicious gum is today the favorite of people who chew gum as an aid to digestion. Help your digestion when it's good—enjoy a stick of Beeman's after meals!

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM *aids digestion*

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349 Broadway, New York City

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25c for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)

Name.....

Address.....

[SANCTUARY Continued from page twenty-four]

wore away, the paper crumbled into tatters.

In dumb pain he swung quickly from the well known entrance, and went up the street again in his broken shoes, whose high heels were worn sideways drunkenly. Unconsciously he crossed the street and turned up Piccadilly. Dusk was fast falling and the myriad lights glowed on a fine and drifting mist. He tramped up Piccadilly with the streaming throng, and then was brought up short before a further barrier of poignant thoughts.

The Ritz! With a bright light streaming from the open door of its high stone porch. He stopped by a pillar, watching, as, one after another, splendid cars drew up and women, lovely and joyous, and sleekly tailored men descended. He could not tear himself away; could not resist the impulse to draw near to that shining portal. He pressed close to the entrance and stood there in the shadow, peering in. Not bowed and furtive, but arrogant and proud, choosing the sheltered spot merely for privacy. On his other hand the crowd streamed by—smart men about town, flower sellers, paper-boys, and the inevitable soft-footed, furtive women of the city, gleaners of the perquisites of night.

By and by a woman turned from the passing flood and came into the hotel doorway. She wore a suit of russet brown, painfully threadbare, but brushed, well cut, and with an air. There was a penny bunch of violets at the bosom of a simple shirtwaist. Her little hat was worn but chic. She was very beautiful, though hollows in her cheeks and darker ones about her eyes told their tale of life hard-lived.

She went into the vestibule and stood by a pillar as by long habit, her eyes searching the brilliant throng within. Her lips were parted very wistfully and her eyes were full of hunger. By and by she turned away. At the door she met a crowd of folk in evening dress and stood aside for them, very close to the tall ragged man with the hawk face and the high-heeled boots. He looked down and she looked up. Her eyes, leaving his face, returned startled and staring, while he gazed down at her, somber and grim. Then amazement, incredulous, unbelieving, and frantic joy dawned on their faces. He said, like a man's last gasp of life, "My God!" and she said "Sholto!"

. . . .

They sat by a crackling fire in the tiny Chelsea flat; the woman mature and the more lovely for her wistfulness, and the man virile and unbeaten of soul, yet having gained understanding.

She said: "I get a living. It's enough."

He said: "There's eight hundred pounds pension due me, and two pounds a week. That's riches. We'll go to some seaside town and make a go of it somehow. How long does it take to fix a wedding?"

She said: "About an hour, I think."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

A New Serial

by

Robert W. Chambers

Read the Announcement on Page 65

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

1—What is the capital of Alberta; Manitoba; Saskatchewan?

2—The diamond is the birth stone for what month?

3—What nations were engaged in the Hundred Years' War (1337-1453)?

4—What is an *entente cordiale?*

5—What is a baccalaureate sermon?

6—What is billingsgate?

7—How many sides has a heptagon?

8—What is the official record of a ship's voyage called?

9—What American general, prominent in the World War, is called Black Jack?

10—What is a psychiatrist?

11—What is the meaning of the Latin phrase *sic transit gloria mundi?*

12—Who is said to have discovered the law of gravitation?

13—What coin is called a double eagle?

14—The name of what organ of the body is used to denote anger or ill temper?

15—Which of the seven wonders of the ancient world was in Babylon?

16—What is the derivation of the word "hooch"?

17—What is a ticket of leave?

18—What is a gate valve?

19—For whom was Maryland named?

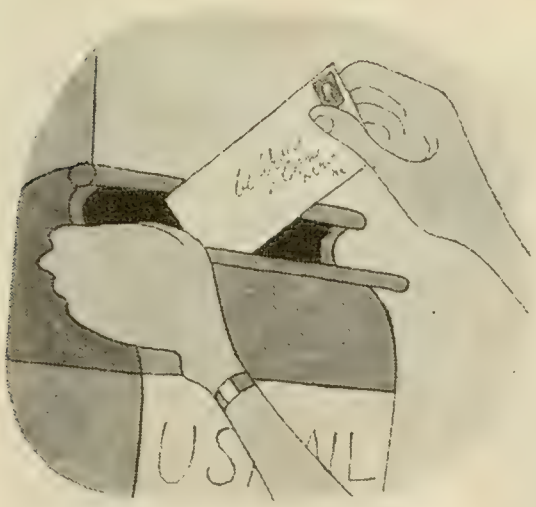
20—What Rossini opera includes the character Figaro?

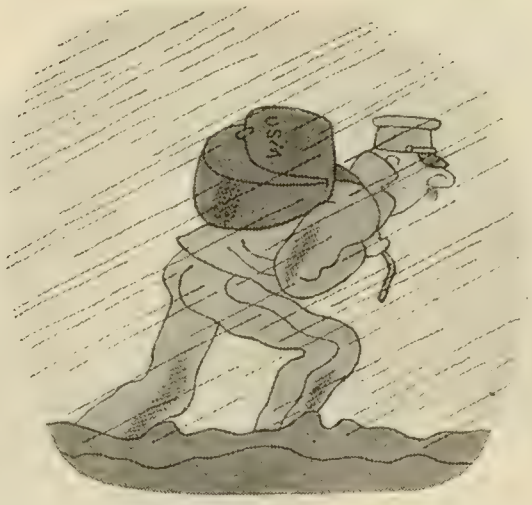
(Answers will be found on page eighty-three)

GRAPHIC SECTION

News of the World

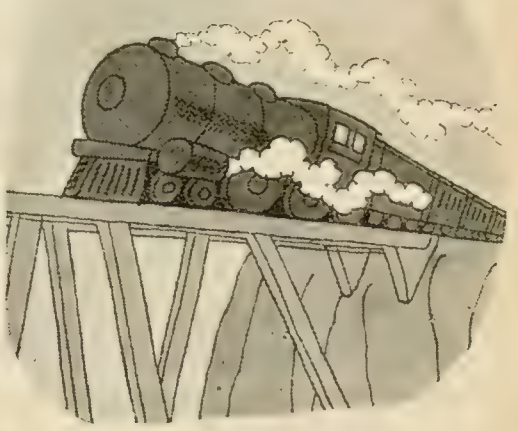
By RALPH BARTON



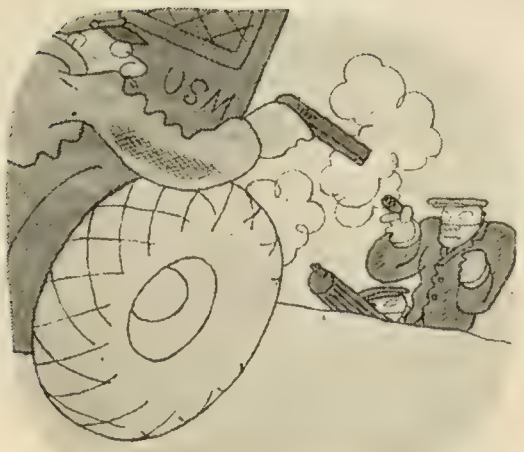


Neither snow nor rain nor heat

nor gloom of night stays



these couriers from the swift



completion of their appointed rounds.

—Motto engraved on the U. S. Post Office, New York City.

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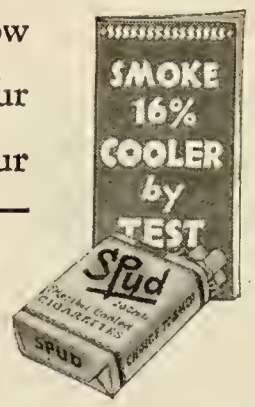
"SMOKE 16% COOLER BY TEST"... a little book telling how Spud's greater coolness was proved scientifically and what it means to you . . . sent gladly on request.



JUDGE SPUD . . . Not by first puff . . . but by first pack. Surprise of first puff soon forgotten . . . continued coolness heightens enjoyment of the full tobacco flavor.

MENTHOL-COOLED **SPUD** CIGARETTES

The Spies in the Tower

Ewing Galloway photo

The Tower of London. It comprises all these walls and buildings, except the connected twin towers at the right, which are Tower Bridge. The large building with turreted corners, at the left, is the White Tower, dating back to William the Conqueror.

New Light on Some Wartime Tragedies

By

WINFRIED LUDECKE

With an introductory note by

RICHARD CARROLL

TWELVE German spies were executed in the Tower of London during the war. Eleven were shot and one was hanged.

Among the "Now it can be told" series emanating from the Great War come now a few sidelights on that most intriguing of all military branches, the secret service. Right off the reel the British counterespionage unit, consisting of only four officers, three detectives, and seven clerks, a tiny division of Britain's great espionage system, settles the question of who did most to win the war. They did.

The strangest part of the claim is that it has profound merit. It seems that back in 1910 the German emperor made one of his frequent visits to London. As usual, he was carefully guarded from harm by detectives from Scotland Yard who watched the royal palace for any suspicious comings and goings. One evening a high German official furtively left the imperial quarters and set out alone on a journey. Scotland Yard men, wondering why the official chose to go alone, and why he should go in the direction he did, followed him.

The German proceeded to an out-of-the-way place in the northern part of the city and disappeared into a barber shop operated by one M. Ernst: a lowly establishment and not one likely to be patronized by such a personage as the German official. To make matters more interesting, the visitor was recognized as the Chief of the Intelligence Service of the German Admiralty!

Scotland Yard immediately set about learning the history and activities of the barber. He was a German, born in England. Letters directed to his shop were read secretly, and from them it was discovered that the barber shop was the clearing-house for mail sent from Berlin to be delivered to the German spies in Great Britain.

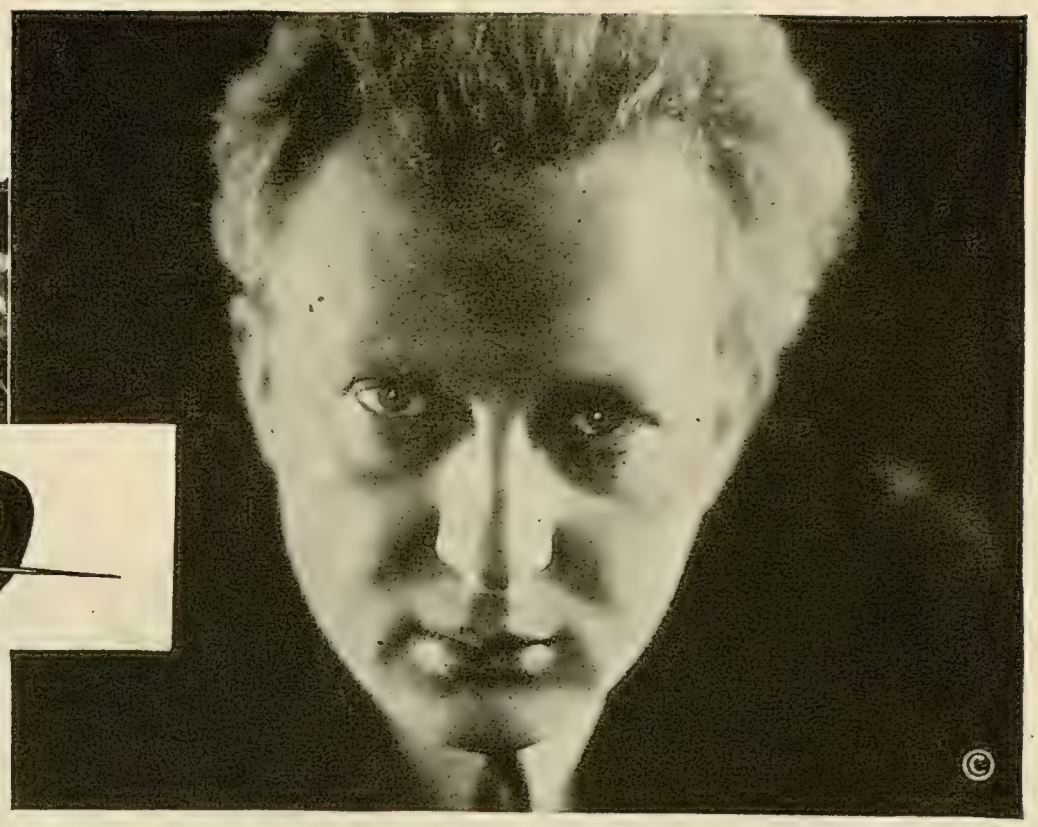
The British kept the discovery to themselves. The German agents were not arrested, but were suffered to send and receive messages as usual through M. Ernst. All correspondence was read by British agents before the Germans at the other end were permitted to see it. And the most astounding aspect of the whole affair was that Berlin had not the slightest knowledge of what was going on. Thus the remarkable picture presented itself of Britain keeping watch on the entire network of German espionage in England for four years without any inkling of that fact leaking out to the Germans.

Not until war was declared on August 4, 1914, did England make any move. Then twenty-one of the twenty-two German spies operating in England were arrested and clapped into jail. One managed to escape.

On the declaration of war, Germany, looking to her spies in England for information on English troop and naval movements, found all her sources of news dried up,

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-TWO]

ON THE AIR FOR



PHILCO presents

LEOPOLD STOKOWSKI *and the*

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 6TH-NOVEMBER 3D

Pictured at the left is the blurred, distorted approximation of violin music which you receive from a radio whose units are not exactly balanced; pictured at the right is the true clear tone that soars from a Balanced-Unit Philco.

"AND THEN THEY GOT A PHILCO"

HAVING secured the most talented and highest priced instrumentalists in the world—and having gained the leadership of conductor Leopold Stokowski, genius extraordinary—the Philadelphia Orchestra has been for years hailed as the finest symphonic orchestra in America or Europe.

With such a reputation to uphold—and being naturally unwilling that radio listeners should form an inaccurate impression of the orchestra's magnificent tone—the officials of the Philadelphia Orchestra have steadfastly refused until the present time to send its glorious music out over the air. But within the past year the whole level of radio reception has been raised, and foremost in progress is the new Balanced-Unit Philco—a radio whose units are so perfectly balanced that it reproduces the most subtle tone-colors of the symphony orchestra . . . And so, Leopold Stokowski has consented to go on the air for the first time. Now under the sponsorship of Philco, you may listen in

This series of broadcasts will be heard

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5:30 *to* 6:30 P.M. *Eastern Standard Time*

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and DECEMBER 8TH

your own home to the famous orchestra for which every seat for every concert is reserved by subscription, months in advance.

Demonstrations of the new Philco have proven to leaders in the musical world that here at last is a receiving set which will bring to radio listeners all the sonorous, gorgeously rich, orchestral tone which has called forth salvos of applause from the most sophisticated concert audiences in the world. If you want to hear the music of the Philadelphia Orchestra with all its glamour undiminished, if you want to enjoy every tone-color—from the highest harmonic of the violin to the deep throaty warble of the bassoon, tune in with a Balanced-Unit Philco. If you do not yet own a new Philco, arrange to listen in at the home of some friend who does. The difference in reproduction is worth traveling miles to hear. Or—see your Philco dealer today and arrange for a demonstration.

Easy terms if you decide to buy.

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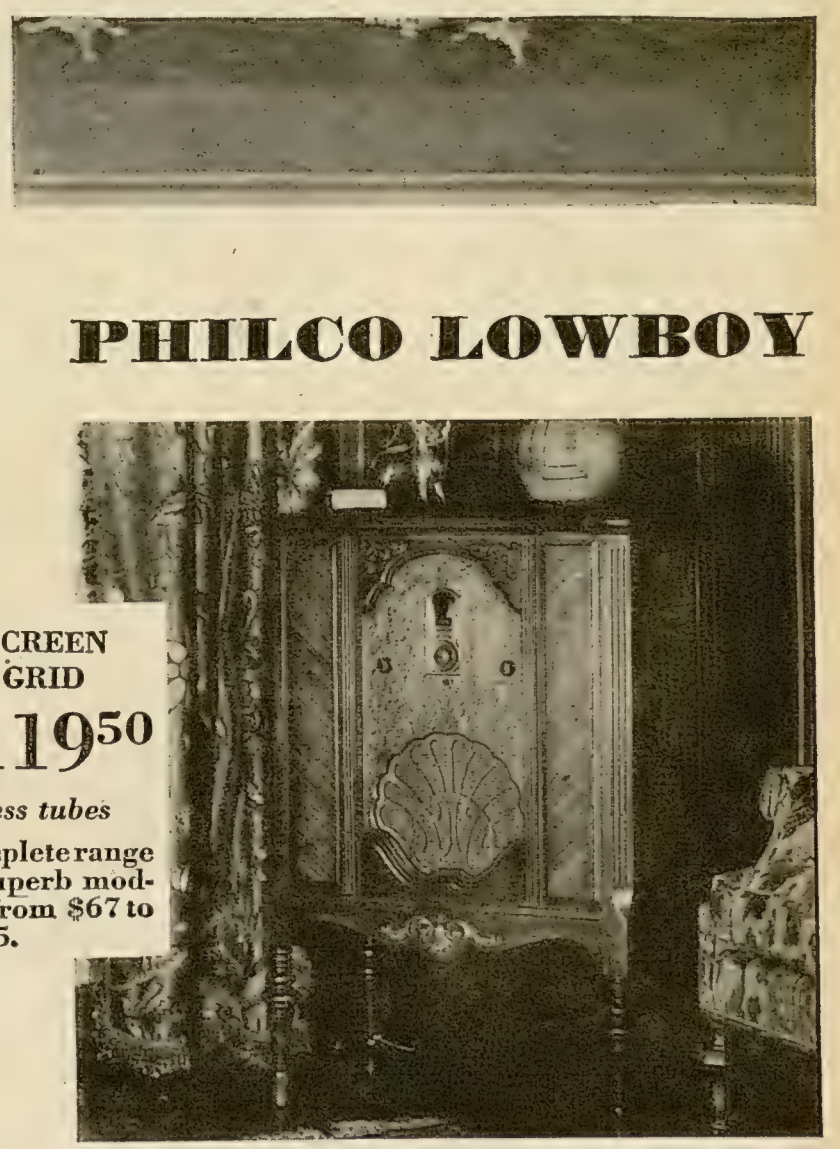
land, Maine WCSH; Portland, Oregon KGW; Providence WJAR; Raleigh WPTF; Richmond WRVA; St. Louis KSD; Salt Lake City KSL; San Antonio WOAI; San Francisco KPO; KGO; Schenectady WGY; Seattle KOMO; Spokane KHQ; Tulsa KVOO; Washington WRC; Worcester WTAG.

5:30 *to* 6:30 P.M. *Eastern Standard Time*



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PHILCO

BALANCED-UNIT RADIO

[THE SPIES IN THE TOWER
Continued from page twenty-nine]

her agents in jail, and herself in the dark. As a result, the first British expeditionary forces got across into France, British supplies went to their vital destinations, and guns, food, and ammunition were moved without the knowledge of the enemy.

What would have happened had the German High Command known what the British were planning, and thus planned countermovements, can only remain a matter for guesswork. The World War's end might have been different. Germany in 1914 was strong enough to rush troops to any vital spot. She had the troops, but, not knowing where to place them for the greatest good, she could but hurl them blindly *en masse* toward Paris where the Allied strength was concentrated to meet them. Her fleet was bottled up at Kiel. Where the English fleet was, Germany didn't know.

Ewing Galloway photo

These buildings are the world-famous Scotland Yard, headquarters of London's police force.

In November of 1914, London, filled as it was with rumors of all kinds, heard one to the effect that volleys from the rifles of execution squads were echoing once more in the dark corridors of the ancient Tower of London. Since the middle of the eighteenth century that old fortress on the banks of the Thames had been used as a sort of museum and barracks, with now and then a prisoner. No one had been executed there since the Jacobite rebellion of 1745. Peaceful visitors wandered through the towers where princes and lords, kings and queens had looked their last on England and perished by the headsman's ax, the hangman's noose, or the assassin's dagger.

The story of the Spies in the Tower is told by Winfried Lüdecke in Secrets of Espionage, soon to be published in this country by the J. B. Lippincott Company. What follows is from the Lüdecke book, by arrangement with the publishers.

ON the 22d of November, 1914, a simple announcement appeared in the German papers to the effect that Naval Lieutenant Karl Hans Lody had died for his country in England on the 6th of the same month.

The name of this man, the first German spy to be shot in the Tower of London, is today almost forgotten. At the time, however, the case made some little sensation, although, owing to the censorships of all news touching military affairs, the published details of the circumstances that led to his death were naturally very meager.

Lody, a native of Berlin, after retiring from the navy with the rank of lieutenant, entered the service of the Hamburg-American Line, and enjoyed the best possible opportunity of visiting the four corners of the earth. He settled for some time in the United States, and there became so familiar with the manners and customs of the country that he could easily have passed for an American. He married a beautiful American woman.

The shipping company by which he was employed organized for its wealthier patrons personally conducted world tours, and on these Lody acted as a guide. In the summer of 1914 he was showing the beauties of England and Scotland to the members of American societies participating in an international medical congress, and every one of them regarded their very competent guide as a fellow countryman.

At the outbreak of war the intelligence service organized by the Germans in Britain had collapsed at one blow; that is, just when Germany needed it most, the supply of news failed completely. As a consequence, so far as British war measures were concerned, the German naval and military staffs were simply groping in the dark. As late as the 21st of August the Supreme Army Command had no idea of the dispatch or movements of the British Expeditionary Force. This is proved conclusively by an army order of that date.

Lody, who happened to be in Berlin when the war began, placed himself at once at the disposal of the naval staff, and, as he was found to be medically unfit for active service, he was assigned to the secret intelligence branch. He received instructions to go to England and from there to report the movements of the British fleet, and all losses suffered by it, up to the date of the first encounter with the German fleet, whenever that should be. After that he was to be at liberty to go and reside in the United States.

THE obvious thing for him to do was to appear in the guise of a neutral American, and so he was furnished with an original American passport that bore the name Charles A. Inglis.

It was the end of August when Lody embarked upon his fateful journey. He traveled by way of Norway and reached Edinburgh, which means that he was in very close proximity to the naval base and the most important seat of British maritime operations. Edinburgh is situated on the Firth of Forth, and there the greater part of the British fleet was concentrated. Lody had not been long in Edinburgh when he met an American with whom he had been acquainted in earlier days, but who did not know that he was a German and that he had changed his name to Inglis. This incident, though quite awkward enough, led to no further immediate complications.

Lody sent his information by letter or telegram to one of two different addresses—either to a certain person named Burchard, in Stockholm, by whom it was forwarded to Berlin, or directly to a person named Stammer, residing in Berlin.

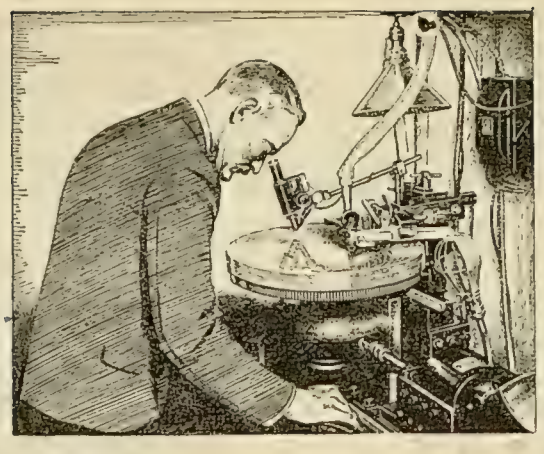
The first shadow of suspicion was cast upon him by an apparently harmless telegram: "Must cancel. Johnson last four days very ill. Shall start shortly." This was an indication to Berlin that the British fleet was to leave the Firth of Forth in four days. But since the 4th of August—and Lody was totally unaware of this—all British correspondence for Norway and Sweden had been most carefully scrutinized. Several letters addressed to him, and others posted by him, had been confiscated because of their suspicious contents.

On the 7th of September Lody noticed for the first time that he was being observed. He risked a bold stroke. He went straight to the police and complained that they were annoying him, an innocent American subject. His confident demeanor did not fail to produce the desired impression, or so it seemed, and a very polite apology was forthcoming, for the police were not yet quite sure.

Lody disappeared from Edinburgh, and for a time it looked as though all trace of him had been lost. They came upon his tracks again in London, where he was busy reconnoitering the defensive measures being taken against the Zeppelin attacks. From that moment his fate was sealed. Detectives from Scotland Yard were set to watch him and never lost sight of him. From London he went back to Scotland. Toward the end of September he betook himself to Liverpool to study defense works on the Mersey, and then to Ireland, where he was arrested.

He was brought before a court-martial that was held with all the ceremonious pomp and formality associated

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-FOUR]



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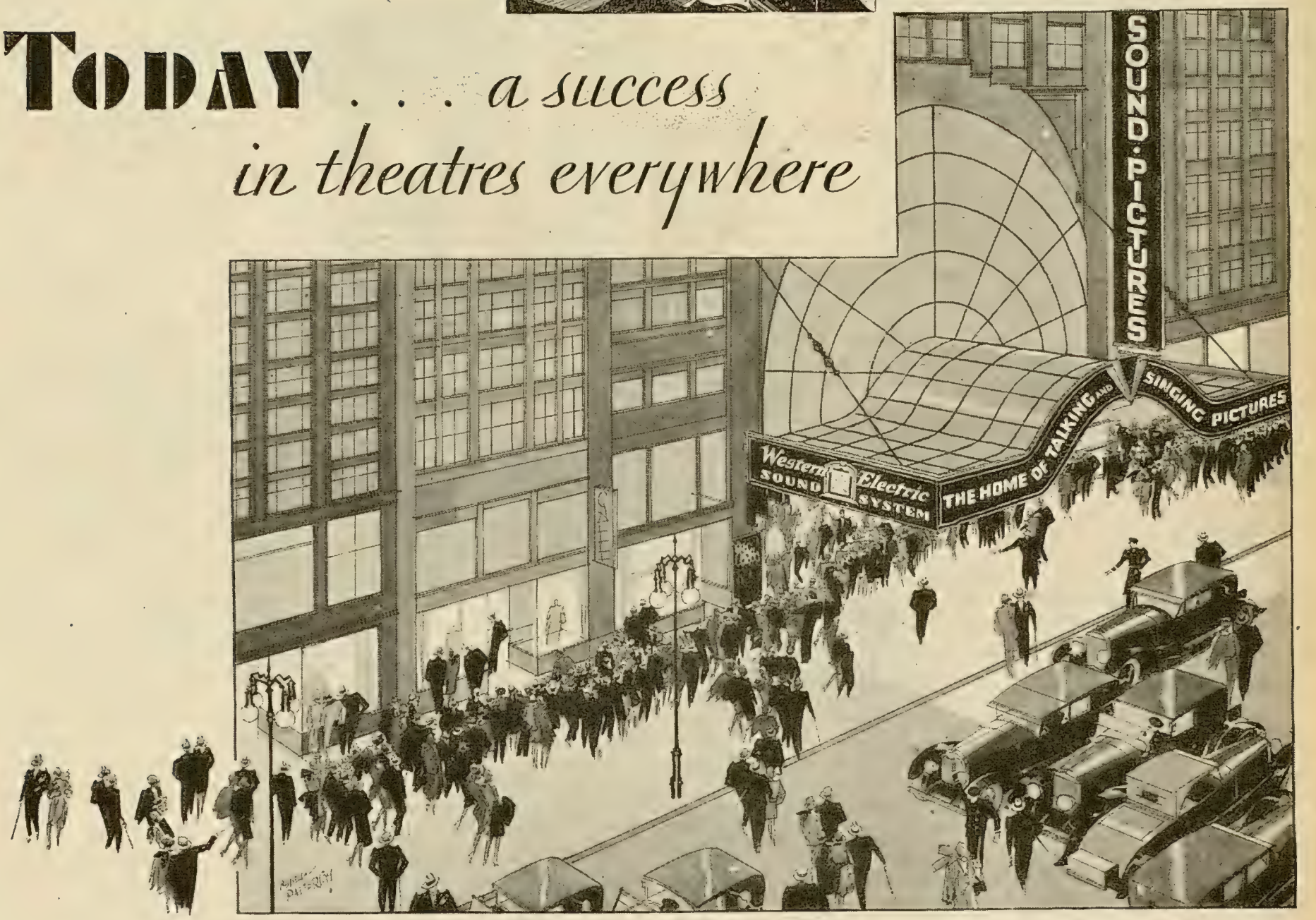

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Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

THE VOICE OF ACTION

[THE SPIES IN THE TOWER
Continued from page thirty-two]

with such proceedings in Britain. The court was composed of the president, Major General Lord Cheylesmore, and eight officers in full uniform. The accused stood in the dock between two khaki-clad soldiers with fixed bayonets. The ground of the indictment was that, on the 27th and 30th of September he had sent to Karl I. Stammer in Berlin two letters signed Nazi which contained information about British military preparations and defensive measures. Very incriminating, too, were the entries he had imprudently made in his notebook. They included not merely copies of the "Johnson" telegram and of four letters to Burchard, but also particulars of British losses in the North Sea, and a list of the German ships that had been sunk. His reports were characterized as the best that had fallen into the hands of the British authorities, and "their accurate observation and clear expression" were emphasized by the court.

The conduct of the trial did all honor to British justice and may be described as a model of fairness. Lody himself, in his farewell letter, gratefully admitted that he had received a just hearing. Although his case was hopeless from the start, Mr. George Elliott, one of the most distinguished men at the English bar, had been assigned to him as counsel. He praised Lody in eloquent words.

"I defend him," said Mr. Elliott in his brilliant speech, "not as a miserable coward or as a faint-hearted fellow, but as a man faithfully devoted to his native land, its history, and its traditions. His grandfather was a great soldier who successfully defended a fortress attacked by Napoleon, and as a soldier he claims to stand before this court. He was ready to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country. I am not here to beg for mercy for him. My client is not ashamed of what he has done. Many would gladly do for England what he has done for Germany, and may actually be doing it at this moment. Whatever his fate may be, he will meet it as a brave man."

U. & U. photo

As he was a gentleman, there was a suggestion that he should be pardoned, but the authorities insisted upon his death in order to make a deterrent example of him. As is customary in British court-martial proceedings, the sentence was not promulgated until several days after it had been already executed. He was shot in the early morning of the 6th of November, in the Tower.

SIR ROBERT BADEN-POWELL writes: "In the Lower House they spoke of him as of a patriot who had died on the battlefield for his country." On the evening before his death Lody wrote a letter of farewell to his relatives in Stuttgart. He said: "My watch is run down and I have to go through the dark valley, like many of my brave comrades in this dreadful war of nations. A hero's death in battle is certainly more beautiful, but this is not vouchsafed to me: I am to die here in the land of the enemy, alone and unknown. The consciousness that I am dying in the service of my country makes death easy for me to bear. I have had just judges. They have condemned me for conspiring to betray their plans. I am to be shot tomorrow here, in the Tower. Good-bye."

A few months later fate overtook another young German in London, who was engaged there upon similar business. His name was Fernando Buschmann. He, too, had lived much abroad, his youth having been spent in Brazil. Both in music and in engineering he had given proof of remarkable gifts, for while he played the violin like a virtuoso, he had also achieved great success as a constructor of airplanes. In the year 1911 he had actually been allowed by the French government to carry out experiments at the Issy aërodrome with a machine designed and built by himself. He was rich, for his wife was the daughter of a very wealthy soap manufacturer in Dresden. He had traveled all over Europe.

International photo

Lieut. Karl Hans Lody, German spy, on trial at Westminster; and, at the left, his portrait. He was shot in the Tower of London, November 6, 1914.

TO help Germany, which he regarded as his own country, he entered upon the dangerous path that was to lead him, like so many others, to destruction. Carrying a false passport, he landed in England as a traveler in cheese, bananas, and potatoes, representing the Dutch firm Dierks and Company of The Hague. It was anything but a suitable disguise for him, for, as it happened, he might easily have passed for a fashionable man about town or a gentleman, but no one would ever have taken him for a bagman. After a short stay in London, he visited Southampton and the dockyard town of Portsmouth, in order to make the necessary observations.

Very unfortunately for him, his financial resources were quickly exhausted, and, what was even more serious, the firm he represented, and to which he sent a written request for money, had long figured on the British black list as suspect. On the strength of this letter addressed to a suspicious house, it was decided to arrest him at once and to take him for examination to Scotland Yard. They found upon his person letters from the German consul general and the German military attaché in Holland, as well as notes of observations upon British warships.

On the 20th of September he was brought before a court-martial which sentenced him to be shot for espionage. He was granted permission to play his violin in prison, and during the night before his death the gloomy corridors of the Tower echoed the sweet and plaintive melodies he drew from his beloved instrument. On the morning of his execution he bade farewell to this last comforter and went fearlessly to his death, refusing the bandage with which they would have covered his eyes. Not even a notice in the papers marked his end.

Some of the codes used by German spies during the World War were rather curious. In July, 1915, a German named Joseph Marks, carrying a Dutch passport, was arrested in Tilbury Docks. His method of transmitting information about the British fleet and mercantile marine was to utilize his collection of postage stamps. For example, if he sent to a certain address in Switzerland ten Nicaraguan stamps, the German Admiralty knew that ten British warships had left the port at which he had posted his envelope.

Another spy captured in the same month was a Peruvian named Hurwitz von Zender. He was in the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE THIRTY-SIX]

POWEL CROSLEY, JR. scores again with MORE

BIG NEWS IN RADIO

ALL the wonderful qualities of Screen Grid . . . plus the latest refinements and improvements in radio design . . . including new features exclusive to Crosley alone . . .

Now you can get them *all* in the new Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad—*at the very lowest prices in the Screen Grid field!*

This choice of models

At only $67 (without tubes) the Monotrad is offered in a smart table-set in metal, with panels of burled walnut finish. It is shown at the right.

For $118 you can buy the Monotrad in a graceful cabinet model, beautifully finished in satiny walnut veneer. (Illustrated at right below.)

And for only $62 the Monotrad may be had in its simplest form, with front panel, for installation in bookshelves, etc., or in any cabinet you may now possess.

All of these features!

The new Crosley Monotrad incorporates a new and exclusive feature—*Triple Range Control.*

This ingenious device adjusts the full power of the set to local, medium and distant signals. It makes possible a sensitivity never before achieved!

Note, too, that the Monotrad utilizes: Two 224 Screen Grid tubes in R. F. stages; one 227 tube as power detector; one 227 first audio tube, resistance coupled; two 245 power output tubes, connected push-pull; one 280 rectifier tube. *Seven* tubes in all.

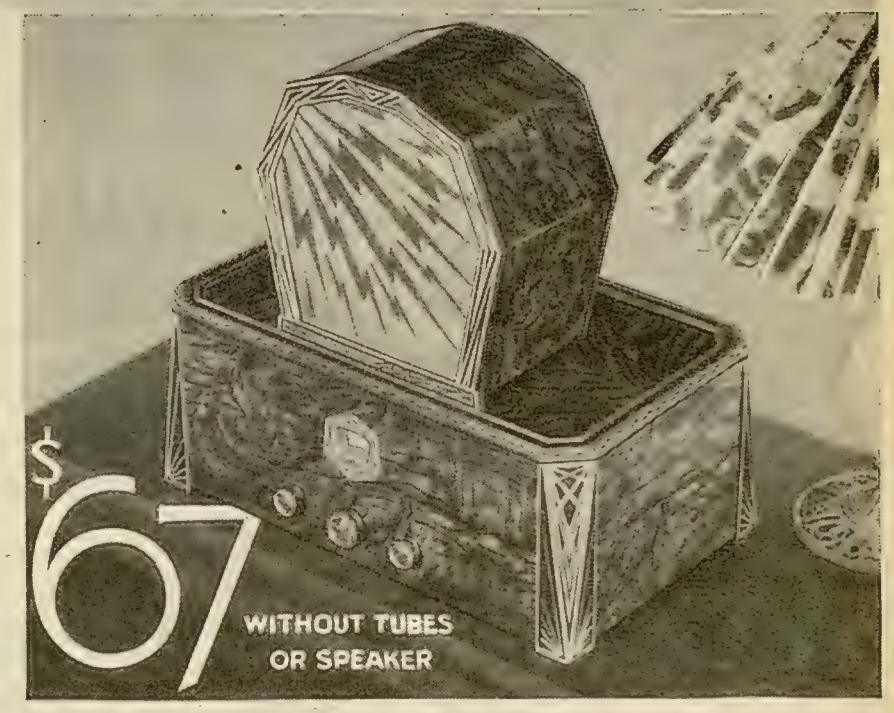
The Monotrad also has the patented Neutrodyne circuit—a feature of *all* Crosley models. And of course every modern improvement, such as power detection, humless operation, etc.

* * * *

In addition to the models shown here, the Monotrad is also available in a wide range of cabinets produced by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers.

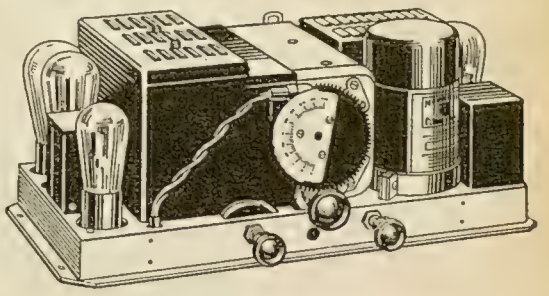
We suggest that you go and examine it thoroughly, test it critically—and compare prices. Ask for a free trial in your home.

THE CROSLEY RADIO CORPORATION
Cincinnati, Ohio—Home of WLW



Crosley Model 31-S, incorporating the Monotrad. Also available with legs at $72. Your choice of two lengths of legs: 17 inches or 21 inches. With Crosley Dynacoil Speaker, as shown, $28 extra

Crosley Model 32-S, incorporating the Monotrad, complete with the Crosley Dynacoil Speaker, at $118



In this form, the Crosley Screen Grid Monotrad may be installed in bookshelves, etc., or in any cabinet you now have or purchase. (Shown here without front panel)

You're there with a

CROSLEY

The Crosley Screen Grid Unitrad (eight tubes including THREE Screen Grid tubes) is available in a wide range of Crosley table and cabinet models. Prices (less tubes) from $80 to $160. The Unitrad is also available in cabinets by seven of the country's leading cabinet manufacturers. Other neutrodyne A. C. sets $55 to $150.

Western prices slightly higher

[THE SPIES IN THE TOWER
Continued from page thirty-four]

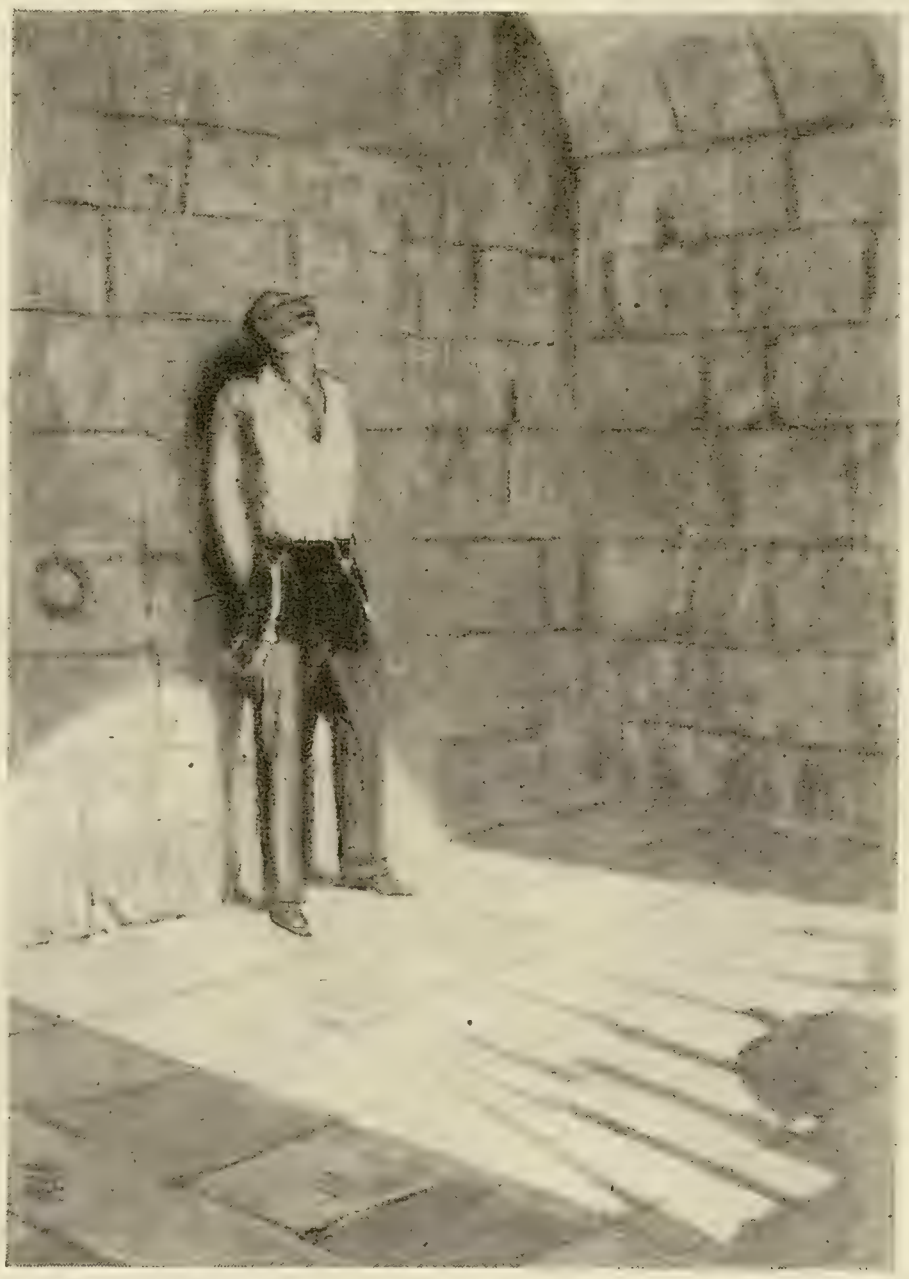
habit of sending news from Newcastle to an address in Christiania (Oslo), Norway, in the form of business orders for large quantities of tinned sardines.

Unfortunately for him, he had not taken the trouble to find out that, at that season of the year, the wholesale sardine trade is usually very quiet, so that his telegrams very naturally excited the suspicion of the censor and led to his arrest. He was shot in the Tower.

THE basis of the existing secret intelligence service in Britain was laid in 1907 by Colonel Edmonds and his successor, Colonel MacDonogh. The latter, at the outbreak of war, took over control of the espionage service on the staff of Sir John French.

But the real creator and organizer of British espionage during the World War was General Cockerill, who in September, 1914, was placed at the head of the Special Intelligence Section at the War Office. He had already acquired wide experience in this province in various parts of the empire. Within a very short time he was able to bring into existence a mighty organization that stretched over the world like a gigantic net, covering all that which we usually include under espionage and counterespionage, as well as the military supervision of harbors and dockyards, and the censorship of telegraph and postal services and of the press.

The corresponding naval department was in the hands of Sir Reginald Hall. In this office he was a successor to his father, for it was the latter who, forty years before, had called the Naval Intelligence Department into existence. Sir Reginald Hall rendered specially valuable service in counterespionage and the capture of spies. Thirty German spies fell into his hands.



Picture by Clark Fay

"A hero's death in battle is certainly more beautiful, but this is not vouchsafed to me," said Lody in his farewell letter to his relatives. The English themselves acknowledged him a hero and patriot.

It is indisputable that the British secret service met with great success during the last war. This it owed in the first place to the unlimited funds placed at its disposal. Assuredly British agents had to work for their money, but on the other hand they were well rewarded for what they did. The Admiralty paid as much as £1,000 for information concerning the naval strength of the enemy.

However, in contrast to other powers, the British intelligence service never paid its agents in advance, which afforded the principal some guarantee against the likelihood of being swindled, the material supplied always being carefully tested before money was handed over. *Per contra,* it never happened, as it certainly did with the French and the Germans, that the agent was denied the fruits of his perilous labors, or, worse still, betrayed to the enemy.

The secret of the success of British espionage in the war lay in the sober and businesslike application of those in charge, and in the employment of no agents not absolutely trustworthy. Once these had been thoroughly tried out, no hesitation was shown in placing at their disposal large sums of money, so that they might adopt the only means recognized by the British authorities of acquiring secret information by hired spies, i. e., bribery.

Women spies were not directly employed. But great things in the way of espionage were accomplished by British military officers acting from purely patriotic motives, and regarding the work as an exceptionally exhilarating kind of sport. Further, neutral journalists were frequently employed by the British, both in Germany and on the German front.

The chief center of the British intelligence and counterespionage service was in Holland. Its main concern was the observation of the Dutch and Belgian coasts and of the German fleet. The most important station was in Rotterdam, in the office of the "Uranium Steamship Company," which consisted of fifteen rooms. Outwardly it bore the appearance of a business house, posing as the "Commercial Adviser to the British Government" and employing an army of travelers, i. e., spies. It was under the management of a captain who had organized the espionage system in Switzerland. His second in command was the son of the Russian consul general in Rotterdam.

BRITISH espionage was also directed against the neutral state, Holland, and took special interest in the fortifications of the harbor of Flushing. In April, 1916, a band of six spies was arrested after photographing the forts composing the land defenses of the Scheldt estuary. They were all provided with British passports bearing distinguished and even aristocratic names. In December, no fewer than twenty-seven individuals were taken into custody, charged with espionage in Holland on behalf of Britain; among them were one English major, a captain, a lieutenant, two pilots, and twenty-one Belgians.

In Switzerland the British secret service did not make itself so conspicuous. One of the offices assumed the clever disguise of a school of languages with branches in Zurich and Bâle (Basel). The latter was suppressed in April, 1916; five persons, four citizens of Bâle and one woman, a subject of Luxemburg, being arrested. In Switzerland the chief preoccupation of the British was to find out all they could about the Zeppelin works at Friedrichshafen. The British air attack of the 21st of November, 1914, upon this point was proved to have been made possible only by information supplied by a fitter named Rieser, a native of Switzerland. This man was afterward caught by the Germans and sentenced to six years' imprisonment.

In the Scandinavian countries it was chiefly in trade and commerce that British espionage developed its activities. Sweden especially had to suffer severely under this infliction. Ports such as Malmö and Trelleborg were simply swarming with commercial spies. In 1915 it was discovered that a duplicate of all the foreign correspondence of a well known Gothenburg firm had been

communicated to the British embassy in Stockholm. A comprehensive system of espionage had been practiced by a certain Mr. Philpotts, who had resided for a long time in Gothenburg and Nyköping in the guise of a "commercial attaché." Two of his subordinates were deported. A similar fate befell the Englishman Henry Duncan Ross, who lived for years in Sweden as a teacher of languages.

What may perhaps be described as the master stroke of British espionage during the war was the interception of the famous Zimmermann telegram. On one of the last days of February, 1917, Mr. Balfour invited Mr. Page, the American ambassador in London, to call upon him at the Foreign Office, and handed him a document, just captured, that was to be of capital importance through its influence upon American policy.

It was telegram 156 from Zimmermann, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, to Von Eckardt, the German ambassador in Mexico, informing the latter of the intention to begin unrestricted submarine warfare, and requesting him to persuade the Mexican government to enter into an alliance with Germany and to undertake an invasion of the United States. To this telegram there was attached telegram 157, informing Count Bernstorff, the German ambassador in Washington, of the decision to embark upon the unrestricted U-boat campaign, and instructing him to withhold the fact from the American government for the space of fourteen days.

IN order to make the transmission of these messages, which were in cipher, as certain as possible, the German Foreign Office had forwarded them by wireless, by cable from Stockholm, by cable from Copenhagen, and actually by the American diplomatic express post.

As, from the moment of the outbreak of war, Germany had no direct connection by cable with America, the German government had requested and obtained from the American government permission to have its messages sent to America by the good offices of the American embassy in Berlin. This was generally done by cable. England declared her acceptance of this arrangement; it was her cable connections that would have to be used. Thus it was that all the German diplomatic telegrams were sent in cipher to Washington via London.

How far this very method of transmission was in the peculiar interest of Britain, the German Foreign Office, it must be admitted, had not the vaguest notion, for they thought that the secrets of state were quite adequately protected by the cipher. This confidence was all the more misplaced because, in the opinion of experts, the ciphers used by the Foreign Office were quite out of date and stood badly in need of revision. Colonel Nicolai, the head of the intelligence department of the Supreme Army Command, had in vain besought the Foreign Office "to lose no time in having their code carefully scrutinized and adapted to the state of modern science."

This warning fell on deaf ears. The fact is—and at this time of day nothing is served by trying to keep it dark, seeing that the British have themselves admitted it—that from the first days of the war onward the British secret service was in possession of the German diplomatic cipher code.

So it was that the contents of the Zimmermann telegram were known in London before it came into the hands of the State Department in Washington, and from there reached Count Bernstorff and, after him, Von Eckardt in Mexico. The British secret service also intercepted the messages as they were transmitted by the other routes. In Mexico, for example, the dispatch appears to have been bought from postal officials who had accepted bribes. What care was taken by the recipient to maintain the most absolute secrecy about this telegram is proved by this other telegram sent by Von Eckardt to the Foreign Office in Berlin, and likewise intercepted by the British: "The original was burnt by Magnus and the ashes scattered. The telegram was kept in a burglarproof steel safe in Magnus' room until the moment when it was burnt. One could not possibly take greater precautions. The text was whispered to me in the nighttime by Magnus. My servant, who knows no German, sleeps in the next room."

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

Does Your Morning Shave Last as Long as You Wish?

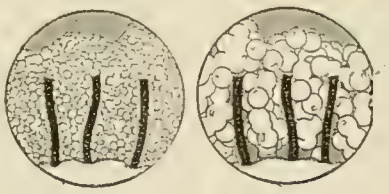
Now millions of men can answer "yes" because they've adopted small-bubble lather.

WHAT a satisfying morning shave . . . when you know it's close enough to really last. No supper-time worry as to whether you need a second shave. No evening embarrassment. That satisfaction is known to every man who uses Colgate's small-bubble lather. He moistens his beard scientifically, so it comes off close . . . that's why his shave is longer-lasting. Small bubbles moisten the hairs at their base, as big bubbles can't.

Compare with ordinary lather

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:—1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

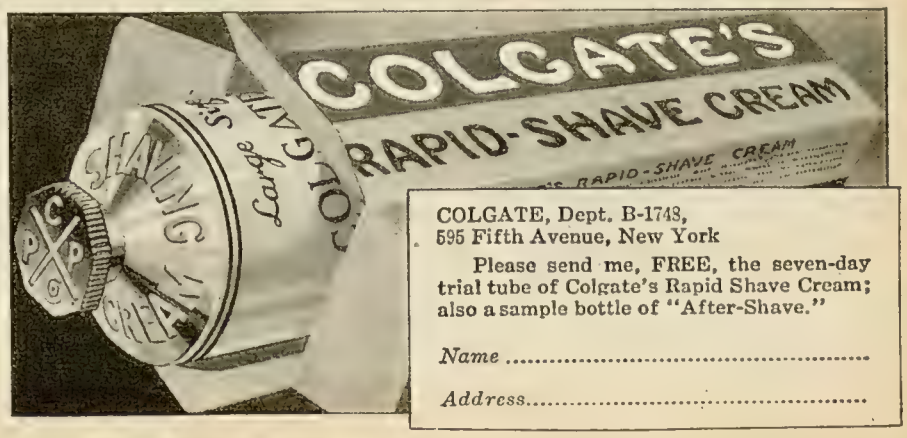


COLGATE LATHER

Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle, scientifically authenticated and proved out practically by millions of men.

ORDINARY LATHER

Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard efficiently. Only water can do the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1743,
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of "After-Shave."

Name .....

Address .....

Meet the morning in a *bullish* frame of mind!

ANY morning you arise feeling dull, listless and "bearish", get down your bottle of Sal Hepatica and whisk a spoonful or so into a glass of water. (Use the cap, it's very convenient.) Drink the sparkling mixture!

It cleanses the system promptly. It can and will improve your morning disposition! Women find this dependable combination has no superior for clearing the complexion. Men drink it because it keeps them "in the pink".

Constipation . . . colds . . . headaches . . . rheumatism . . . acidosis . . . digestive disorders . . . all the common complaints that begin in a logy intestinal tract are banished, thoroughly yet gently, by Sal Hepatica. More than any other kind of laxative it cleans the blood stream of poisons. It combats acidity. It promptly clears the system of wastes!

Physicians, our own and the European, endorse the great advantages of this saline method. Every season, the spas of the Continent are thronged with wealthy men and women who seek relief from a long list of ills by drinking the sparkling waters. For salines move the waste matter promptly and directly fight all acid conditions. The same natural salines are found in Sal Hepatica—ready and convenient for you to use!

From your doctor, learn more about the actual "why" and "how" of the saline way to health. Ask him about Sal Hepatica. Buy a bottle today from your druggist . . . And the next time your morning begins with a "bearish" complex, drop a spoonful in your before-breakfast glass of water and drink your own health!

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's *30c, 60c, and $1.20*

BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. A 99, 71 West St., New York.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

[THE SPIES IN THE TOWER
Continued from page thirty-seven]

Vice Admiral Hollweg has already pointed out that every wireless signal of the German fleet was an open secret to the British, seeing that the Russians had passed over to them the code book captured when the cruiser Magdeburg was sunk in the Gulf of Finland at the beginning of the war. But the fact that for nearly four years they were in a position to check every movement of German shipping, and to know whenever a German submarine left harbor and where it was stationed, was an advantage that they owed to the carelessness of the German naval staff, who might at least have considered the possibility of their code having been deciphered.

From certain signs, one would think that they might have come to the conclusion that the thing had been done. The war was far advanced before the plan was hit upon of changing the cipher at frequent intervals.

How admirable was the reliability of British information about the most intimate happenings in the German navy is shown by a fact that came to light only a short time ago. In the first half of October, 1918, the representative of an English newspaper was able to inform a Dutch journalist that the Germans were proposing to risk a great naval engagement, but that the spirit prevailing among the men was so depressed that they would refuse to put to sea and would simply mutiny. And that is, as we know, just what happened.

THE END

Bright Sayings *of* Children

LIBERTY will pay $5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

Appearances Are Deceiving

I recently overheard two caddies, about ten years old, discussing a player who had given them a tip. While so engaged a prosperous-looking man drove up in a big car. One of the boys said:

"There's the kind of a guy that gives tips."

The other considered a moment, then responded: "Not all of 'em. Some of 'em are too busy payin' for their cars."—Franklin Stenzel, Glendoveer Golf Course, R. 9, Portland, Ore.

* * *

With the Furniture?

Little Agnes was a close and interested observer of the moving-in proceedings of the new next-door neighbors.

"And what can I do for you, little girl?" asked the new neighbor pleasantly.

"Say," replied Agnes, "are you moving in any little boys that I can play with?"—Anthony Gentle, Los Angeles Examiner, Los Angeles, Calif.

Jazz, Joan, and JUNIOR

In Which Young Mr. Fairbanks Steps Out

A Page of Movie Reviews

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Joan Crawford and Rod LaRocque in the new whoopee film, Our Modern Maidens.

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

THE hero of this week's movie page is Douglas Fairbanks' little boy, Doug, Junior. While the elder Fairbanks is reciting dignified Shakespeare into the regal microphones of The Taming of the Shrew, Junior Fairbanks is getting the cream of Hollywood's snappy youthful rôles. Junior has not been forgiven officially at Pickfair for his marriage to Joan Crawford—but he should worry.

Ray Hallor, Loretta Young, and, with the gun, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., in Fast Life, another denunciation of the younger generation.

★ ★ ★ OUR MODERN MAIDENS

Our Dancing Daughters, aside from bringing stardom to Joan Crawford, touched the high jazz point of 1928. A sequel was inevitable. Metro-Goldwyn brought together all the original elements—and Our Modern Maidens is the result.

Our Modern Maidens does not continue the story of Our Dancing Daughters. It relates a brand-new yarn of youthful indiscretions, being the 1929 model exposé of the thoughtless younger generation.

The heroine of Our Modern Maidens tries to further the progress of her fiancé by playing fast and loose with a dashing young politician, known to his Washington pals as Dynamite. The politician sees through her sham and tells her she is a hypocrite. And after she marries the boy, she realizes that she loves the big he-man from Washington. What happens? I won't tell.

Joan Crawford is the millionaire's daughter who finds her true love too late. She is just as personable as she was in the rôle of the chief Dancing Daughter.

Oddly enough, the fiancé she thinks she loves but doesn't is done by her young husband, Doug, Junior. They completed this film before their New York marriage last spring. Doug, Jr., it seems to me, upsets the intended dramatic balance of Our Modern Maidens by making his rôle more sympathetic than the politician, played rather woodenly by Rod LaRocque.

Doug, Jr., contributes some of his imitations, which have been the life of many a Beverly Hills party. He does an irreverent travesty of his dad as Robin Hood, kids John Gilbert in a Garbo moment, and, best of all, does John Barrymore. You'll like them all.

Incidentally, Our Modern Maidens is a silent film.

★ ★ ★ FAST LIFE

Doug, Jr., has an even more trying rôle in First National's Fast Life, shaped into speaking celluloid from a Samuel Shipman and John B. Hymer melodrama.

This continues the motion-picture denunciation of the younger generation. The lads and lassies of Fast Life flash high-power petting and flask toting until one of their set is shot and killed. Young Douglas Stratton is tried, found guilty, and sentenced to be electrocuted, although he protests his innocence. It develops that he has been secretly married. I shall not tell you who is guilty—but I give you one guess as to the outcome. Despite the fact that this revolves around the jazz age and another march to the electric chair, Director John Francis Dillon has worked out a genuinely tense dénouement. His earlier scenes of youth on the loose seem more authentic than usual, too. Dillon has been aided by at least several fine performances.

The Junior Fairbanks is good as the boy who goes to prison with the sentence of death upon him, but the film is stolen by Loretta Young, who is a real surprise as his girl wife. Her work is one of the best performances of the year.

Chester Morris, the hit of Alibi, is a little too hysterical, but a splendid bit is contributed by Frank Sheridan as the prison warden.

Fast Life is old stuff done with a sensational kick.

★ ★ THE GREEN MURDER CASE

William Powell is back again as the suave and swanky sleuth, Philo Vance. Remember him in The Canary Murder Case? Now, as the devastatin' Philo, he solves another S. S. Van Dine mystery, The Green Murder Case, filmed by Paramount. It is a yarn of wholesale death in a strange and sinister household—but Vance trips up the real culprit despite the blundering Sergeant Heath. Not as good as its predecessor, but not at all bad, at that.

Do you know that—

Clive Brook is doing an all-talkie of The Return of Sherlock Holmes? . . . The Cock Eyed World has smashed every New York audience record? . . . Herbert Brenon is going to film Arnold Zweig's war novel, The Case of Sergeant Grischa?

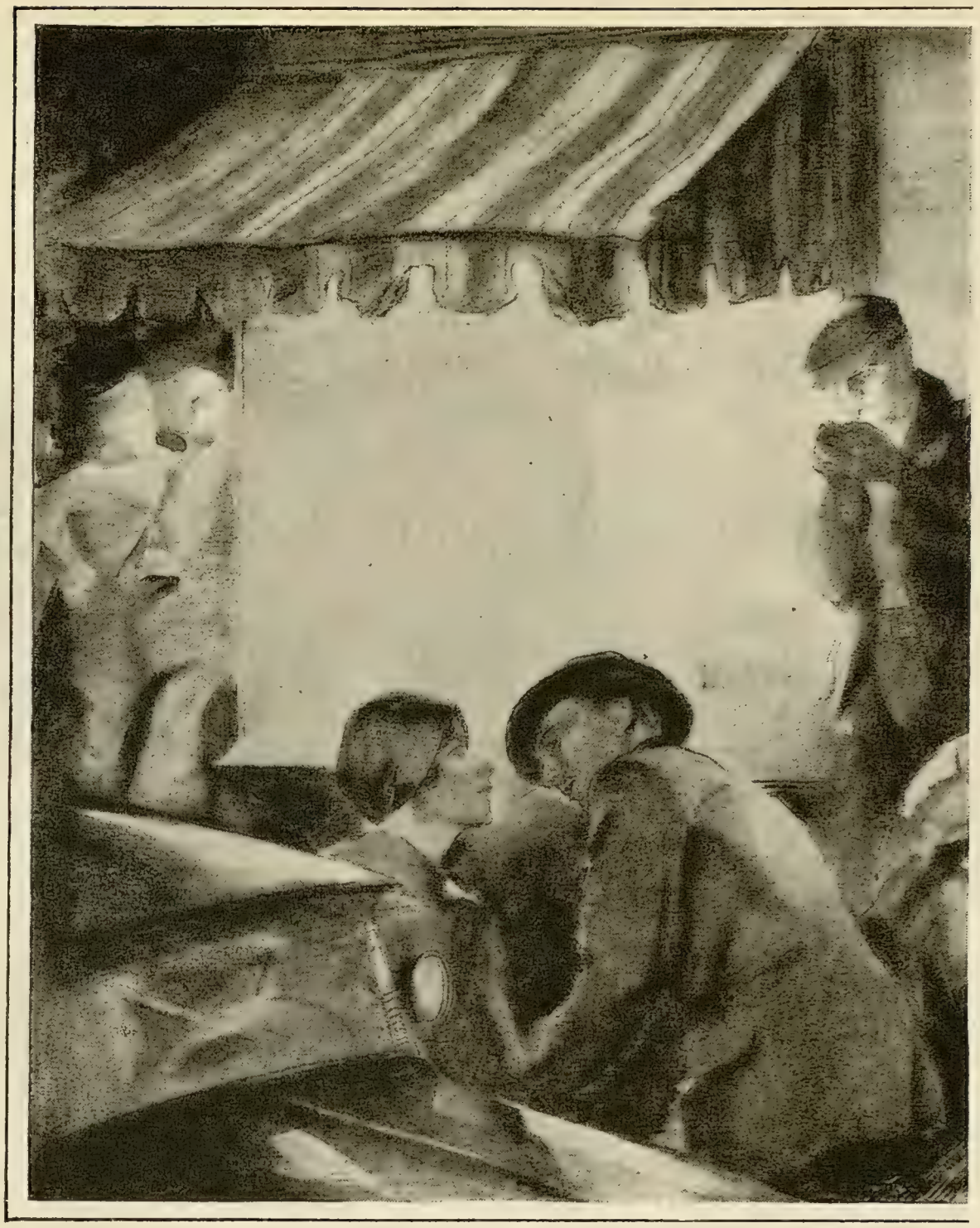
Big-Boy

The Story of a Killer's Last Fight

By

DONALD McGIBENY

Pictures by M. C. ROSSER



The sidewalk was filled with a heterogeneous crowd.

A GIRL called "Ginger-bread" got Big-Boy. She broke his heart—a heart that twenty years of dope, ten years of warring single-handed against the toughest gang of international crooks in the world, four trips to the death house, and innumerable beatings and maulings at the hands of society—both black and white—could not break. But Ginger-bread will take no satisfaction in her victory, because Ginger-bread is dead. It's not a very pleasant story—few pleasant things came into the life of Big-Boy—but it's true, as true as life or as Big-Boy was to his friends. He didn't have many. I was one. Charlie Bogardus, head of the narcotic squad of—oh, let's call it Capitol City—was another. Charlie came to me one night to ask if I didn't want a house man to take care of my bungalow. I did, but I didn't think I could afford one.

"This man won't cost you anything, hardly," Charlie said. "He's been cook and valet for a millionaire up in Alaska for ten years; is neat as a pin; will keep your clothes pressed and your shoes shined; he'll work his head off to make you comfortable—and he'll take whatever you offer to pay."

"Where's the catch?" I asked.

Charlie took a last suck of his cigarette and snapped it out the open door before replying.

"He's a sixty-one-year-old nigger, but don't look a day over thirty-five. He's been more places than you'll ever be and seen more things than you'll ever see. Most people are scared to have him around. He's killed about eighteen people, I guess—been four times in the death house—had the deathwatch on him once. He's a hop head—been one for twenty years.

"Probably—thank God," I said. "But why pick on me?"

"You're a writer, aren't you? You'll get more stories out of Big-Boy if he likes you than you'll ever read in books."

"And if he doesn't like me, what?"

"There isn't a bit of danger. Big-Boy wouldn't harm a kitten. The only people he's killed, he's had to kill or they'd have killed him. The law of the fang—that's the only one he knows. He'll be the finest servant you ever had, if you'll take him."

"But—a dope?" I objected. "They don't know who their friends or their enemies are, Charlie, when they're all hopped up."

"Not Big-Boy," Bogardus said quietly. "We give him the snow ourselves. He offered to take the cure, but his heart wouldn't stand it. About the only friends he's got are the police—and he's our best 'stoolie.' We want to put him where he won't be found for a while. Jail would do, but we want him to be able to circulate. I thought maybe you'd help me out. You'd get a mighty good house man."

I hemmed and hawed, trying to make Charlie believe I appreciated his offer and would like to help the Capitol City police department, yet determined not to be saddled with his protégé.

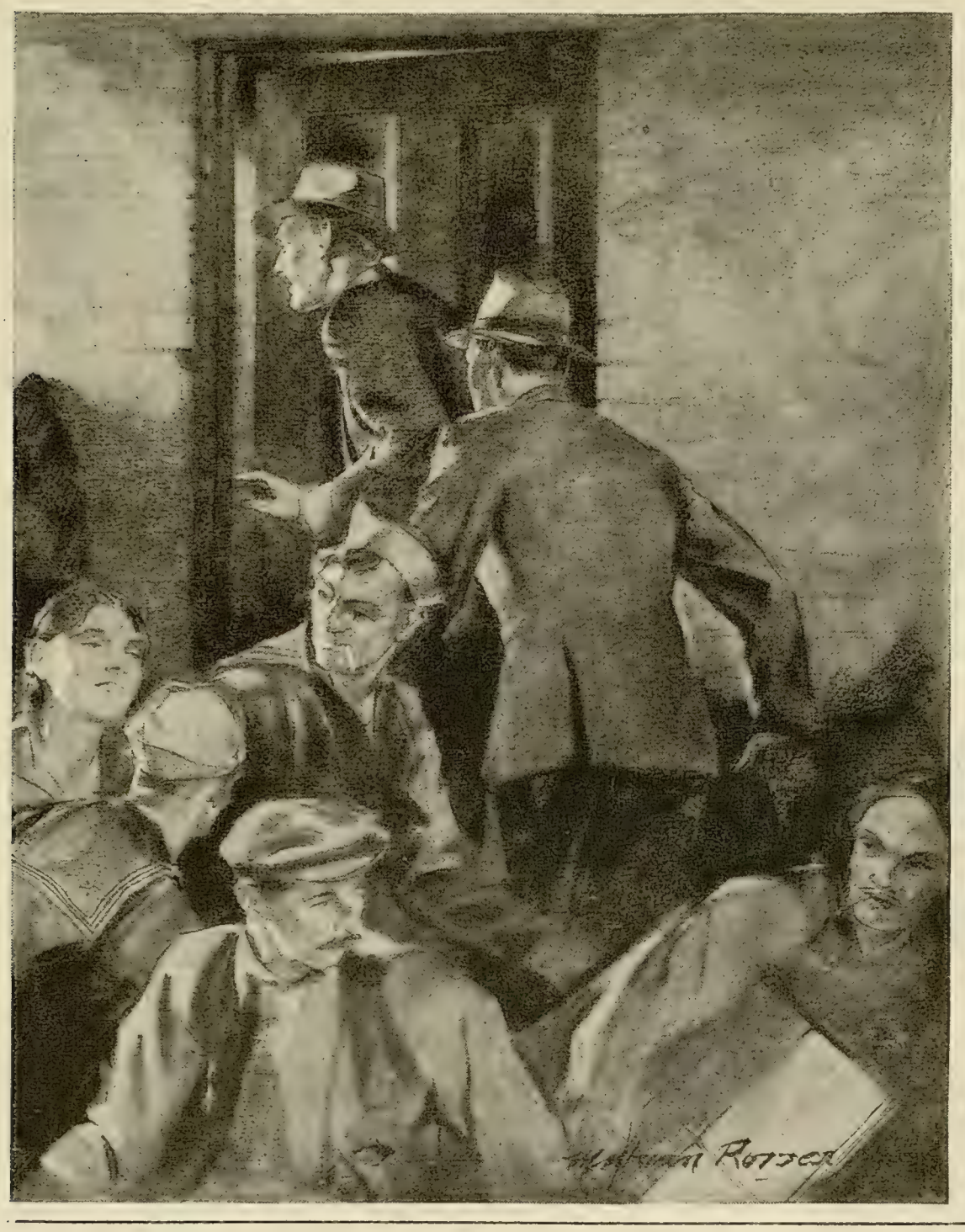
"It's not that I'm afraid, you understand, Charlie?" I finished up lamely.

"Come along with me and we'll go down and see him," Charlie suggested.

He has a way with him hard to resist—the reason he holds down the important job he has. While still mentally protesting against leaving a comfortable fire, a good book, and a lounging robe for the cold, damp fog outdoors, I found myself in Charlie's auto bound for the toughest section of the huge, sprawling city to visit a hop head multimurderer.

On the way down Charlie told me some of Big-Boy's history.

"There isn't a nigger in town who isn't scared of him and wouldn't kill him in a minute if they dared. . . . Only they're afraid they might miss and they know what



Charlie led the way to a doorway between two stores.

happens. He plays a lone hand. After his boss died, up in Alaska twenty years ago, Big-Boy took up with a gang of international thieves as cook. He didn't know they were crooks—not at first. Ask him to tell you about English Archie, the French Doll, Faintin' Beauty, and the Senator. There were thirty-two members in that gang and they went after the biggest jobs on either side of the Atlantic. Big-Boy wasn't only their cook. As soon as they had him tied up with them on a couple of jobs and afraid to leave, they gave him all the dirty work to do—all the strong-arm stuff.

"BIG-BOY was afraid not to do what they told him. Still, everything would have been all right if they'd just treated him right—given him a fair share of the loot and laid off abusing him.

"Smart as that gang was, they didn't see that by treatin' him like a nigger and holdin' out on his end they were making trouble for themselves—pickin' a scab on their own nose. Here we are—I'll tell you the rest later."

We slithered to a stop before a string of cheap pawnshops, clothing stores, all-night drug stores, and speakeasies. Although it was nearing midnight, the mud-greasy sidewalk was filled with a heterogeneous crowd of sailors, Italians, Chinese, Mexicans, nondescript bums, and their women. The blat of cornets and saxophones came from an upstairs dance hall across the way. A mechanical piano was accompanying the sharp crack of rifles in a shooting gallery. A cheap, arc-lighted moving-picture show had captions in Spanish, English, and Chinese above gaudy posters. Charlie led the way to a doorway between two stores, over which hung a dimly lighted sign:

STAR HOTEL
Men 15-25-50 Only
Clean Sheets

Up the stairs we went, to a landing with a desk and key rack, where the scowl of the Portuguese proprietor changed to a scared, fawning smile as he recognized Bogardus.

"Big-Boy still in forty-two?" Charlie asked.

"Sure. Go right ahead, captain! Help yourself!"

We passed rooms with beds so close together there was scarce room for a man to stand between—rooms where there seemed to be only two long beds the length of the wall—rooms where there were partitions—private rooms. Before one of these last we stopped. Charlie motioned me to stand away from the door as he rapped. There was the unmistakable squeak of springs inside and a low voice growled:

"You bettah git away f'm 'at doh, you blankety-blank so-and-so, befoh I shoots the livin' guts outa you."

"Come on, you big, black son-of-a-nameless mother," Charlie bantered. "Get your fat carcass out of that bed before I break this door down."

I heard a happy cackle from inside.

"'At you, Mistah Charlie? Jes' a minute—Ahm comin'. Let me git de light lit."

THERE was the dull splat of bare feet and added chuckles as Big-Boy unlocked the door for us. He stood behind it as we entered, only showing his amazingly black good-natured face and his astonishingly white teeth.

"Yas-sah! Come right in, Mistah Charlie, come right on in!"

The room, for all its shabby bareness, was clean—the first thing I noticed as Big-Boy busied himself trying to put the one straight-backed chair in two places at once so we could both sit on it. The bedclothes and sheets on the uncomfortable iron cot were as white as if just laundered. But whitest and most immaculate of all was the suit of cotton underwear Big-Boy wore as his sleeping garment. My opinion of him soared. In a flop house like the Star Hotel, cleanliness was even harder to attain than godliness. It argued the kind of indomitable will power and self-discipline that causes lonely Englishmen in the jungle to dress for dinner every evening.

The Negro himself was well worth studying. Over six feet tall, ebon black, thin, well muscled, it was impossible to believe that he was anywhere near the age Charlie Bogardus had given him. While he was laughing, it was equally impossible to believe that such a happy-go-lucky soul could be either dope taker or murderer—yet, when his face fell into immobile lines, the eyes took on a certain cast that would cause even the hardiest fool to pause.

His eyes were panther-brown, and, when he was listening to instructions or advice, they had the same dull, indulgent yet questioning look of an animal gazing at a light. Also, when his features were still, one could notice that there was hardly a square inch of his face and head that didn't bear a scar. On his cheek there was a black cicatrice like the imprint of a centipede, where a bad job of stitching had been done. The bridge of his nose was dished, with a whitish scar. There was a polished scar along his jaw. One eyebrow was queerly pointed. One ear was nicked. His head, under the short fuzz of hair, was ridged like the old furrows of a cornfield.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

"—and this gentleman has offered to take you on as a house man, Big-Boy."

I came to with a start, an objection on my lips.

"Dat sho am very kind of you, sah," Big-Boy said quietly, turning his brown eyes on me for the first time. "Ah ben needin' wuhk."

"And you keep that big mouth of yours shut on where you're working, understand, Big-Boy? We don't want any of these stew-bum companions of yours hanging round. Get me?"

"Yas-sah. I sho does, Mistah Charlie."

"Don't even tell that little yellow gal where you're going, understand?"

"No, Mistah Charlie, no, sah."

"And you see that you work your hardest for Mister Mack—keep his place clean; do everything he wants—or I'll put another crease in that black skull of yours. Understand?"

Big-Boy showed his white teeth in a wide grin.

"Yas-sah, Mistah Charlie. I don' reckon the genman is goin' to have no cause fo' complaint. No, sah."

"Now, when Onions Connelly and Kister get out of Magnolia this week—"

The grin faded from Big-Boy's features and the dull, feline stare came into his eyes.

"—you leave 'em alone. Understand?"

"Ef they jus' leave me alone," Big-Boy argued quietly.

"Never mind whether they leave you alone or not. I'll take care of them. They'll be watched from the time they leave, and if they head this way, which they probably will, I'll have them spotted as soon as they land. You lay low with Mister Mack and leave everything to me, Big-Boy! Get that? We're not going to have any more shootin' or cuttin' between you and that gang. Understand?"

"Yas-sah, Mistah Charlie, I understands, sah," Big-Boy moaned. "Ah don' want no truck wid 'em—ef they jus' leave me be, 'a's all."

II

THUS I came into temporary possession of Big-Boy and, as he promised, I had no cause to complain. He was a jewel—a black diamond. He worked indefatigably—washing, dusting, polishing, albeit slowly on account of his heart. Many a time I came home to find him sitting on the back stoop in slumped dejection as he fought to quiet the pounding of that racking, fluttering organ he had so fearfully misused.

"No use killing yourself, Big-Boy," I would say. "Don't try to do everything at once."

"Ah'll be orl right, Mistah Mack," he would wheeze painfully. "Dem rugs needed washin'—'a's all," or "dem 'ere windows needed cleanin', sah—an' Ah ain't forgot what Mistah Charlie say when he got me dis place."

His cooking was of the true South—simple but delicious. His recipes, which he sometimes divulged, were filled with such dubious instructions as, "You take a pinch er dis an' a smidgin er dat—an' 'en you mess 'em up gradual."

He kept my bungalow spotless and was cleanliness personified himself, even though his frayed trousers might have been picked off some ash heap. The first day he came to me, he asked for a little extra money to buy some white hats, explaining:

"Ah don' feel right comin' inter white folks' company widout havin' dese yere kinks covered up, sah."

"What about white coats, Big-Boy?" I asked.

"Ah done saved mah coats, Mistah Mack, f'm de las' job I had."

"How long ago was that?"

"Five years ago, sah."

Five years, during which he'd been in prison for a little while and always in poverty, yet he had kept the starched white coats that reminded him of better days and respectability in the hope that luck would turn. Character? Plenty of it!

It was quite some time before he would tell me about his troubled, crime-filled, death-filled life, and then he only confessed because he felt that I deserved an explanation—in case something happened. Of course, I had to know about the dope—his "med'cine" as he called it—which a doctor supplied him with at the request of the police. He was given just enough to stave off the awful "bends" that come when screaming, tortured nerves demand their sustenance. There was never enough to give him real comfort. Every grain of the precious "med'cine" had to be conserved as the old-timers conserved water when going across Death Valley.

YOU hungry men who are accustomed to a well rounded meal—think of a thin ham sandwich a day. You thirsty men—think of a single glass of beer. Big-Boy would shame you. Character? Plenty! He knew there could be no excuse if he overindulged himself by a single grain. He knew that if he lost his precious prescription for one week's surcease from agony, no explanation would suffice to get him another.

I heard about Ginger-bread the second day he was with me. She called up—and her telephoning gave Big-Boy one of the worst scares of his life, for it confessed that he had given her his address—had broken faith with "Mistah Charlie."

"Who is she, Big-Boy?" I asked as he came back sheepishly from the telephone.

"She's mah lady," he crooned. "She's mah honeybee—mah rosebud. She's ever'thing to me, Mistah Mack. Y'all don' know how lonesome it gits when you're an ol' man like me. Jes' someone to dope along with."

Hop heads are that way, I've found. They like company in their iniquity.

He told me about his more prosperous days—about Faintin' Beauty, an American blonde, so innocent looking that she fooled the police of three continents. Her racket was to puzzle over a check in some large bank until she saw a man draw out a large sum of money. When the gentleman left the bank, Faintin' Beauty was just ahead of him. She lived up to her alias by doing a sudden pass-out on the steps of the bank. The gentleman of wealth caught her—as any gentleman would. By the time she was assisted to a place of rest, Faintin' Beauty had the gentleman's wallet.

Naturally, a crowd gathered. It was English Archie who advised the crowd to stand back. It was also English Archie who slipped the wallet he'd received from Faintin' Beauty to a confederate. It was he who demanded justice in no uncertain terms when the theft of the wallet was discovered. Usually Big-Boy was lurking in the background as a common street sweeper. Who would suspect a "white-wing" of having a wallet containing fifteen hundred dollars concealed about him?

According to Big-Boy, English Archie and Faintin' Beauty dressed well and were always liberally supplied with money.

"Dey sho' was de class, Mistah Mack," Big-Boy expounded. "Time an' ag'in dey'd go inter a big jewelry shop—him asuckin' on a lemon, wid his froat abandaged counter a cold. Plenty money dey had on 'em. Archie, he'd ask foh de best diming rings in de shop. He looked de paht—big man buyin' his gal a diming ring. She looked de paht too—hot dam! Purty-purty! Nuffin' too good. Silks an' satins an' fluffies—wid a couple big spahklers on her fingahs—wuth any man's time.

"Archie'd jess suck on his lemon an' let de li'l lady name her med'cine. She'd take plenty time—lookin' crostwise at dis an' crostwise at dat. Fo' long she'd

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-SEVEN]

Beech-Nut
FRUIT DROPS

Refreshing as fresh fruit

5¢

ORANGE LEMON AND LIME FLAVORS

In this day of rising Gum Dis*the* Tooth Paste *that Guards*

SOME people say that there isn't much difference between tooth pastes . . . that "one is about the same as another."

If you believe this, you are unfair to yourself. Your own dentist will tell you so, if you ask him.

He will tell you that in this day and age, your gums determine whether your mouth is healthy or not; that if your gums are kept pink and firm your teeth will be strong and sound; that if your gums become weak and tender, your teeth are faced with serious danger.

And, in all probability, he will speak of his high regard for Ipana . . . not only because it cleans the teeth excellently well, but also because it has a definitely tonic effect upon the gums and aids them to regain sound and sturdy health!

* * *

Gum troubles, as you doubtless know, arise from the food we eat. It is too soft. It fails to stimulate the gums. Circulation lags, and weak spots develop in the gum walls. One morning "pink tooth brush" flashes its warning that more serious troubles are just around the corner.

But with Ipana and a light tooth brush massage, it's simple to counteract the damage soft foods do your gums—to give them the stimulation they need.

For Ipana has a special virtue for the gums—its content of ziratol, a stimulating hemostatic

widely used by specialists in gin gival disorders. They know Ipana They know its formula, its effects its benefits to oral health. B guided by them in your choic of a tooth paste for your famil and for yourself!

Even if your tooth brush rarel

rders . . . Switch to IPANA

the Gums

"shows pink," you need Ipana's double protection—to teeth and gums. For the best time to fight gum troubles is before they tart. A few cents saved on tooth paste is small reward indeed for giving up this two-fold security of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Glance over these professional statements!

They show how dentists condemn soft food and advocate gum stimulation

From a famous specialist:

"There is nothing about the mastication of the average meal to bring an extra flow of blood to the maxillary structures, or to produce stimulation and growth of the cellular elements of the gingivae (gums)."

From a dental journal:

"In the absence of proper foods, with consequent faulty mastication, the tissues do not receive their necessary stimulation and we must substitute artificial stimulation to raise resistance."

From an authoritative text:

"Massage (of the gums) moves along the sluggish blood stream and makes way for the fresh blood from the heart to flow through the mouth tissues."

From an article in a dental journal:

"If the gum tissue is artificially stimulated, a change takes place in the texture which . . . seems to act as a protective armor . . . and makes ingress of infection extremely difficult."

THE coupon offers a 10-day sample of Ipana, gladly sent. It will quickly prove Ipana's delicious taste and cleansing power. But to show Ipana's good effects on your gums, give it a 30-day trial. Get the full-size tube from the drug store and let Ipana start tonight on its good work for the health of *all* your mouth.

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BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. AB 99
73 West Street, New York, N. Y

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

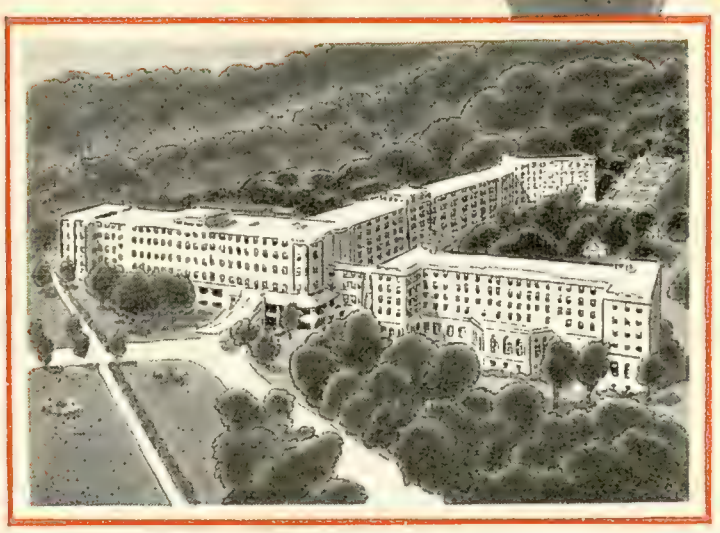
Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

America's greatest Spa

brought to you in your own home!



EACH year thousands of not-really-sick-but-not-really-well people make the pilgrimage to French Lick Springs, to drink the health-impregnated waters that abound here. Yearly the same people return to their homes, health and vitality restored by the magic of Nature's own medicine.

For hundreds of years this famous spa has been the rendezvous of the ailing. The Indians knew French Lick before the white man came. Then the early settlers discovered the properties of the waters, and they, too, spread the fame of French Lick far and wide. In recent years French Lick has become known throughout the world as America's greatest health resort—a spa comparable to those at Aix, Vichy, Baden, Carlsbad, in Europe.

If Nature Won't, Pluto Will

Unfortunately, a trip to French Lick Springs is not within the reach of all. And so, years ago, the medical staff at the spa decided to make the health-giving waters available to everyone. The solution was a simple one. It involved fortifying and bottling the water of the most famous of the French Lick Springs — Pluto. Here it is fortified, placed in sterilized bottles, and shipped out to drug stores in every section of the country.

Pluto Water is recommended by physicians, because it gently but thoroughly *washes* the eliminative tract clean of the waste substances that are the underlying cause of ill health. It acts quickly—thirty minutes to two hours—yet it cannot gripe, cannot harm delicate tissues. And since it is a pure, *natural* mineral water, it is non-habit-forming. Its action is that of a *wash*—not an intestinal stimulant.

Pluto Mineral Water, bottled at French Lick, Indiana, is sold at drug stores everywhere, and at fountains.

PLUTO WATER

America's Laxative Mineral Water

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-TWO]

pick huhse'f a great big diming—knock de eye outer a mule. English Archie pay cash money—thousan' dollah bills—lak he's bored. Meanwhile, Ah's acrost de street playin' lak Ahm cleanin' up de guttah. Archie tosses out his ole squeezie lemon jes' as ef he's done wid it. Ah picks it up. Inside is two, th'ee dimings, jes' as big as de one dey bought. Hot dam! Big money!"

Then there was the badger game with the French Doll.

"Nevah was no gal in de worl' lak her, Mistah Mack. She kep' us in scoffin' when de po-lice of th'ee countries was aftah us. No man wud his right min' was go'n' turn down 'at baby. She set in some big cafee. Along comes five, six men on de make. She pays no mind—jes' lak she's waitin' for her husban'. 'En comes a man, rich, nervous-lak—don' wan' no triflin' wid nobody. He look at her—couldn't he'p it. She look bothered.

"'Why fo' you look so persnickety at me? Ah'm nothin' but li'l housewife—don' know what-all you mean.' She ack purty-purty dat-away ontil thus-yere man don' know whut for he come dere in de fust place. He gets acquainted—take her fo' suppah—theayter—all de ole hokum.

"'Wha's you goin' tonight, aftah you-all leaves me?'"

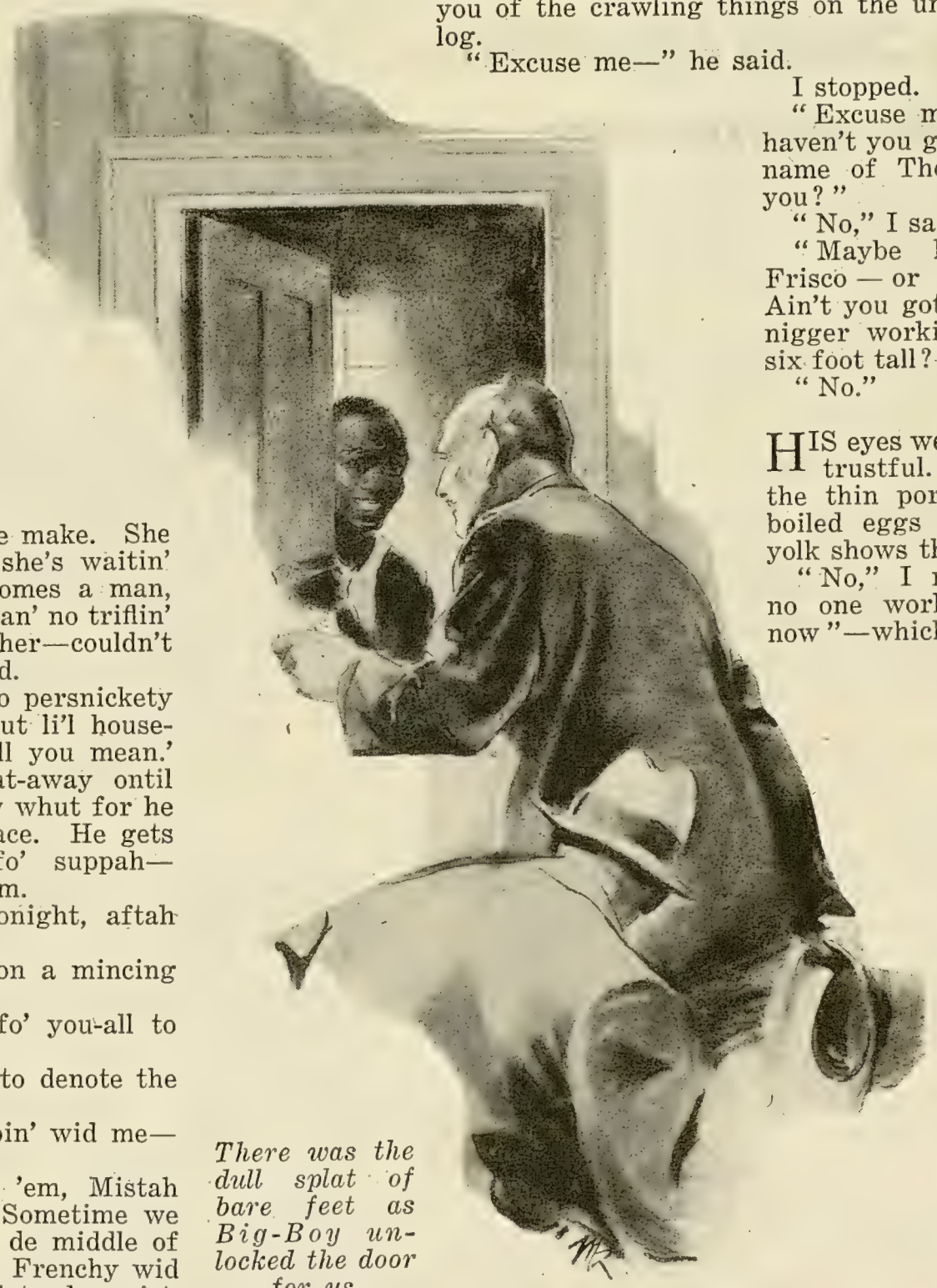
Big-Boy's voice took on a mincing falsetto.

"'Honey-babe, dat's fo' you-all to say.'"

Then, in a deep bass to denote the passionate male:

"'Ah reckon you's goin' wid me—ain't you, sugah-plum?'

"Aftah dat, we had 'em, Mistah Mack—had 'em right. Sometime we walk in on 'em—jes' in de middle of all de foolishment. Big Frenchy wid his frog-stickah—necked to de waist. Mebbe dey didn't come thu. Hot dam! 'Ah'm de husban' of dis yere woman. Whut y'all got ter say?' 'A's de line he give 'em—an' nobody wanted to argufy, Mistah Mack—not one. But most times we jes' take photagrafs—pitchers; him takin' off his hat—takin' off his shoe—snap-snap; him makin' honey roun' her—snap-snap. Two weeks aftah Mistah Kistah visits de *fragrans delectee*. 'How you lak yo' wife ter see dis yere pitcher?' he ask de man, shovin' one of these yere snapshots close up to him."



There was the dull splat of bare feet as Big-Boy unlocked the door for us.

BIG-BOY guffawed, white teeth showing. But let's get on with the story—

Big-Boy had been with me a little more than two weeks. I'd become accustomed to his tap on the door to wake me, the spotlessly clean living room with a fire crackling in the grate, the clean cloth and shining silver on the table in the breakfast alcove, the smell of crisp bacon and good coffee. I awoke to find these things absent. It was past 10 o'clock. One glance into the living room showed the same dirty glasses and mussy plates I had left the evening before. The house smelled of stale booze and cigarette ends. Big-Boy was nowhere around.

I dressed, left the bungalow as it was, and started for the nearest restaurant for breakfast. As I came into the sunlight, a man sauntered from the shade of a tree and stopped me. He was dressed in a dirty gray suit of nondescript make with a soft hat pulled low over his eyes. His coloring was pale dark—a bilious yellow. I wasn't accustomed to prison pallor, but I recognized it at once. The man looked as if he'd spent a year in a cellar eating pie. He reminded you of the crawling things on the underside of an old log.

"Excuse me—" he said.

I stopped.

"Excuse me for askin'—but haven't you got a nigger by the name of Thomas workin' for you?"

"No," I said.

"Maybe he calls himself Frisco — or maybe Big-Boy. Ain't you got a big slab-footed nigger workin' for you—'bout six foot tall?"

"No."

HIS eyes were mean, cold, distrustful. They looked like the thin portion of old hard-boiled eggs where the brown yolk shows through.

"No," I repeated, "I have no one working for me just now"—which was true enough—"and, furthermore, I don't like any collectors or agents to bother them when they *do* work for me. Do you understand?"

His lips twisted, but there was no smile in his eyes.

"I ain't no collector."

"I'm not asking you what you are. I'm just telling you that I don't like people coming around to bother the people who work for me—when I have them."

The fact that this man was some way connected with my having no breakfast made me peevish.

"You don't, eh?" he sneered.

"No, I don't."

"Okay, brother, okay. I just asked you a simple question."

"And I gave you a simple answer."

"Sure you did."

With that I left him. I had only taken about three steps when something caused me to look around. The man was standing where I had left him—looking after me—and as I turned, he laughed in my face.

I had forgotten the entire incident when I came home that night until I approached the bungalow and saw the same man standing under the same tree. He wasn't the least bit embarrassed as I walked up to him—in fact, he didn't even shift from his slouched, cross-legged position, staring back at me with a mixture of nonchalance and bravado.

"What the hell do you want around here?" I demanded angrily.

"What's it to you?" he countered.

"I'll tell you what it is to me. If you don't beat it by the time I get inside my house and to a telephone,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

How to settle the shaving cream argument

finally and forever

Never Before—have men been so deeply concerned about shaving creams as they are today. And manufacturers, quick to sense the situation, are pouring forth oceans of words in behalf of their own products.

But Talk Means Little—So, we urge each manufacturer to offer his shaving cream free for a week's test. That is our way. We are so sure of MOLLÉ, that we will send a week's supply free to any reader of this magazine.

It's a Different Cream—whether you choose MOLLÉ (*Mō-Lay*) or not is a question for you, and you only, to decide. One thing is certain, however; you'll find MOLLÉ *different, very* different, from all other shaving creams. MOLLÉ requires no brush. It makes no lather and no bubbles. It contains no soap, no alkali, no caustic, and no menthol.

MOLLÉ is Not a Chemist's Compound. MOLLÉ was discovered by a learned physician—a skin specialist. MOLLÉ is a true emollient. After-lotions are never used. The discoverer of MOLLÉ sought to accomplish three things:

1—Gentle, easy shaving that would forever end razor-pull.

2—A positive beneficial effect upon the face instead of rough, burning, smarting, irritated skins.

3—Quicker, more convenient shaving.

How well he succeeded is not for us to tell you. A week's trial on your part will bring you the answer. Our free trial offer has made us more than a million new customers.

However, If You Never Send Coupons, or if you wish to try MOLLÉ on *this very day,* do this: Go to your nearest druggist. Buy a regular 50c tube of MOLLÉ. Use it liberally for one week. If then you are not satisfied in every way, return the remainder to us and we will refund your purchase price.

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 49, Cleveland, Ohio

A Whale of a Tube
50c

For Shaving Tough Beards and Tender Skins Without Brush or Lather.

FREE ONE WEEK'S SUPPLY

THE MOLLÉ COMPANY, Dept. 49.
Cleveland, Ohio

Please send me one week's supply of MOLLÉ without cost to me.

Name

Address

[BIG-BOY Continued from page forty-seven]

the police are going to get some news they'd probably like to hear."

He slowly uncrossed his feet and took his grimy hands from his pockets.

"I wouldn't call the police if I was you."

"Perhaps you wouldn't—but I would."

"You ain't gonna call no police, brother," he said in a voice that was silky smooth with menace. "'Cause if you do, you might get your goddam throat cut."

I turned my back on him and walked toward the bungalow—which would sound brave enough if I didn't have to confess that my heart was pounding in my ears and my knees were weak, while a wave of nausea attacked the pit of my stomach. Why should I be involved in such a mess?

"Better send that nigger out to see me," he called, "an' we'll leave you alone."

I was on my porch. It afforded some protection.

"There's nobody here," I called back, "but there will be in just a few minutes, Mr. Onions Connelly. You'd better beat it while the beatin' is good."

He came toward me quickly. I opened the door, stepped inside, and threw the bolt—watched the man come halfway to the porch and turn back. The next second my blood froze as a hand touched my shoulder. I jumped back with a gasp and—faced Big-Boy.

"'A's all right, Mistah Mack. Lemme out 'at doh!"

His eyes were sleepy—drugged—with the lids half-closed. His voice was a whisper. In his right hand was a blue-steel 'gat.' Eighteen murders? Easy to believe. And the nineteenth coming up.

"Get back in that kitchen, Big-Boy!" I ordered. "Stop this damned foolishness!"

"Nevah min', Mistah Mack. Ain' gorna be no trouble fo' you, sah. Jes' open 'at doh!"

"Put that gun back in your pocket!"

"Ah don' want no trouble, sah. Dat ain' de p'int—but dey can't drive me. No, sah! Dey cain' drive me no moh!"

HIS eyes smoldered. His voice raised to a trembling cry of pain and rage. I might as well not have been there.

"Dey make mah life a mis'ry—but Ah ain' gorn stand it! No, sah! Dey ain' gorn drive me no moh," his voice wailed to himself. "Let 'em bust outer jail when dey like. Ah'm ready—yas-sah! Ah'm ready fo' all. Dey can't drive me no moh—"

"Big-Boy," I yelled, shaking him by the arm to stop his dangerous hypnosis. "If you don't stop that talk this minute, I'm calling Charlie Bogardus. He'll make you behave."

I started for the telephone in my bedroom. The next moment Big-Boy had followed me and was begging:

"Don' tell Mistah Charlie, Mistah Mack! Don' tell him! Ah'm th'u', sah. Ah'm done. Ah do jes' whut you say, sah. Please don' tell him!"

He was in a panic of fear—the sweat pouring down his face—but his dangerous mood had passed. His face was as troubled as a child's who fears a spanking.

"Y'all's de only frien's I got, Mistah Mack. 'Fo' de Lord, don' tell Mistah Charlie or he'll ruint me—he'll jes' ruint me."

I put up the receiver and tried to quiet him.

"I want him to know about this, Big-Boy. He's got to know—"

"Please don' tell him, sah!"

"Listen, Big-Boy," I said quietly, "I'm not going to have thugs hanging around here. I'm not going to get you into any trouble, but Charlie Bogardus has to know that Onions Connelly has found out where you work and is after you."

"Dat warn't Onions."

"Who was it?"

"Ah don' know."

"Just the same, I'm going to tell Charlie."

As I picked up the receiver again, Big-Boy left the room. I had a good deal of trouble getting City

Hall and when I was connected, at last, to the narcotic squad, Charlie Bogardus had left the office. I gave notice for him to call me and hunted through the bungalow for Big-Boy. He had left, too—via the back door.

III

LET'S see—that was Thursday afternoon. Charlie came around to see me about 9 o'clock that night. I told him everything that had happened and gave him the best description I could of the man who'd been after Big-Boy. Bogardus was puzzled. He looked into a small notebook he carried.

"How tall did you say he was?"

"About my height—five feet six—maybe a little taller."

"Dark eyes?"

"Dark eyes and hair—yellowish complexion."

"Did he have a scar over one eye—the right one?"

"I didn't notice. He had his hat pulled low over his forehead."

"It might be—"

"Mister Kister? Big-Boy said it wasn't Onions Connelly—said he didn't know who it was."

"No! It ain't either Kister nor Connelly. I know where they are," Bogardus said. "They came into town about a week ago and we fanned their tails right out again before they could get off the train. They were in Mexicali two days ago. It ain't either of them. From your description it sounds like Dopey Clark, who finished a stretch in Magnolia about a month ago—but he was supposed to have headed East."

"Why are they after Big-Boy, Charlie?" I asked. "What did he do to them?"

"Turned state's evidence about twelve years ago. That's how we captured the whole gang he was with. Didn't I tell you?"

"You promised to finish the story."

Bogardus rolled a cigarette and lighted it.

"Big-Boy would never have turned on 'em if they hadn't treated him so mean. They gave him the worst jobs and little money—always abused him and made him take the rap two or three times to save the gang. Still, he was loyal. Finally, they decided he knew too much and tried to give him the works. He's got a scar four inches long where Big Frenchy stuck a knife into his gut.

"When he got well from that and caught up with them, looking for trouble, they pretended it was all Big Frenchy's fault—jealousy because he thought Big-Boy was looking at one of his girls.

"THE next time they took no chances. Five of them shot him full of holes and dropped him into the Rio Grande. He'd have been a goner if the current hadn't landed his body on a bar, where he came to and started fightin' back to life. Before he was well, he was arrested in the round-up we made of the gang. We only had part of them, but we worked on Big-Boy and he gave us the dope—all of it. The gang went up for everything from larceny to murder—some got two to fourteen; some got life. They keep bein' released from prison every so often, and the first thing they do is try to get the nigger that put them behind bars. He gets them first—and that's the whole story."

"These last two that got out—Joe Kister and Onions Connelly—are bad medicine. They'll try everything to get Big-Boy. That's why I wanted him to keep away from his usual haunts for a couple of months. We can't afford to let them get him. He's our best stoolie, as I told you. Neither can we afford to let Big-Boy get them. He's killed too many. One more and they'll send him up in spite of everything we can do."

To me, it seemed that the police were using Big-Boy almost as badly as the gang, but I mentioned nothing of that to Charlie.

"What does that let me in for?" I asked.

"Nothing—I hope," Charlie answered slowly, sucking at the end of a match. "Not unless you go picking fights with some of these tough birds, like you did

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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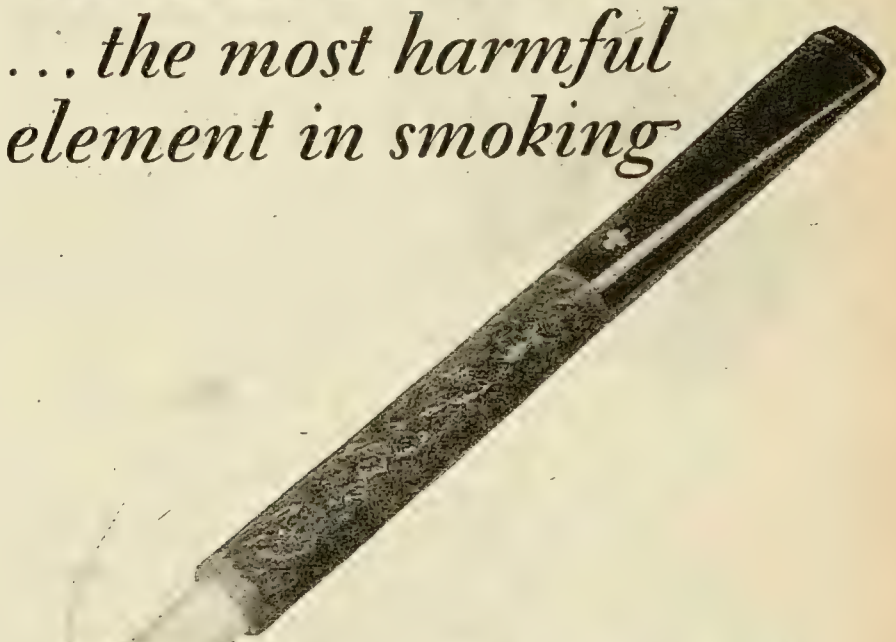
Tobacco Yello

... the most harmful element in smoking



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cigarette holder

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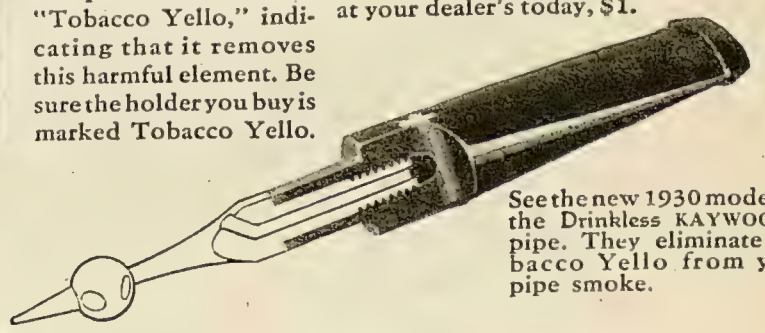

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[BIG-BOY Continued from page 49]

this afternoon. You don't know how lucky you are. If that was Dopey Clark, I don't know why you're still alive. He's one of the meanest rats and one of the worst knife men on earth. If they'd picked you up with a six-inch blade in your back, I'd have known it was Dopey."

The fact that I hadn't been stabbed seemed to discourage him slightly.

"What do I do?"

"Nothing—just lay low."

"But why should I? I haven't done anything—except take on this Negro as a house man. I have business to attend to, Charlie. Do you mean to say I'll have to dodge in and out of this house just because Big-Boy works here?"

"I hope not—but I'd be a little careful at night. I'll let you know in case Kister and Connelly come back—and you let me know if that other bird hangs around here. And tell that big, black fool to stay indoors until I tell him he can come out. You might fix up some sort of a bed for him to sleep on. This davenport will do. We can't afford to have any slip-ups here."

He rose, as if everything was going along nicely.

"Look here, Charlie!" I said excitedly. "Why should I be let in for all this?"

"You want to help us out, don't you?"

"Of course, but—"

"Well, then—"

He has a way with him. I shut up.

"It'll only be a few days—something's bound to pop pretty quick," he said as he opened the door and left.

I thought things were going to "pop" that night. I had turned out the lights in the main part of the bungalow and was locking the doors and windows when I noticed a dark figure standing across the street. I watched him for a moment or two; then saw him come toward the house.

What to do? I had no gun. The best weapon at hand was a golf club. I saw him start up the walk and moved away from the window so as not to be seen. There was a slow, shuffling step on the porch—then the heavy knocker banged twice. I stood in the darkness, listening to the thumping of my heart. What to do? Stand where I was until he went away? Suppose he didn't go? My bedroom window on the porch was wide open. Suppose he climbed in there?

BANG-BANG-BANG! The knocker sounded again, loud enough to wake the dead. He know I was inside. What was his name? Dopey Clark—"the meanest rat and worst knife man"—"don't know why you're still alive"—"I wouldn't call the police, 'cause if you do, you might get your goddam throat cut." Why hadn't I let Big-Boy kill him that afternoon?

Suddenly—I don't know why—I walked to the door, punched on the lights, and opened it. A big, broad-shouldered, honest-faced Irishman was standing there.

"Excuse me for troublin' you, sir. Charlie Bogardus sent me down here to watch your place, and I wanted to tell you who I was, so't you wouldn't be gettin' nervous."

Good old Charlie!!!

After that, nothing happened for two days. Let's see—was it?—yes, it was Saturday, because I came home at noon. Big-Boy had disappeared—so had Dopey Clark. I'd heard nothing at all from Charlie Bogardus. About 1 o'clock my doorbell rang. Before opening the door, I peeked out and saw a colored girl standing there. She was slight, well dressed, cinnamon-colored, and rather pretty—if you know what I mean.

"Are you-all Mistah Mack?" she asked with a confident flash of teeth and a provocative, flirtatious twinkle in her eyes. No inferiority complex there.

"Yes," I nodded, speaking gruffly.

She handed me a folded slip of paper.

"Mistah Thomas send this t'you."

Mister Thomas? Oh, yes—Big-Boy. I looked at her again, curiously. This must be Ginger-bread—his lady, his honeybee, his rosebud. Again my respect for Big-Boy rose. This girl couldn't be more than seventeen or eighteen. For a man of sixty-one—

The note, scrawled in pencil, read:

mr mack i is astin you giv berer litle money for my medcin. am vury bad in need of same. Tell mr chorly will see him soon as i kin an you the same from yor ole freind

big boy

I slipped her a sawbuck, which she took easily.

"He sho' will appreciate dis, Mistah Mack," she said with another smile.

"That's all right," I said. "Where is he?"

"He's stayin' with frien's at present."

"Is he—all right?" I asked.

"He sho' is," she giggled.

Not so good. I regretted I hadn't made it a 'fin.'

A WEEK passed, during which I had a chance to forget there was anyone named Big-Boy or Dopey or Onions or Mister Kister on earth. I had re-hired the old, slatternly, complaining wench to keep my bungalow as clean as her rheumatism and indisposition would allow. Twice Charlie Bogardus had called to ask me if Big-Boy had returned or if I knew his whereabouts—to which I gave a thankful negative. Charlie's voice seemed troubled.

It was Sunday morning—the day of rest—hot, sultry, quiet. I wakened to hear steps on the porch—dragging steps. The knocker rapped once, as if someone had lifted it and dropped it. I climbed out of bed, sleepy-eyed and fog-brained, and hurried to the door. When I opened it, Big-Boy stumbled into the room. His head was bound up by a dirty, bloody rag. His face was gray. His voice came in a husky wheeze.

"How-do, Mistah Mack."

He slithered toward the davenport and collapsed.

"Excuse me—sah."

The last was a whisper.

I gave him gin—spirits of ammonia—calomel—listerine. I called a doctor—an ambulance—Charlie Bogardus. The man was dying.

He lay so quiet—so still. His clothes were torn and dark with blood. His face puffed out of all proportion—and gray—gray-white—except for welts of brown and purple on his temples and cheeks—his mashed lips—and the terrible marks on his throat—like a rash—and a deep cut extending down his chest. Good God!

His eyes fluttered open. He gazed steadily at me—like St. Peter on judgment day.

"They done got me, Mistah Mack."

His mashed lips twitched horribly. A big tear rolled

down his cheek to match the tears flowing down mine.

"She done it, sah—mah babe—mah—"

He swallowed painfully and his eyes crinkled shut. His cheeks were wet.

"Never mind, Big-Boy," I said. "You're home now."

"Yas-sah," he whimpered. "But it don' do me no good. They's comin' fo' me—soon as they fin' her. Po' li'l Gingah—all crumple up lak a flowah. Mah honey-babe—an' she give me up to 'em."

For a moment he whimpered—just like a little kid. What in hell to do? I couldn't stand it. Finally he started talking again.

"The money you sent me, sah, she didn't need it. She say she was broke, but she warn't. They'd paid her plenty—plenty—lak Judas—"

"Oh, cut it out, Big-Boy," I begged him. "Mister Charlie'll be here in a minute."

His eyes opened wide. A wry-faced grin came to his swollen lips. A ghost of a cackle came from his throat.

"Mistah Charlie—"

"Comin' right along, Big-Boy."

A hand half-raised dropped again.

"Won't do no good. Dey cain' drive me—no moh!"

FOR a moment he was silent, then continued:

"Dey come—sah—five of 'em—while me and Gingah was alone—jes' lyin' there peaceful—dopey—lak so many times befo'. She say she's goin' fo' mo' med'cine. Nervous lak, she were. When she'd been gone 'bout two minutes, mebbe, in dey come. I tried to rouse mahse'f, but it warn't no use. Ah knew—Ah knew she'd done it. Ah knew she'd played me wrong. De strenf warn't in me. Ah jes' let 'em do whut dey laked. Bob' wire—roun' an' roun' an' roun'—Oh, Lawdy! Lawdy! Lawdy—"

His face contorted and he flopped around twice. The sweat rose on his forehead and his breath came hard.

"Dey beat me—an' dey beat me—Oh, Lawdy—"

His breath came harder. His eyes were closed. I put my hand on his swollen throat and murmured:

"That's all right, Big-Boy. That's all right, old son. You're home now. Nobody's going to touch you."

He quieted. For a long time he lay still, groaning weakly.

"'N'en dey tuk me fo' a ride, Mistah Mack, to de desert. Dey stuff ma mouf wid rags so Ah cain' call. Dey put rags ovah mah eyes so Ah cain' see, an' dey beats me an' beats me—wid dere fists an' clubs.

"Finally we's in a cabin. Dey carries me dere an' dey shets de do'—'n' en dey stahts beatin' me up *right.*"

He tried to laugh, but the laugh changed into a whimper.

The doctor came. I hastened to

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

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BIG-BOY
[Continued from page fifty-one]

let him in and pointed to the poor, broken body on the lounge. While he busied himself unbuttoning his grip, taking the bandage off Big-Boy's head, stripping off clothes, Big-Boy kept on talking.

"Killin' was too good fo' me, Mistah Charlie, yas-sah. Ah begged 'em to shoot me down, but dey had no sech mind.

"Dey lef' me dere to die gradual—truss' up lak a guiney hen—wi' bob' wire, sah.

"Two days I stays dere. Moh'n dat, mebbe. Da's whut dey say—dese yere Mexes whut foun' me. Tell me! Ah was dere fohty-fo yeahs! Yas-sah, fohty-foh yeahs—wid no watah—no food—nothin'. Ah was puhty neah gone. On'y I keeps sayin', 'Gotter get back to mah baby—mah sugah-lump—yes-sah—Gotter get back an' pay mah honeybee fo' de pahty she gimme.'"

His eyes squinted together again and his head rolled on the pillow—and it wasn't the young doctor's tearing off the bandages that hurt. The door was open and Charlie Bogardus came in. I motioned for him to be quiet and beckoned him to take my place.

"Da's whut kep' me 'live, Mistah Mack—da's all. De Mexes run away when I groan' at 'em—but one of 'em come back an' Ah gets my voice workin' long ernough ter tell him ef dey carries me back Ah give him a five dollah bill."

HE started to laugh—a low throaty gurgle. Charlie Bogardus took hold of his hand and patted it—smoothed it.

"Never you mind, old Big-Boy. We know the boys who did this. They're up in Frisco and we'll get 'em for you."

Big-Boy's eyes fluttered open. He looked at Charlie Bogardus with adoration.

"Hello, Mistah Charlie. Ah knowed you'd be heah."

He tried to grin. It was a failure and a slight frown came to his brow. He gripped Charlie's hand.

"Did Ah unnerstan' you to say—you knowed—dem as got me?"

"You bet you did, Big-Boy. We know who did it—an' we'll get 'em for you, sure as hell."

Big-Boy made a pitiful effort to sit up.

The frown deepened. The bright glint of an animal about to spring came to his pantherlike eyes.

"No, sah—Mistah Charlie—please, sah. Ah'll be goin' to Frisco in a few days—an'—Ah prefer—to take care of mah business—mahse'f."

The young doctor was trying to make me understand that he wanted some hot water—plenty of it. I watched Big-Boy drop back limply on the pillows.

"Ain' gorna—drive me—no moh," he whispered.

And no one ever did.

THE END

Prizes!

AWARDS have been made as follows for the detection of errors in Mistake Picture No. 2, which appeared in LIBERTY for August 10.

FIRST PRIZE—$500

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Hattie A. Beall, R. D. 2, Box 28, Atlanta, Ga.

Miss R. Bender, 143 Liberty St., New York City.

Bardwell Blake, Box 248, Sterling, Colo.

Mrs. J. H. Cunningham, 542 Mountain Av., S.W., Roanoke, Va.

Margaret K. Deignan, 1011 University Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

Mrs. Ray O. Duey, 337 Glendora Ave., Louisville, Ky.

Mrs. C. B. Foss, 2208½ N. 21st St., Omaha, Neb.

Grace R. Hancock, %Duke Construction Co., Durham, N. C.

Jean Hirschberg, Box 425, Cape Girardeau, Mo.

Teresa Howard, 959 Newton Ave., S., St. Petersburg, Fla.

W. C. Howell, Cherryville, N. C.

Harry J. Humphreys, Box 566, Reno, Nev.

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Pearl Julian, 1321 Wedeking Ave., Evansville, Ind.

Gladys D. Kile, 510 State St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Mrs. A. J. Lewis, 161 Oney Ave., Huntington, W. Va.

Jean McLaughlin, L. B. 1032, Boise, Idaho.

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Mrs. J. R. O'Connor, Premier Service Co., 1411 Walnut St., Kansas City, Mo.

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I. F. Pettibone, Route 1, Peace Valley, Mo.

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E. K. Straw, Newcomb Bros., 2717-21 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo.

Mary Travers, Box 81, Fairlawn, N. J.

L. K. Tree, 246 Summit Ave., Jersey City, N. J.

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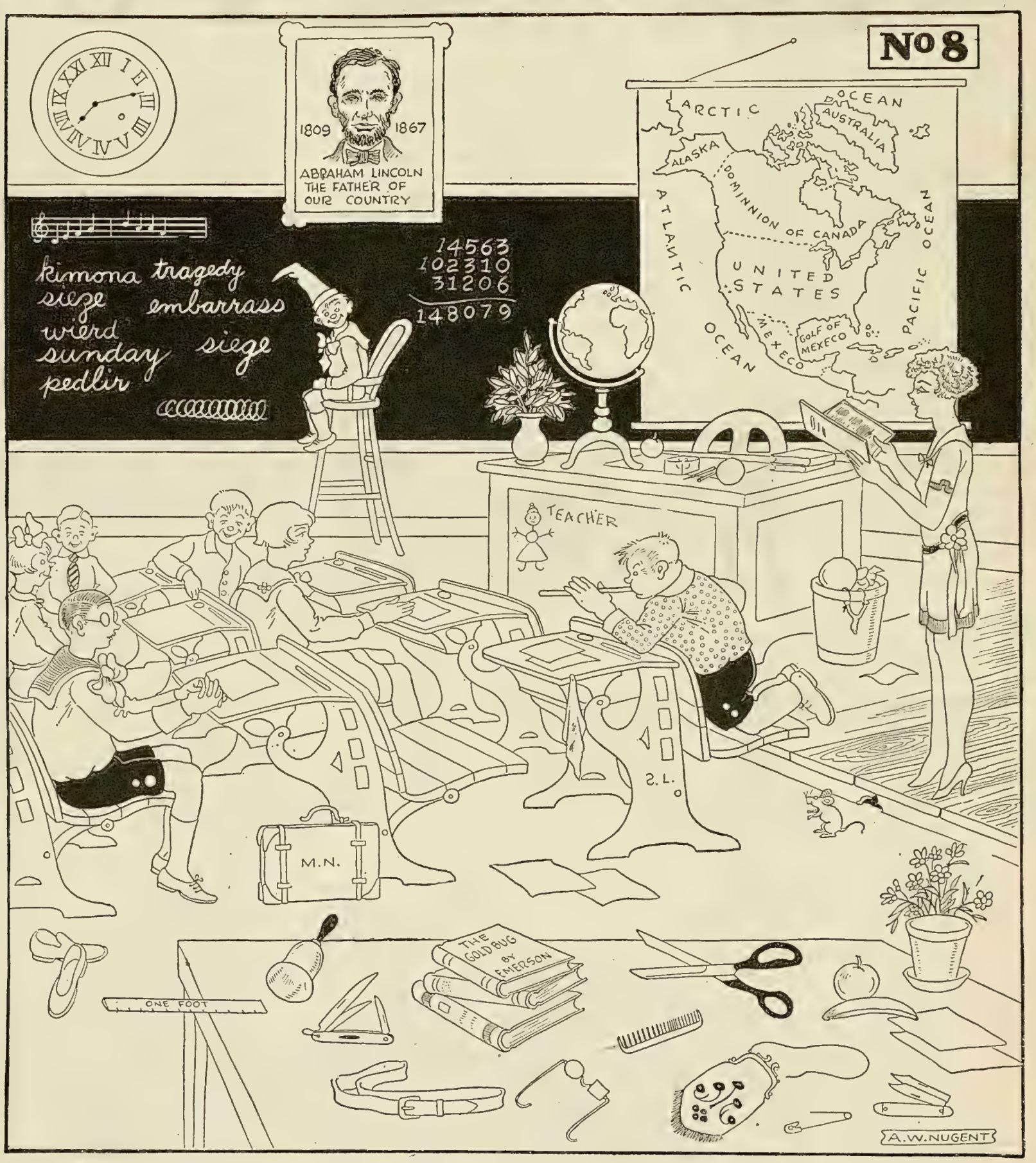

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IN drawing this picture the artist made between fifty and sixty mistakes. How many can you find? LIBERTY now offers $1,000 a week for the most skillful detecting of mistakes in the series of drawings of which this is the eighth.

It is not necessary to indicate the mistakes by drawing on the picture itself. You may use a tracing of it or, if you prefer, you may describe them on a separate sheet of paper. *Be sure to state somewhere the exact number of mistakes you have found.*

You need not purchase a copy of LIBERTY to compete. Copies of LIBERTY may be examined at our various branch offices or at the public libraries free of charge. Neatness and ingenuity of arrangement, as well as accuracy and the number of mistakes detected, will count. In case of ties the prizes will be duplicated.

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First prize	$500
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Forty prizes of $5 each	200
Weekly total	$1,000

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Vox

The Case of Australia

CHICKASAW, ALA.—Have just finished reading your recent editorial, "The Passing of a Great Race?" To some, it may have a sobering effect, but to me, it is really funny.

Please, what is the idea? You are getting your reading public all prepared to attend a wake on Australasia (Australia, New Zealand, and Tasmania).

Here you have the Asiatics all ready to hop all over us, and just previous you had Floyd Gibbons in his otherwise crackerjack story, The Red Napoleon, wiping out Australia and New Zealand in a week.

The veteran Anzacs and their descendants put up a valiant and desperate fight, but the Japs and Chows (Chinese) annihilated them. "In a pig's eye!!"

Please let me tell you a little of these countries.

The topography of Australia is one of the greatest assets nature has provided against invasion. Oh yes! the Asiatics could undoubtedly get in, but could they get out? They'd stand as much chance against a few Australian bushmen as a revenue officer, with a placard on him, against Tennessee moonshiners. The answer is bush fires.

Next, your article states that Singapore was intended to be the Gibraltar of the Far East. Maybe, but I have been there, and to my recollection, Singapore is the Stink Hole of the Far East. The sooner it is completely wiped out, the better for all concerned.

Now, as for England protecting us, me eye! Australia told the Japs to stay out, and they stayed. Also, she got rid of most of her Chinese and others of various shades.

Ask your great authority, Herbert Hoover, himself, what chance has Japan of licking the Aussies, or better still, ask any of the Yanks who cobbered up with us in France, and they'll tell you.

Australia does not need any Limey aristocrats or commoners to worry about her. She'll fight for herself and if odds get too heavy the same old Yanks, who used to fight the Red Caps (English Military Police), and all other nuisances with us, will be only too glad of the chance to line up with the Aussies again.

So let the great race pass—on the run (they're good at that)—and Australia will still remain WHITE.—*F. T. McPherson (ex-Anzac).*

Good Idea. See Page 9

CHICAGO, ILL.—Why can't we have some he-man articles? Practically every story is about some girl who's made good.

I suggest a few stories by Adela Rogers St. Johns about some of our *male* screen stars.—*C. A. Budny.*

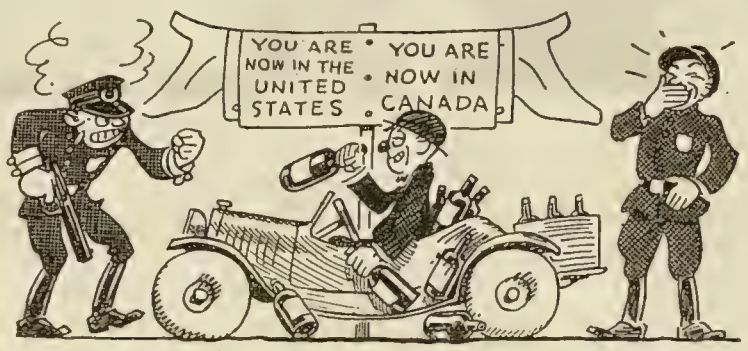
Aw, You're Mean

ALBANY, N. Y.—I read Frederick Palmer's article, "How They Drink in Canada," with goggle-eyed interest.

It's always seemed to me that the situation on our northern border holds some swell chances for torturing customs inspectors. The next time I cross the deadline I'm going to have some fun.

I'm going to drive southward in an open touring car, its back seat heavy with booze.

I'm going to stop that car right on the



line, so that its front wheels and hood are in the U. S. A., and its back seat in Canada. Then, when the U. S. customs officials gather round, I'm going to drink their health not once, but many times. Sturdy, two-fisted drinking.

I'll be within my rights, and they'll be helpless. Make 'em mad, huh?

Oh, *boy*, what an idea!—*Man With a Brain.*

What, No Rabbits?

SIGNAL MOUNTAIN, TENN.—I have just read where some Pebble from Little Rock, Arkansas, wants you to publish a story about rabbits, because he is a "Rabbit Lover," and enjoyed an article about rabbits in the Saturday Evening Post of April 27, 1929.

Well, there are millions of other people who don't love rabbits, and I hope Mr. Rabbit Lover will have to wait until 1979 before he reads any more stories about these varmints.

I hate rabbits. In fact, I *deespize* rabbits of all colors and races. A gang of them nearly ate up my garden this spring and I should have had 'em arrested for disturbin' the peas, but instead I got out my rabbit-huntin' gun with a hare-trigger, and I made them rabbits hunt the tall blackberry bushes, you betcha.

Please don't publish any stories about rabbits. I couldn't stand it.—*Rabbit-Hating Mountaineer.*

Something Tells Us Mr. G. W. "Buck" Is a Sailor

STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.—Never having emitted a single growl before, I feel entitled to your good right ear for a few seconds.

I have just finished reading an article, "Drinking on the Atlantic," by Edward Doherty. While I heartily agree with Mr. Doherty as to the amount and variety of drinks consumed by some of the passengers Europe bound, I most emphatically object to his statement that certain shipowners are suffering financial embarrassment due to "laws compelling American shipowners to provide expensive comforts and luxuries for the sailors."

I would like to have Mr. Doherty enumerate some of these laws, and point out some of the expensive "comforts" and "luxuries" that have been provided in compliance with the aforementioned laws.

Either Mr. Doherty has been grossly misinformed or else he was "steamed up" on his Jersey applejack at the time he wrote that paragraph into an otherwise excellent article.—*G. W. "Buck" Turner.*

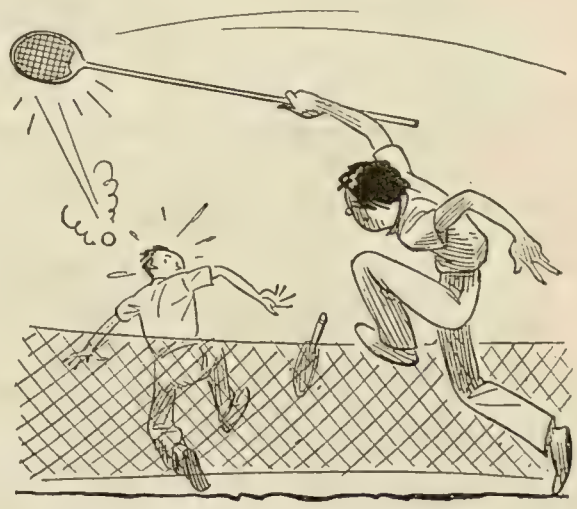
Maybe

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—You are to be congratulated on Mr. Hellinger's fine story of Ruth Draper. However, I was surprised to learn from it that New York discovered her only in 1928. Miss Draper's artistry has long been appreciated out here. Couldn't New York managers arrange with the hinterland to keep them wised up on really worthwhile attractions?—*G. A. Murphy.*

How Nice

ST. LOUIS, MO.—There was a paragraph in "Aces and Acting" that I read three times. It was where Tilden wrote about the tennis nuts who think they can revolutionize the game by inventing some kind of new racket. I guess I'm one of those nuts myself, for I'm planning to invent something along that line.

It seems to me I could be a whiz at the game if I could only get my racket on the balls that pass way beyond my



reach. So I'm going to make myself a racket with a ten-foot handle.

With that giraffe-necked bat no lob will be too high for me, and no passing shot will pass me. Oh, mama, hear that smack, smack, smack? It's me, on a court, swatting the bouncing babies I've always flubbed before.—*J. Harris.*

Pop

As One Vox Popper to Another

WILKES-BARRE, PA.—In a recent issue of LIBERTY, read a criticism in Vox Pop written by some one who signs himself P. E. Perry. Please tell this guy he is crazy.

Anybody with any degree of intelligence could not help but like Roosevelt's stories.

We, and also our friends, were so taken up with them that we could hardly wait for the next LIBERTY to come.

It was one of the stories in your magazine that we felt we could read without blushing.

Please tell this Perry person to cease his moronic chatter, and go "way back and sit down."—*Mrs. W. S. Evans.*

Well, Who Is He?

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—Did Michael Fiaschetti construct his Green Whiskers out of whole cloth, or is he as clever as the popular conception of the average dick? In the August 24th issue he says:

" . . . a prince of ancient family, had been an eyewitness to the killing of Petrosino . . . To him afterward I went, in confidence, and he told me what he knew . . . He pledged me never to reveal his name . . . I shall keep my promise. . . . 'My palace,' the Prince told me, 'is in the Piazza Marina, diagonally across from the Minerva Hotel.'"

The prince's name may still be buried in the sand, but his identity is like the rest of the ostrich.—*Just A. Hoosier.*

Directions: Stand on Head and Read Until Dizzy

WINNIPEG, MAN.—The LIBERTY illustrators put an attractive finishing touch to an O. K. magazine.

How many of us stop to consider how essential J. H. Striebel's drawings are

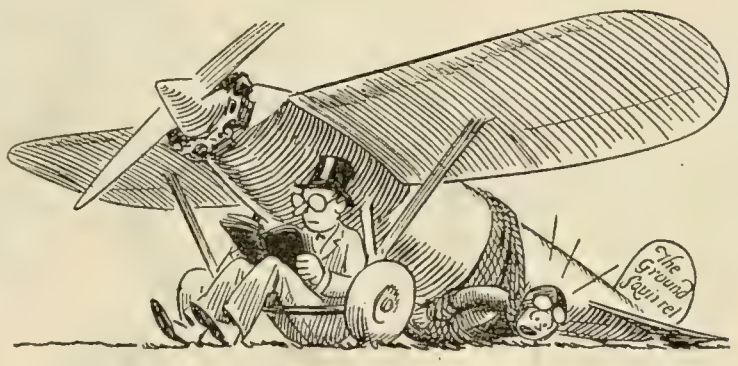
to a thorough enjoyment of McEvoy's bundle of pep, Dixie Dugan? Suppose she had been pictured trying to make whoopee in long skirts and a bustle. You know—just an old-fashioned girl. She couldn't register one bit of It, short of tearing most of that get-up off.

Then there's James Montgomery Flagg, and the Vox Pop artist (who is he?), and Leslie Thrasher. They all manage, somehow, to get the author's idea down in picture form. I'm strong for all of them. They deserve more kind words than they get.—*M. C. M.*

Earth-Minded

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I might enjoy "Knights of the Blue," by Charles Nordhoff and James Norman Hall, if I weren't sick of air stories.

As it is, I can't get hospitable to your



new flying serial because I'm tired of being "up in the air" whenever I open a magazine.

If anyone gave me a plane and a pilot I'd drive in stakes and rope the plane to the ground, first securing my air chauffeur under said plane, so I'd know where he was.

I can't tell you the pleasure it gives me to feel the soles of my shoes firmly pressing dear ole Mother Earth.—*N. Platt.*

War Note

FARMINGDALE, N. Y.—Mr. Chas. Selden, telling the horrible war story "Knights of the Blue," should not go so far in writing about Mr. Slater killing a helpless boche in a parachute jump. (Page 44, Aug. 24.) We detained from shooting on helpless enemies in the air, while coming down in a parachute, as not sportsmanlike.

I wonder, after reading the story, that in 1917 a couple of German planes were still in the air.—*T. V. Zastrow, former Leutnant Flieger Abt. 31.*

Seems Reasonable

DULUTH, MINN.—Some people like pickles and some like ice cream, and it's hopeless to try to convert an ice cream hound into a pickle guzzler, which I presume is the reason so many Vox Poppers register squawks concerning the stories and articles found on the pages of LIBERTY.

It is noticeable, however, that for every objector there seems to be a booster, which gives you about a 500 batting average, and that's better than Babe Ruth gets throughout the season.

This reader doesn't care for some of the stuff, but that does not stamp it as junk or unfit for other readers who enjoy it. However, I would like to see an occasional story or article dealing with the great outdoors country and the life and adventures to be found therein. A few fishing, camping, exploring, hunting, and general outdoor stories would undoubtedly please and entertain many of your readers. A few soft-chested nature fakers might object to shooting a wild duck or hooking a wall-eyed pike, but there are a lot of us get our kick this way and would like to see some contributions by worth-while writers in this field.—*D. R. Stewart.*

Oh, They Just Overeat

TONOPAH, NEV.—Hey there, LIBERTY! Ask Mr. C. Easton West, who figured out in Vox Pop that everybody should eat one pound a day more food, how it is that 100,000,000 people in 365 days will eat 365,000,000,000 pounds. Where did he go to school? My mathematics can't get the same result.

Don't lay it on the proof reader; he has enough to answer for without that. —*A. Weston East.*

Quite So

NEW YORK, N. Y.—I must take exception to the statement of "A. C., St. Petersburg, Florida," in which he or she (I think it's she) states that "If there was a Pulitzer Prize for the nastiest story of the year, 'Kept,' by Viña Delmar, would surely come in for that questionable honor."

I've got to rise and ask her if by any possible chance she did not know that a Pulitzer Prize was awarded for the year 1928 to a book entitled Scarlet Sister Mary.

Compared to that effusion of Julia Peterkin's, "Kept" reads like a Rollo book.

In that book S. S. Mary was kept, not by one man, but by fourteen or fifteen in her long and "colorful" (if I may be permitted a feeble pun) career.—*L. E. S.*

For Instance?

PORTLAND, ORE.—I think the time has come when a wise selection should be made from amongst the contributions to Vox Pop.

Those two pages could be developed into a powerful open forum for the people.

If much of the asinine, though friendly, humor that now occupies so much of that valuable space were deleted, I think that thousands of your intelligent readers would be glad to submit letters of constructive criticism on current topics, worth-while suggestions, and viewpoints with a really humorous slant.—*Leo Coghlan.*

The Top of the Tennis World

Why It Is No Longer in the United States

By WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2D.

TENNIS is the most universally played of all games. It even takes precedence over golf when viewed internationally. In some previous articles for LIBERTY I have spoken of my impressions of England, France, and Germany, but these were more of a general nature. It seems to me that tennis as a game of the nations warrants a little serious analysis.

Times have changed greatly during the past few years. From the close of the World War until the close of the 1925, and in fact until almost the end of the 1926 season, the United States stood undisputed champion of the world. Then came that day when Lacoste, Cochet, and Borotra carried France to the top of the tennis world, burying Williams, Johnston, and me under the débris of America's fall in the championship of the United States.

Today the best tennis in the world is played in France, but all over the European continent great players have arisen and every nation in Europe is making great strides of progress in the game. The United States, oversmug in its past glories, has not kept pace. We do not seem able even yet to realize that we are not the champion nation. Until we do realize it and set out to regain our supremacy along the same lines of earnest development that brought France to her deserved victory, we are hopelessly out of the running.

Below, Borotra, "bounding Basque," kills a lob.

Cochet, whose all-court tactics make him a world-beater.

Lacoste at the start of his machinelike drive.

P. & A. photos

France attained her present position by carefully grooming her young players in international competition. From the time Lacoste and Cochet were boys of seventeen or eighteen, they were used in Davis Cup play abroad. Years ago, when they had no chance to win, these youths were given preference over older men who at the time might have beaten them. It was a far-sighted policy, one which proved itself when the same two boys took back the Davis Cup to France in 1927.

FRANCE has not yet fallen into the error that continued success caused in the United States. It is true that the French reign is still too short for much complacency. However, all over France new young stars are rising to bolster up the famous Four Musketeers, Cochet, Lacoste, Borotra, and Brugnon. All the great regulars are aiding the youngsters. After all, Lacoste and Cochet themselves are still in their middle twenties.

The French game is a most interesting step forward in modern tennis. Many people think it a step backward, along the lines of the old ground-stroke driving game of Bill Larned or A. W. Gore. Nothing could be farther from the facts. It is true that both Cochet and Lacoste, the latter in particular, are essentially baseliners, but that is their only resemblance to that old school. Billy Johnston and I were also essentially baseliners, and as

such were just as much like the old-timers, but no one accused us of being old-fashioned as people do the French.

The point they miss in the French style is its basic idea. Larned and his contemporaries used deep speed to win points and were always striving to win outright. Billy Johnston and I used varied depth and controlled speed with a continued attempt to win outright—he even more than I. I was a believer in allowing my opponent to err, but I too was a point winner.

The French believe in a stone-wall defense, no errors from the baseline, and few winners. They are willing to let their opponent err always, rather than win outright themselves. They make so strong a defense it amounts to an attack. Their only point of attack is from the net. If they cannot force errors, then they go into the attack themselves, but always from the net. They are the most perfect all-court players in the world. They are using the short forecourt shots more and more. They have discovered new methods of making angle shots.

I find that the modern French game is the finest composite of all the previous styles that I have seen. I have tried for years to weld together all sorts of games but never have I mastered the inherent styles of play and combined them with the success of Cochet.

The French set out to solve the terrific attacking style of the Americans. They did so by combining this ground-game, stone-wall defense with their subtle net attack. I believe that in this reduction of errors the French have struck a solid foundation that all nations must use to build their future games upon. This idea is being pounded into the young French stars. Coming players will carry on the traditions of Lacoste and Cochet.

I WANT particularly to show that it is not steadiness alone that features the French style. That is not enough. To believe that is a fallacy and will ruin any game. It is steadiness plus variation of angle and depth, backed up by a net attack, that the French have made their national style.

Great Britain is waking from its tennis lethargy. Until a few years ago, England, like the United States of the last two years, lived in its glorious past, not realizing that the tennis world had moved beyond. Until a few years ago England was still playing the long, deep-driving game of its days of glory. Even the success of the Americans and French at Wimbledon took some years to sink through the national crust of custom and tradition. The English dislike change in any form. One cannot blame them, for the great majority of their customs need no change. But sport, like dress, will change and even England must change with it.

Gradually the list of great English stars of the past, men like A. W. Gore, J. C. Parke, Col. A. R. F. Kingscote, M. J. G. Ritchie, Gordon and Arthur Lowe, masters of the game of their day, thinned out as time took its toll. A new group of younger men, men like Edward Higgs, J. C. Gregory, Donald Grieg, and finally the best of them all, young "Bunny" Austin, came to the front in English tennis. These men were developed under the influence of the French and Americans at Wimbledon. Their style was molded by and modeled on the living stars of today rather than the memories of those gone on.

ENGLISH tennis came to life. In 1928 the English Lawn Tennis Association, for years quite unaffected by the lack of English success, content to play the game as a gentleman's sport, and what difference did victory make, suddenly roused itself to the fact that if English prowess was to measure up to the other nations', something drastic must be done. They faced a serious problem, but they solved it wisely. They engaged Karel Kozeluh, the world's leading professional, to coach the English Davis Cup team, and they also decided to send a team of four men around the world to play in the United States, Australia, and South Africa, this team to include only young players, among them Austin and Higgs.

Both moves proved wise. From a national angle they aroused great interest among the young players. In 1920 and 1921 I saw practically no young boys playing tennis in England. In 1927 and 1928 I noted a tremendous increase in the numbers of kids in the game.

The whole English style of tennis among the men is changing. The game is no longer just a pat-ball baseline rally. Today the ball is hit hard and accurately. The English player takes the net today and volleys aggressively. The old social attitude of their play, delightful as it was, is passing, much to the good of their tennis.

In Bunny Austin, England has a great star in the making. He has one of the most beautifully produced games and varied styles in the world. He needs experience and seasoning in the fire of stern competition, but if he comes through it a great champion, as I believe he will, his influence on English tennis will be tremendous. He may do for England what Cochet and Lacoste have done for France. England responds to inspiration, and all that is needed

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

International photo

Kea Bouman of Holland, who can give Helen Wills a battle.

P. & A. photo

Brugnon, the French doubles specialist, puts away a high volley.

[THE TOP OF THE TENNIS WORLD]
Continued from page fifty-seven

to create a wave of enthusiasm for playing tennis and playing to win is one great English champion again.

A few years ago Spain gave promise of becoming one of the great tennis countries in the world. Most of this promise lay in the person of that great personality, Manuel Alonso, who, with his brother José and his teammate Count Manuel de Gomar, was the sensation of several Davis Cup competitions. Then a streak of hard luck hit Spanish tennis. The Alonso brothers accepted business positions with the Fuller Construction Company in the United States, where for the past five years they have remained. This brought to the United States two fine players and popular figures, but our gain was Spain's loss, amounting almost to a deathblow to the game. A second catastrophe hit Spain's tennis at almost the same time in the sudden and serious illness of Count de Gomar, an illness from which he has not yet recovered sufficiently to resume international play.

The removal of their three champions took all the spirit out of Spanish competition, and although the Spanish team still plays in Davis Cup matches it is not a factor in any way. There is no reason why Spanish tennis should not recover. The climate is excellent. His Majesty the King of Spain is a keen tennis enthusiast and lends all the governmental support to the game that can be expected. The style of play in Spain is a magnificent all-court method not unlike the American game, and the youngsters of Spain are natural athletes. All that is needed to provide a renaissance in Spanish tennis is a new Alonso, or the return of the old Manuel. One great personality can focus the attention on the game. At the moment I should say Spain was at low ebb, but the field is fertile and the next few years may see her return to her position of 1923.

In marked contrast to Spain is Italy. Until the past two years Italy was practically negligible in tennis. One heard at times of the brothers, the Barons De Morpurgo, but only as very second-string players. Baron Humberto

International photo

Above, Karel Kozeluh, the Czech pro, exhibits perfect form in backhand driving. At the left is "Bunny" Austin, England's rising star.

P. & A. photos

Baron H. L. De Morpurgo, Italy's flashing ace, and above, in the circle, Otto Froitzheim, German veteran.

De Morpurgo was the better and occasionally had a good win, but he was unknown internationally until suddenly in 1927, single-handed, he nearly eliminated France from the Davis Cup matches by beating Henri Cochet, winning the doubles, and carrying René Lacoste to five sets.

His magnificent effort caught the Italian imagination. Tennis took a new lease on life. Everywhere young players sprang into the game. Even Mussolini lent official recognition to Baron De Morpurgo's work. In 1928 Morpurgo with de Stefani and Gaslini battled their way through the European zone of the Davis Cup contests, beating Australia, England, and Czechoslovakia on the way, to meet the U. S. team in the interzone final in Paris.

The Italian tennis style is greatly influenced by the French, due largely to the fact that De Morpurgo, who is the model for all Italians, has played along the Riviera against the French stars for years. The Italians have the same sound ground strokes, but there is a little more aggression, a little less soundness in defense than the French display. They are young yet in tennis, but the great stimulus in Italy due to De Morpurgo and his success has created a wave of interest that should send the Italians far along the road to international tennis success within the next decade.

The magnificent coördination and physical resources of the Italians should make them great athletes. The game itself appeals to their inherent love of rhythm and beauty. Even as the Spanish with their national game of pelota or jai alai turn naturally to tennis, so do the Italians with their instinctive rhythmic sense pick up the game naturally. The Latin races have the ideal qualifications for any game that bases its foundation on coördination, rhythm, and timing.

Tennis is very strong in Germany. The style of game there is rather old-fashioned, owing to the long period following the war when Germany was barred from competition with the other nations. All the competition they gained was among themselves. Otto Froitzheim,

their great star before the war, is still their greatest player and his style has influenced the game in Germany greatly during the past decade. Froitzheim is a baseliner of the old school of Larned, Parke, and Wilding. The modern style has not affected him.

The past few years have seen the French, Australians, Dutch, and American players on German courts, while some of the younger German stars have played outside their country, and new ideas, new styles, and new methods are making their appearance in the German game. Such men as Moldenhauer, Landmann, Damasias, and the other young stars are already using the all-court style, influenced evidently by the foreign players who have visited Germany in recent years. None of the new men can yet supplant Froitzheim, for not only is the great veteran still a marvelous mechanical player but his technical knowledge and strategy are far too sound for most of the younger generation. However, his influence is waning and while his passing will be a serious loss in many ways, his style is not the best of models.

GERMANY is a sport-loving nation. The youth of the country is keen for competition. The boys and girls are swarming on the tennis courts. The marvelous efficiency of the German people will rapidly overcome the handicap of that ten-year gap. The leading clubs have brought such great professionals as Karel Kozeluh and Ramon Najuch to their grounds, so young players can gain the best teaching. I see definite signs of the adoption of the modern-style, all-court game spreading over Germany. International competition is all that is needed to put the necessary stimulus to the German determination to succeed, and every year finds Germany advancing in that competition.

One of the most remarkable tennis countries in the world is little Holland. Somehow one never thinks of tennis supremacy as associated with the Land of Dikes, yet today Holland is pressing close on the heels of Italy as France's most dangerous rival. Holland has several remarkable players in Diemer Kool, Hans Timmer, and Charles Van Lennep, as well as two great women stars, one of whom, Miss Kea Bouman, I consider one of the few girls who can extend Helen Wills.

Holland is very fortunate in having a sound tennis association under the able guidance of a gentleman of great foresigt, Herr Broese Von Grunau. There is another man in Holland, a great player in his time, whose career was cut off at its height by an accident that cost him a leg and ended his tennis. This is Herr Schuerleer, to whose careful teaching and sound advice Miss Kea Bouman and Hans Timmer owe much of their success. Thus tennis in Holland is in good hands and a healthy condition. The style of play is very modern, for Timmer and

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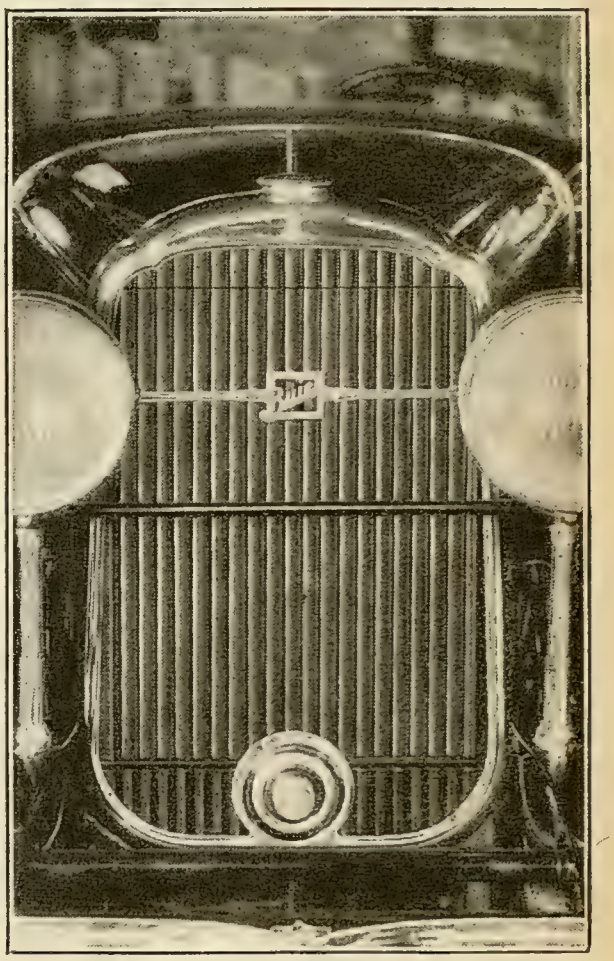

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[THE TOP OF THE TENNIS WORLD
Continued from page fifty-nine]

Miss Bouman annually play in France and England, while visiting teams from all the leading countries play in Holland. Interest runs very high among the public, who turn out in great crowds for the matches.

Naturally in a country that is so small both in area and population the chance of developing a world champion team is much less than when there are many more to draw from, but the style of Holland's tennis is so sound and the handling of her tennis affairs so sensible that I believe she will remain among the leading tennis nations of Europe, and will produce a great champion in the very near future.

P. & A. photo

Frank Shields, a young American of promise.

Belgium, of all the countries, has not recovered from the war. Terrific taxation necessary to supply the wealth for reconstruction keeps practically all the population of Belgium hard at work, while their school hours for their children are so long that even the kids have little time for sport. The great personal success of Jean Washer, Belgium's one great star from 1921 to 1925, kept tennis interest alive, but with his practical retirement since that time, no one else has come along to take his place, and tennis is slowly dying in Belgium. If, in the coming years, as the taxation burden grows less and the people have more time for sport, a new tennis star appears in Belgium, then the game may revive, but just now I consider that it is in a most precarious condition.

Czechoslovakia does not sound like tennis, but this little nation is today next to Italy in Europe. This is due mainly to the efforts of the famous Kozeluh family, in which there are many brothers. Two of them are famous tennis stars. Karel Kozeluh is the world's greatest professional; of him, more anon. Jan Kozeluh is the amateur who has carried his country to its enviable position in Davis Cup play. He has built around him a group of players of sound if not sensational style. The Czechoslovakian style has the stone-wall defense of the French, but lacks the attack which the French combine with it. It is almost the old English style, but with greater steadiness. Jan Kozeluh has this game in perfection, but, like the style he uses, he himself has not quite enough fire and attack to reach the top.

THE Czechs are keen tennis fans. Great galleries turn out at Prague for any matches of international aspect. Unfortunately, none of the Czech players seem influenced by the varying styles of their opponents; they seem content to go along their own line of least resistance, rather than work up the necessary attack. Until the national style of Czechoslovakia gains more aggressiveness and variation, I cannot see their tennis teams going any farther in international play than they do today. They must keep pace with the times.

Much the same condition that one finds in Czechoslovakia is discovered in Denmark. Here several fine players of a distinctly baseline defense style have met with some success. Here, too, tennis interest runs high with the public. Yet a more aggressive national style is needed to blend with the defense. In perfecting their extraordinary defense, the French have blinded many people to the keynote of their success, which is not defense alone but combined defense and attack. So many nations, watching the French, see the obvious virtues of their miraculous defense but fail to go beyond that, and thus, in adopting what they believe is the French method, they only go halfway and thus actually take a step backward.

Neither attack nor defense alone is sufficient today in modern tennis of the highest type. The slash-bang-rush-the-net-and-kill style is useless unless there are ground strokes to back it up. Perfect ground strokes are a waste of time unless you have a net attack with which to push home your advantage gained by your forcing ground strokes.

Tennis in such nations as Sweden, Greece, Norway is played extensively and in varying degrees of the modern style. Ireland is reacting with England to the modern game. Europe today stages the best tennis in the world, and every nation who hopes to successfully compete in international play today must train her players in Europe.

LET us turn for a moment to the Orient. Tennis has a tremendous hold in Japan and China, growing annually at a remarkable rate. Ten years ago, when Shimizu and Kumagae were at their height, I believed Japan might well lift the Davis Cup and lead the tennis world. The Japanese had the sound defense that almost spelled success but not quite. Years have passed since those days, and styles have changed. The players who followed Shimizu and Kumagae have not gone beyond their predecessors and in many cases have not equaled them.

The national style of Japan has not changed. The Japanese still use the peculiar grips and shots that were so unorthodox in Shimizu and Kumagae. Unorthodox grips and strokes will never succeed once the novelty has worn off. Today, the answer to all those grips and strokes is known to all nations. The Japanese must change their style of play nationally or they are destined to go back into tennis oblivion. Most of the reason for the style of the Japanese is due to the ball they have used in the past, a different, soft, coverless, large ball that only extreme top spin could control. Today a real tennis ball of a first-class make is coming to the fore in Japan, and already the new players are developing strokes more in keeping with the international style.

Another reason for the peculiar Japanese style was the original success of Kumagae who on his return to Japan became the model for the tennis-playing youth of the nation. However, today the Japanese players are not so dangerous as they were. They still have all the same marvelous natural dexterity, the same magnificent, courageous competitive spirit and inspiring will to win, coupled with the charming sportsmanship for which they are noted, but today they have not a modern weapon in their hands. Their game is medieval, not modern, and must fail before the present standards.

P. & A. photo

"Junior" Coen, who made our Davis Cup team at sixteen.

In striking contrast to the unexpected lapse in the progress of Japan is the marked stride forward in the tennis of China. The Chinese, although not able to defeat the Japanese yet, are developing a game that is far sounder and more modern in style than the Japanese. Much of this is due to the influence of W. Lock Wei, a brilliant Chinese student who is a graduate of Oxford, England, and of Columbia University, New York City. Wei, who is a man of great intellectual attainments, studied the tennis style and tennis organization of England and the United States and passed on his knowledge to his national association, which organization he has fostered since its birth a few years ago.

China was also fortunate in having developed a young star, Gordon Lum, who learned his tennis in Australia with Gerald Patterson and Pat O'Hara Wood. Lum brought to China much of the Australian method and experience, so that between his influence and that of Lock Wei the young players in China had a composite model of the three leading Anglo-Saxon tennis styles. The game is still far too young in China for any great players to have developed, but the general type of play is very modern and sound and indications point to China making tremendous strides forward within the next decade.

Australia is passing through an interesting period. The gradual slowing up of Gerald Patterson and Jack Hawkes, coupled with the entry of J. O. Anderson into the professional ranks, left the field open for new influences and new personalities. The marvelous fighting inspiration of Patterson's match temperament did much to offset the influence of his lopsided game, but his style was never a wise model for a young player to follow. Anderson and Hawkes had been unsound in style, and until recently the general type of game in Australia was the slap-bang-speed-demon style of Patterson.

GRADUALLY, in the past five years, and especially in 1927 and 1928, a new group of youngsters, influenced by the modern all-court French style, have grown up. Chief among them are Jack Crawford and Harry Hopman, who typify the new-style Australian game. The old "loop" backhand of Patterson is not in their play. A clean-cut, crisp stroking, still a little too erratic, without the soundness of defense that marks the French, but still working toward that type, is the modern Australian style. Even though, in 1929, Australia has no players whose results are the equal of the Patterson and Anderson of five years previous, the general national trend is along sound modern lines.

I believe much of this modernization of style can be traced to the policy of the ever-modern, ever-constructive Norman E. Brookes. That marvelous master of the past, although playing little himself, is still the greatest of tennis geniuses. Brookes has watched the game change, sensed the reasons for the French success, and with his customary foresightedness is working to develop a national style in Australia that will meet successfully the best in modern tennis.

Mexico is a nation with an interesting national style which is clearly influenced by its tremendously high altitude. I was in Mexico City for the Davis Cup matches in 1928 and found that extreme and sustained physical exertion at its 7,350-feet elevation was almost impossible. Then I realized why all the Mexican players have steady but soft games. It is almost impossible to stand the strain

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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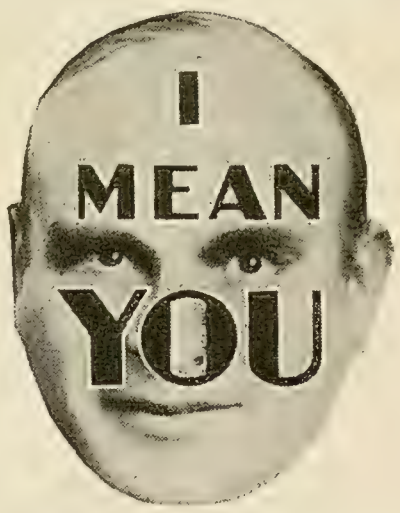

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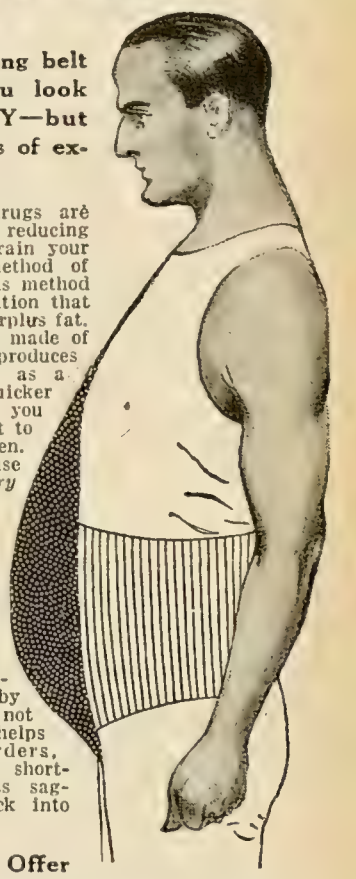

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STARTLING are the statistics showing the percentage of persons with such diseases as diabetes and high blood pressure *who are overweight.* Obesity—a product of modern civilization—has crept upon us, causing so many serious conditions that the world is impressed with its dangers.

With this realization has come the mad rush for reducing. Unfortunately, dangers from unsafe methods are possibly greater than those from obesity itself. *Faulty dieting* probably heads the list, resulting in a serious type of Acidosis due to improper loss of body fat.

A well-known authority advises you in these words: "To lose body fat safely one must include in his diet sufficient of sugar-containing foods. *Fat cannot be completely oxidized except in the presence of sugar.* This sugar is obtained preferably from fruit, fruit juices, vegetables.

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[THE TOP OF THE TENNIS WORLD
Continued from page sixty-one]

of hard hitting. The Mexicans have a nice all-court style, full of the natural Latin grace and charm, but their game lacks punch and finishing shots. If the Mexicans can overcome this tendency to under-hitting they may become a great tennis nation.

What of the United States?

We are still too smug for our own good. We still are resting on the laurels of our past record. We are not quite modern in our tennis methods. Where is our national style today? During the years when Billy Johnston and I led the world, ably supported by Vincent Richards and R. N. Williams, 2d, there was a definite national style to American tennis. In the two years that have elapsed since that fatal Thursday in our championship when the French put the skids under us, our national style has collapsed.

P. & A. photo
Bill Tilden.

IN true American enthusiasm, the style of Johnston and myself was discarded as useless, once it was beaten; but also with true American impetuosity, no one had provided a better one to substitute in its place, so our national style broke up into a heterogeneous mess of nothing. Today our leading players are each a law unto himself, so that youngsters coming up in the game have no definite model. For some peculiar reason no American seems willing to admit the value of the French style and adopt it, so our tennis is going back, not forward, in this country. Somewhere a peculiar fallacy has grown up that sheer speed will beat the new French game, so today one sees Wilmer Allison, George Lott, Frank Shields, John Doeg, etc., hitting the cover off the ball with reckless abandon and incredibly numerous errors. Speaking from several sad experiences of a personal nature, extending over a period of three years, I can make the statement with authority that speed alone will not beat the French. Certainly any speed I ever developed was not enough.

P. & A. photo
R. N. Williams, 2d.

Some one has to find a solution to the present situation. If the United States Lawn Tennis Association can take enough time off from defining an amateur, or regulating the newspaper business, long enough to think about the game of tennis which it manages, it must see that we must develop a national style in general accord with the best in modern tennis. Record has proved that best is French today. I believe a nice blending of the French defense and the American attack might solve the modern French style. In other words, if Allison, Shields, Lott, et al. would be willing to learn from the success of the French to blend a modicum of defense with their shattering hitting, they might develop a game that would soon lead the world.

There is only one player in the United States today who to my mind combines the two games in the correct proportions. That is Wilbur F. Coen, Jr., of Kansas City, who in 1928, at sixteen years of age, made the American Davis Cup team—the youngest player ever in Davis Cup competition in the world. Here is the perfect blend of game. Can Junior hold it as he grows older? Ah, that is a question. Everywhere in Coen's game there is attack and defense. His ground strokes are as solid and well produced as Cochet's or Lacoste's, while he carries greater speed than either of the French stars. He can volley and smash adequately and with aggression. Naturally only years of experience can provide the knowledge of just how to use his wonderful weapons.

P. & A. photo
George Lott.

Here, in Junior Coen, is the greatest asset for national style that the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association could ask.

Being only a kid himself, his appeal to kids is tremendous. Were I on the Davis Cup Committee of the United States Lawn Tennis Association, and faced with the present situation in the United States, I would build my future plans around Junior Coen and Frank Shields.

P. & A. photo
Bill Johnston.

It takes five years at least to develop a team of first-class stars, and the same to develop and set a national style. In Shields and Coen we have two boys still in their teens with development and style far beyond any others of their age in the country. Why not seize our opportunity and do as the French did—build a team to lift the Cup in future years, rather than continue our present policy of coming close each year but never landing, and by so doing, waste Coen and Shields in the years when we should be developing them?

The United States Lawn Tennis Association stands squarely at the dividing line of two definite paths. Either can be logically defended as the right one to pursue. There is the path that points to the pure amateurism of no gate, no player expenses, no international tennis, sports-for-sports'-sake-and-take-what-players-the-gods-provide, the amateur ideal at perfection—but, as I pointed out in a previous article, also the path to tennis oblivion. The second path leads to adopting the method of the French. Make a serious and scientific business of developing players to recover the Cup. Do it by the most careful international training, the most careful grooming of young stars, on and off the court, by official recognition of the fact that it is a job that takes the greater portion of each year of the player's life.

International photo
Vincent Richards.

This second path is the only one that can succeed in modern tennis. It is a definitely commercialized ideal, whereby the Tennis Association must obtain large gate receipts to provide funds for paying the expenses incurred in its development of stars. It is a business proposition, and must be run on business lines. If that path is chosen the same standard must be allowed the individual player that is granted the association. Naturally the amateur should not share in gate receipts, but at least he must be in a position to carry on some business that can go hand in hand with tennis.

IN other words, it is impossible to straddle both paths, the commercial one for the association and the simon-pure amateur path for the individual. The U. S. Lawn Tennis Association has been attempting to do so for years and has miserably failed. The only result has been a series of laughable yet regrettable rows, and many flagrant cases of obvious side-stepping.

Personally, I can claim that in my eyes the only professional is the man who plays or coaches tennis for money or who is directly paid for work which he does not actually perform himself. This definition should be taken literally and should not be open to "official interpretation." That rule would be my solution to the present amateur problem, and I would advocate enforcing it rigidly. I see no reason why a player should not write tennis, make tennis motion pictures, act in tennis plays, or sell tennis goods, and if he does those things I cannot see that the act makes him a professional tennis player. The time has come in the world today where amateurs and professionals can meet without any serious injury being done to the pride or social standing of either. Caste barriers are rapidly breaking down all over the world. The general public is far more interested in the quality of the player's game than it is in his amateur standing. Ours is an age of showmanship and personality. The public demands competition of the

Wilmer Allison.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[THE TOP OF THE TENNIS WORLD
Continued from page sixty-three]

highest class. If it is amateur, people go to see it. If it becomes professional and retains the same quality of competition they continue to go see it. The demand today from all the galleries of the world is, "We want the best."

I am in favor of open championships in tennis as in golf. I do not mean that they should take the place of the existing amateur championships, but rather that they should be an added attraction. Every one of the great tennis nations has one or more professionals who should have a chance to meet the leading amateurs in real competition. Europe as a whole is better situated for open events than the United States because there are so many great professional players in Europe. Karel Kozeluh, Ramon Najuch, the Burke brothers, and Negro are all magnificent tennis players who would extend any of the best foreign amateurs, even including Cochet and Lacoste.

Karel Kozeluh has been hailed as the greatest tennis player in the world. It may be the hail originated from his native land. He is not that, not by a few players, but he is the greatest professional player in the world. Kozeluh does not equal Cochet or Lacoste. There are other amateurs, notably Borotra, De Morpurgo, and Hunter, who might beat him at any time in a big match. He is very much of the Lacoste school but has not quite the finish of the great amateur.

Kozeluh has a world of self-confidence that is so great it verges on conceit. He is colorful, is remarkably fast on his feet, covering court like Manuel Alonso. He has marvelously steady ground strokes but not quite enough pace to be absolutely outstanding. He would be a serious contender in any open championship of the world. I would place him among the first five players in 1928.

RAMON NAJUCH of Poland, the Burke brothers of England, Vincent Richards and Howard Kinsey of the United States are other men who rank with the top-flight amateurs. Richards is not the player he was when he left the amateur ranks, but is still a dangerous opponent for anyone. His greatly increased weight and lack of physical condition make him less able to press home his wonderful net attack. Kinsey is slightly improved over his best amateur days. He has gained in pace and solidity of shot. It would be interesting to see a world's open team match between Kozeluh, Richards, Najuch, Kinsey, and the Burkes for the professionals and Cochet, Lacoste, myself, Hunter, Borotra, and De Morpurgo for the amateurs. Those two teams might well settle the much discussed question of the relative abilities of the two classes.

Professional tennis has come to stay. It got away to a very bad start in the public eye with the circus methods by which C. C. Pyle handled the Suzanne Lenglen tour. Only Lenglen's undoubted genius and superlative tennis and the charming personality and earnest play of Mary Kendall Browne saved the trip from becoming at times almost farcical. However, Pyle put the opening wedge into the amateur ranks, so that the organization of a professional tennis association was a natural outgrowth. A logical affiliation with the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association has given the Professional Tennis Association a firmer standing, and with the opening of 1929 for the first time professional tennis seems to be headed toward its logical place in the sports world. The visit to the United States which Karel Kozeluh made during the autumn of 1928 did much to popularize the professional game. The great Czechoslovakian star proved a popular figure and he was the magnet that drew big galleries to his exhibitions with Vincent Richards.

The Professional Tennis Association is fully aware that the key to success, either financial or popular, is good competition. Plans for a series of professional championships all over the world are under way. If they prove a success, as they should, the step from them to open championships is a short and easy one. Once the public is assured that professional tennis is "on the square" and that the competition is hard-fought and sporting, it will hold the same place in popular

[CONCLUDED ON PAGE SIXTY-SIX]

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IN LIBERTY NEXT WEEK

[THE TOP OF THE TENNIS WORLD
Continued from page sixty-four]

imagination as does amateur tennis. C. C. Pyle gave pro tennis a black eye by creating a peculiar quality of unreality, a false, circus atmosphere about it that did not appeal to sportsmen. Kozeluh and Richards on their tour have done much to offset this unlucky break.

Personally, I have no interest in professional tennis and never have had. I play tennis because I enjoy it. I get a great thrill out of hitting the ball. I love the game. It is a sport for me and as long as it remains so I will play. Professional tennis is a business and I do not care for that kind of business. To me sport and business do not mix. Notwithstanding the Amateur Rule Committee's opinion to the contrary, I have never played tennis with any other idea than the joy of competition or a real desire to aid American tennis.

I have had many chances to turn professional. My first offer came from Arthur Hammerstein as long ago as 1920. They have been many and varied since, including one from C. C. Pyle and a most interesting and alluring one from C. B. Cochran of England. That was the only one that I seriously considered, because it was the only one that I thought was backed by a sound, sensible program. However, my love of playing tennis for fun proved too great and I turned it down.

Mr. Pyle closed his interview with me in a characteristic fashion. He listened to my reasons for favoring amateur tennis and said:

"Mr. Tilden, I think you are a damn fool."

I replied: "I think you are probably right, Mr. Pyle. Good-by."

The interview closed in mutual agreement and has not been reopened.

I see no cause for the feeling that there is a stigma attached to a professional, and that professionalism is a menace to the game. I consider the professional game just as high class and sporting as the amateur, only it is a business and amateur tennis is a sport. There is a definite place for both amateur and professional tennis in the sporting world, just as the two classes exist in golf and baseball. There is no reason they cannot meet in open competition. Let us quit scaring ourselves like children with a quite mythical bugaboo.

TOURNAMENT management is a tremendous influence to players in a championship. It doesn't matter if the player is competing in his club championship in Oshkosh, or in the English championship at Wimbledon. The better the conditions and the smoother the tournament management, the easier and more inspiring is competition to the player, and the better is the grade of tennis played.

As to smooth-running machinery, Wimbledon, England, stands alone. The referee, Mr. Burrows, from his committee box hands out daily a schedule that is adhered to with a tenacity that nothing short of cloudbursts can change. Every player knows the court and hour of his match and must report at that place and time. He arrives to find his umpire and linesmen waiting, his ball boys ready, his court in condition. There is no delay at Wimbledon. It is true that at times one finds the same erring eyesight in the linesmen as elsewhere, but to err is human and even players admit linesmen are human—or at least, most of them.

There is no hurry, bustle, or rush about Wimbledon—just calm efficiency. In my opinion, the handling of Wimbledon tournaments is the last word in perfect tournament management. Even the ball boys are dressed in the club colors and trained so carefully that they at least know tennis enough not to interfere with play, even if at times their interest gets too intense for them to be of great assistance.

The French tournament management has improved so tremendously during the past five years that today it verges on reaching a plane not far from Wimbledon and above the United States. Five years ago this was not so, but today most of the problems of umpiring, lining, scheduling, and ball boys have been solved.

IN the United States there is too much business-like arrangement about the umpiring and lining, and not enough attention is paid to players' wishes as to scheduling and conditions. There is just a shade of ostentatious preparation that is hardly worthy of a great championship. There is not the calm dignity that makes Wimbledon so delightful.

Many people wonder just what constitutes a good umpire or linesman in the eyes of the player. The easy wise-crack answer is "a dead one"; the next easiest answer is "one who makes no errors."

Let me try to be fair and at the same time give the player's viewpoint. An umpire or linesman should be there to improve playing conditions for the players and save the player the trouble of giving decisions and continually calling the score. Therefore the umpire should at all times keep the score fresh in the minds of the players, using just enough words to do so, and no more. Unnecessary conversation in scoring or introducing players is not good from the player's angle.

The umpire should give the score in a loud voice but not yell it. He should give it in a tone that is devoid of eccentricities or mannerisms, if possible, since such things tend to distract the player's attention from his play. The linesman should confine his efforts to watching the line, staying awake, and calling "out" on those shots that are outside his own line. All other matters can be left until the close of play.

A player does not expect perfection, but he does and has a right to expect attention to their jobs from the linesmen and umpire.

If the umpires and linesmen will but remember the great mental and nervous strain under which a player labors during a big match, and remember also that they are there to improve playing conditions, there will be less bad feeling on the part of linesmen who object to players showing their irritation at errors, real or imaginary.

THE END

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The Killer

A Short Short Story

By

ARTHUR T. MUNYAN

who reports that his schooling made him a chemical engineer, so that, quaintly enough, he took to writing stories in a note book while commuting between Bound Brook, N. J., and New York, not so long ago. He is 33 now, lives in Brooklyn, and still writes.

Picture by L. R. GUSTAVSON

Baskerville had crumpled to the floor. What a haymaker it must have been!

ARMSTRONG sat at his desk finishing an article due next day. It was about 8 in the evening. At 9 a fellow named Baskerville was coming around. . . . At five after 9 Armstrong would be an ambulance case.

No doubt about that. A slight chap of twenty-five, scholarly in tastes, Armstrong was ironically named. And Baskerville was a tough egg. Nevertheless, the affair had to be run off. Baskerville, goaded, had threatened violence, and Armstrong had said: "Come right along! Any time! You'll be more than welcome."

So the big fellow was coming; and meanwhile this article had to be finished. Armstrong worked steadily, but he was becoming aware of an overpowering thirst. At length he jumped up and went to the kitchenette.

This was a peculiar thirst of his, not for quantities of water, nor yet for strong liquor. A craving, rather, for an exquisite and leisured drink. He took some this and that, sugar, a fresh green lime in a tall thin glass, and served it to himself with carbonated water and much ice. Frosted, tinkling, faintly fragrant. He sipped it through a straw with a jade-green tip.

A cooling breeze came in the tall window behind him; no, not a breeze, for the court was very narrow; call it, rather, a draft. He leaned back in his chair and thought mockingly of Baskerville. The drink finished, he instantly craved another, and that led to a third. Still that baffled thirst persisted.

Suddenly he gave an exclamation. In the window opposite his own, eight feet across the court, he noticed for the first time a strange atrocity. An ornament made of small pendants of thin glass. Jingle, clink, jingle, clink, it said. He had been hearing it unconsciously for days, like an iced drink forever approaching but never arriving. It had put him off his work. It had afflicted him, hypnotically, with this unquenchable thirst.

"Ah-hah!" said he. On his desk was a willow ball which he had once picked up at a polo match. He had put it to the only use he had up to the very moment for a polo ball—a paper weight.

He went to the window and took careful aim. Clink! then aureate silence! He turned away with a laugh. He suddenly felt gay and reckless. Perhaps lawlessness had stimulated him, perhaps the carbonated water. The thought of Baskerville gave him only a fierce pleasure.

Across the court came a raucous yell. "Stick your head out, you! I'll dare you to stick your head out!"

The fellow over there wanted to return the polo ball. It was a generous offer, but Armstrong decided not to stick his head out. A polo ball wasn't worth anything. Besides, Baskerville was knocking at the apartment door with a certain insistence. Armstrong admitted his guest. "This is indeed a pleasure! I was afraid your nerve might have failed you."

Baskerville loomed and glowered. He had a beefy face and the eyes of a steer which is about to do something and doesn't know what. "Listen, you!" he snorted. "Have you a regular doctor? Give me his number! Because when I leave here you're going to need him, but you won't be walking and talking. Because what I'm going to do to you—" Baskerville broke off on a sort of moan.

Armstrong yawned, and conducted the other to the study. "You can't talk," he told Baskerville. "You're an ass to try. You haven't the brains. If you talk, nobody cares. It's just noise. But if *I* talk, Baskerville, that's something else again. When I tell you what you are, you have to believe it. You see, Baskerville, you're just no good. I know it, and you know it. I don't have to prove it; all I have to do is rub it in. Baskerville, you're a minus sign, a joke. You yowl yourself into fights to get noticed at all. But it's no good. You're nothing but bum melodrama. I've had nightmares that were better stuff than you."

Armstrong gave a yapping laugh. His own flow of words had made him ebullient. He said: "Well? You didn't like that, did you! Then go ahead, doddle around with your fists and see what you can do about it. Here, I'll start you off—" He smacked the beefy face.

Baskerville had been standing stupefied by this suicidal behavior, but now he crouched in an elaborately professional attitude. They milled around each other.

"I'll hit him once," thought Armstrong, "if I can, and as hard as I can. Then, of course, he'll fresco the walls with me. But that can't be helped. I owe him some satisfaction."

He picked out a spot on his antagonist's jaw and swung at it, landed with a force that sent needles of pain along his hand, but he had a suspicion that Baskerville was not bothered. Then he took a blow to the heart that sent him reeling, blind, sick, across the room.

When he got his bearings again he saw to his utter amazement that Baskerville had crumpled to the floor. What a lovely haymaker it must have been, after all!

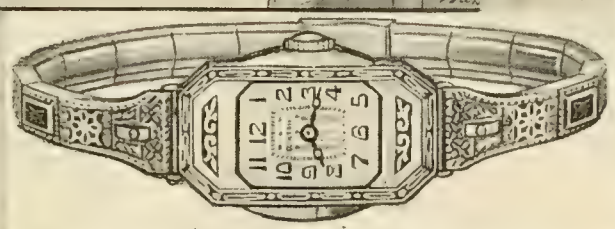
Armstrong counted ten; began another ten. "One, two, three, four, five, six, sev—" A familiar object on the floor between Baskerville and the window caught his eye. He studied it gravely. Then he casually booted the polo ball under the file case. "—seven, eight, nine, ten!"

Baskerville groggily opened his eyes. His expression was hurt and troubled and perplexed. He felt his jaw. He looked at Armstrong. He looked all around the room.

"Where," he wanted to know, "did *you* get *that* wallop?"

"That? Oh, that!" Armstrong assumed a worried look. "It's temper," he whispered. "Beastly thing, Baskerville. Ugh! I see red. Forget I'm human. Growl like a wolf. Grrr-r-r. Likely as not to tear a man to ribbons when— What, going, Baskerville? Well, any other time, you know. . . ."

THE END



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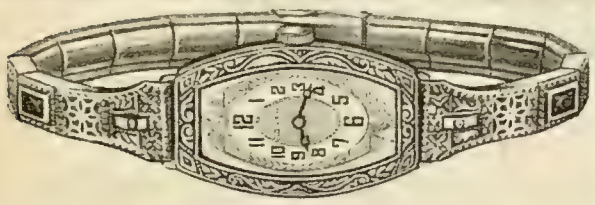

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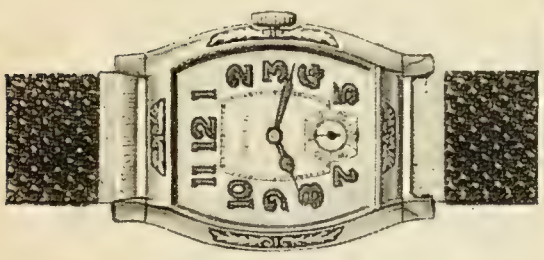

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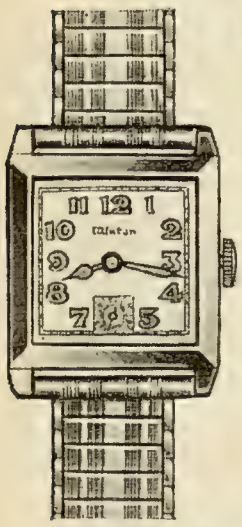

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"Stick 'Em Up!"

A New For the Love o' Lil

THE McKees' little bridge party had turned into a travelogue. Lil had won eight dollars and a cut-glass olive dish with the price mark on it, so she might have known there would be a catch somewhere. Her aching eyes were paying for what her hands had won. She and Sandy sat in the dark parlor squinting at a pillowcase pinned on the jazzy fringed curtains.

"We carried our movie camera all over Europe," Mrs. McKee was saying.

"I did, you mean," her husband amended from the shadows. "All you did was carry one reel around Berlin."

"Paris, you mean," his wife told him. "I remember seeing The Champs Eliza." And she arched her spine, preparatory to further argumentation.

This week's cover picture.

"That's pretty," Lil murmured, looking out of one eye in order to rest the other. "I wish I had my glasses."

"That's the leaning tower of Pisa," her hostess said. "We stopped to feed the pigeons and—"

"It's the Tower of London," her host said. "I tipped the camera by mistake. There goes the girl I married."

This made the Jenkinses and the McKees laugh so loud that they all cried there in the dark as Mrs. McK. went jerking across the pillowcase and split in two at a crease. Then they had a drink of something which Mr. McK. brought from France in a hot-water bag.

"Dear, I think I taste rubber," Lil whispered while the travelers argued over the French word for wine. "Take me home. I think I hear the baby crying."

She did hear something, but it wasn't her offspring ten blocks away. It was the McKees. First she said, "Vin," then he said, "Ven," and then she said, "Von!" They sounded like the inmates of a pigpen.

"My wife thinks she hears the baby crying," Sandy butted in. "We must really go home."

"He always croups about this time," Lil explained. "And—and I always worry about the little fume-lamp tipping over." What a whale of a lie a girl had to tell in order to cover up one minnowy fib!

The boulevard lights were strung like great full moons. The roadway was silver, splashed with the trees' black shadows, and the tail-light of a parked car gleamed like a port light at sea.

Three boys were harmonizing on a park bench: "When you wore a bustle, and I wore a watch fob, and beer wore a high, high collar."

"That's from Bare Knees at the Bijou," Lil said. "Let's go this week. Dorothea Hoffman, that new Hollywood— Oooooh! A holdup! Oooooh!"

Two black forms had slid from the bushes and stepped right in front of the car! They wore masks! What should poor Lil do? Faint, or scream "Police!" Sandy drew up to the curb.

"Hand over your purse!" one man ordered in a talkies' villain voice. "And keep your mug shut, see?"

Lil couldn't see much. She was too scared. But she saw a gun so near her nose that she had to look cross-eyed at it. So she tossed out her little beaded bag with its twenty dollars, gold powder compact, vial of Rose de Something, and two trolley tokens.

"Step outside, youse rich bugs," the second man threatened. Much as Lil and Sandy hated being called wealthy vermin, they obeyed at once. Their legs were as limp as spaghetti. "Stick 'em up!"

(Next week's cover adventure: The Battle in the Park)

Six American buties about fifty years old began talkin about their operations.

Love Letters of an Interior DECORATOR

A Little Weighty Advice

Words and Pictures by
BERT GREEN

On bored S. S. Virginia

DEAR EDITOR:

I wood have wrote you before, but Hells Bells, Marg has been actin very snooty. You remember me tellin you in my last letter about the woman on the boat what was tellin fortunes with cards? Well, she told her she would meat a dark man with blue eyes who was very influencial. A banker or broker or director. And now, by golly, who does she meat up with but a movie director right on this ship. Shes gone haywire.

And you should see the director! My dear, he sports a slave bracelet on his rist and everythin. A regular HE-MAN in teddies.

Well, anyway, hes got all the frails on the boat goofy and Marg too. Hes with the Squeekie Fillum Co. in Hollywood and says hes goin to direct the Smith Brothers in a gigantic musical review entitled The Woman Always Pays with sound and effects.

Hes one of those delightful masculine insects with a trick mustache. His name is Mr. Smallwood but they call him Chips for short.

Oh, you sure do meet up with some funny people travelin. Yep, all kinds. This afternoon I was sittin in the Veranda Cafe hoistin a few shots of giggle soup when six American buties about fifty years old entered and began talkin about their operations. Great heavens above, each one had a worse ailement than the other.

One old pelican had everythin removed but her cylinder head. Oh yes, she says she was on her back for six months and the medical was oh so kind. Another one had all her tubes blown out from listenin to the radio so much.

She says she ran a temperature of 402 for so many months she just wasted away.

Then the old fossil with the store hair chimed in with—Nobody knows what I went thru with my pendesetis. Heavens above, when the nurses put me on the operating table and started to put that smelly stuff on my nose I thought I would die. They not only removed the pendix but what else do you think they found? Right next to my liver on the ukalalie gland was a growth as big as your two fists. Yes, they had to cut that out too because the doctor said it was pressing so tightly against the manifold that it would cause heartburn and bring on an accute case of spinal McGinnis and mildew would set in in the next eight or ten years.

Oh, you have no idea what I suffered. Well, thats not all. Just when I was comin around last Septober and my husband was gettin over the colic, I began to get the most awful pains in my side, right here (pointing to her back). Oh exschrushiatin pains. I use to scream terrible. Yes that was nearly eight years ago because I remember so well when my little boy Alfred was just gettin over the leprosey when he fell down four flights of stairs and broke his left leg in fourteen places.

Well, I kept feeling these pains so often that my husband called in a big specialist. Yea, a plastered surgeon, and the next thing I knew I was back on the operatin table. Well, what do you think they found in me this time? You cant imagine? Nothing but the other doctors upper set! And from the looks of em his father must a been a Forty Niner an drove the Covered Wagon. They have a zipper on me now and the wind blows thru me like a screened door. Good gracious, you girls dont know what sufferin is.

YOU dont know the half of it, old dears, spoke up Miss Wrinkle who looked like she laid the corner stone for the Worlds Fair. The torture I went through when I had my gall stones removed was somethin frightful. Never will I forget the morning of the blizzard when they carried me out to the Patrol Wagon—I mean the ambulance—and wizzed me off to the hospital. Oh it musta been weeks I was under either. It was just too terrible for words.

The surgeon had to remove most of my ribs and the nurse told me that in another week Hokus Pokus woulda set in causing gangrease and Id be maimed for life.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTY-NINE]

Not only that but a wart began to grow on my theyroid gland and ever since Ive been takin on weight somethin frightful. When I was a girl I used to have the most beautiful figure—just like Lillian Russell. In fact they always got us mixed up. But now look at the size of me.

Yes, and I cant eat my salt eather. It makes me so mad I could scream. Here, she says, opening up a pocketbook that was about the size of a piano salesmens sample case—See these bags—thats all I eat, Bran, bran, bran! Its about as tasty as a handful of dried boards. But listen girls I just got a letter from my friend Marie Dressler. Oh shes just a dear. She sent me a copy of the Hollywood 18 day diet. Here it is—you can all copy it down. The stars all use it. They loose from 20 to 90 pounds in eighteen days. Think of it! Here it is girls; read it.

HOLLYWOOD 18-DAY DIET

1st Day
BREAKFAST
One half lemon,
Melba toast,
coffee.
LUNCH
One half lemon,
one sardine,
2 slices of cucumber,
glass of water.
DINNER
Two dog biscuits,
1 catnip ball,
weak tea.

2nd Day
BREAKFAST
One half grapefruit,
Melba toast,
spoonful of castor oil.
LUNCH
¼ orange,
lettuce and graphite,
coffee.
DINNER
Raw pork chop with
whipped cream,
swallow of gin.

3rd Day
BREAKFAST
One half grapefruit,
Melba toast,
20 minute egg, coffee.
LUNCH
1 pinch of snuff.
DINNER
2 radishes,
box of matches,
coffee.

4th Day
BREAKFAST
One half raw egg,
dash of absinthe,
coffee.
LUNCH
One bar washing soap,
head of lettuce.
DINNER
Soup bone,
mashed potatoes,
glass of sour milk.

5th Day
BREAKFAST
One nutmeg,
Melba toast,
1 herring, coffee.
LUNCH
One cocoanut,
one hammer, iced tea.
DINNER
Leg of lamb,
two lbs. mashed
potatoes,
bowl of rice,
cup of cornstarch.

6th Day
BREAKFAST
Onion soup,
sauerkraut juice,
Bromo Seltzer,
LUNCH
Bromo Seltzer,
sauerkraut juice,
Onion soup.
DINNER
Cracked ice,
4 Scotch highballs,
white rock.

7th Day
BREAKFAST
One half onion,
oatmeal, coffee.

7th Day (Continued)
LUNCH
Two lamb chops,
raw egg,
spoonful of bird gravel.
DINNER
Plank steak,
Nesserole pudding,
side order of gold dust.

8th Day
BREAKFAST
Melba toast,
package of Luckies.
LUNCH
Ten pennie nails,
1 tomato, iced coffee.
DINNER
Beef stew,
sweet potatoes,
plumb pudding,

9th Day
BREAKFAST
One half grapefruit,
Melba toast,
raw liver and milk.
LUNCH
Nut sundae, spinach,
glass of cylinder oil.
DINNER
Two eggs, one smelt,
hyperdermic, iced tea.

10th Day
BREAKFAST
One whole grapefruit,
spoonful of vanilla,
glass sour cream.
LUNCH
2 olives, 1 pretzel,
½ tomato, tea.
DINNER
½ a ham, fried potatoes,
loaf of bread,
creamed onions,
chocolate pie.

11th Day
BREAKFAST
½ flaxseed poultice,
coffee.
LUNCH
Coffee, flaxseed poultice,
package of Old Golds.
DINNER
1 sedlitz powder,
applesauce, watercress,
yeast cake.

12th Day
BREAKFAST
1 glass water,
Melba toast,
box of Lux, coffee.
LUNCH
½ lb. caromels,
2 lady fingers,
coffee.
DINNER
4 Doz raw oysters,
milk punch.

13th Day
BREAKFAST
Stewed figs, raspberries,
coffee.
LUNCH
Boston baked beans,
yeast cake, applesauce,
coffee.
DINNER
Plumbs, stewed prunes,
rhubarb, iced coffee.

14th Day
BREAKFAST
½ grapefruit,
Melba toast,
raw onions, coffee.

14th Day (Continued)
LUNCH
½ minnow, 2 crullers,
limberger cheese,
coffee.
DINNER
Sirloin steak, pigs feet,
two olives, ½ pineapple,
apple dumpling, coffee.

15th Day
BREAKFAST
Raspberry ice,
assorted nuts, near beer,
coffee.
LUNCH
Head of lettuce,
lump of ironing wax,
coffee.
DINNER
½ kidney, fried haslett,
reducing custard,
iced tea.

16th Day
BREAKFAST
1 bottle of gin,
2 goldfish, raw onion.
LUNCH
Onion soup.
DINNER
Sauerkraut juice,
Onion soup.

17th Day
BREAKFAST
½ grapefruit,
Melba toast, coffee.
LUNCH
Hamburger steak,
wheat cakes, Irish stew,
coffee.
DINNER
2 Puppie biscuits,
green tomato,
1 roll of film,
iced tea.

18th Day
BREAKFAST
½ grapefruit,
1 gallon of water,
box of dried apricots,
coffee.
LUNCH
1 raw codfish, 1 lemon,
baked spaghetti,
iced tea.
DINNER
1 hot mutt,
package of Spearmint,
coffee.

This diet has been carefully compiled by the Perly Gates Casket Co. No additional copies on request.

Hes got all the frails goofy and Marg too. Hes with the Squeekie Fillum Co.

From the look of the diet I guess all the feminine Hollywood blimps use it. It certainly is a joke to me, Mr. Editor, to watch these heavy mammas go for the diet. They stick to the instructions for about three meals, then they haul hips to their stateroom where nobody can see em, and order a vegetable dinner that a grey hound couldn't jump over. One dame says she cant eat, but she drinks anything. She'd drink the stuff in the Port and Starboard lights if theyd let her.

I think the trip through the Panama Canal was one of the greatest sights I ever seen, Mr. Editor. Marg nearly went goofy over it. Let me tell you a little bit about it. They dug a hole right thru South America and removed 350,000,000 cubic yards of earth. Think of it. Gosh if Paddy Doyle what runs the steam shovel up in Mootch Chunk ever read that, hed die. In other words if they took that much dirt out of a hole 15 feet square it would go right thru the earth, no kiddin.

THE canal is a little over 50 miles long and it took us six hours to sail thru it which is two hours quicker than most ships. Our ship the Virginia is 613 feet long, 80 feet wide and is 33,000 tons and we were lifted in the locks 3 feet per minute like a match. The deck steward told me that it cost $18,000 to put the ship thru the Canal, saving 7,873 miles by Cape Stiff. They tell me that the British battle ship Hood paid the largest amount, being over $22,000 dollars or 65 cents per ton. By golly thats better than bootleggin.

Me and Marg took a swell auto ride in Balboa and Panama. We saw Panama City, the Bull Ring, Bella Vista and the Whippet Track where the dashunts run around instead of horses, and then went to old Panama and saw the ruins of the ancient city which Morgan pinched in 1671. He musta been a hot sketch. He was the Dick Dead Eye that busted in on the Spanards party and copped 176 mule loads of gold and silver, worth millions.

Me and Marg bought a couple of swell Panama hats for 10 bucks each that we coulda bought on Main Street in Mootch Chunk for 3 bucks.

By the way, we got a letter from John Downey about what happened to Margs uncle who is a magistrate in New York. Get this! It seems that a guy parked his car alongside a hydrant on 5th Avenue. A big cop came runnin up to him and hollers—Phwat the hell are you doin parkin your car up agin that hydrant?

I dont care, mutters the guy in the car.

You dont care! yells the cop. Dont you know I can pinch you for that?

I dont care! says the guy.

You dont care! squarks the cop. I'll show you! I'll give you a ticket!

I dont care! snaps the guy.

Phwats the matter with you? Are you crazy? I'll take you down to the judge, shaking his fist in the guy's pan.

And with that he jumps on the runnin board and takes the guy to the Police Station. He gets up before the judge and the big turkey says—Yer honor, this mug was parked alongside of a hydrant on 5th Avenue and says he dont care.

Phwats that!!! squarks the judge. I'll put you in Jail, you fathead!!!

I dont care! smiles the driver.

I'll give you five years! hollers the judge.

I dont care, shouts the little runt. Im a trusty, drivin for the Warden and Im in for life!

Well, wishing you the same, MIKE SHEA.

Will write you everythin about Marg from Hollywood.

A young man on his honeymoon with a movie-struck bride should have plenty to write about. His next letter will appear in an early issue.

By what men say to other men...

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You *can't* lose *this* cap!

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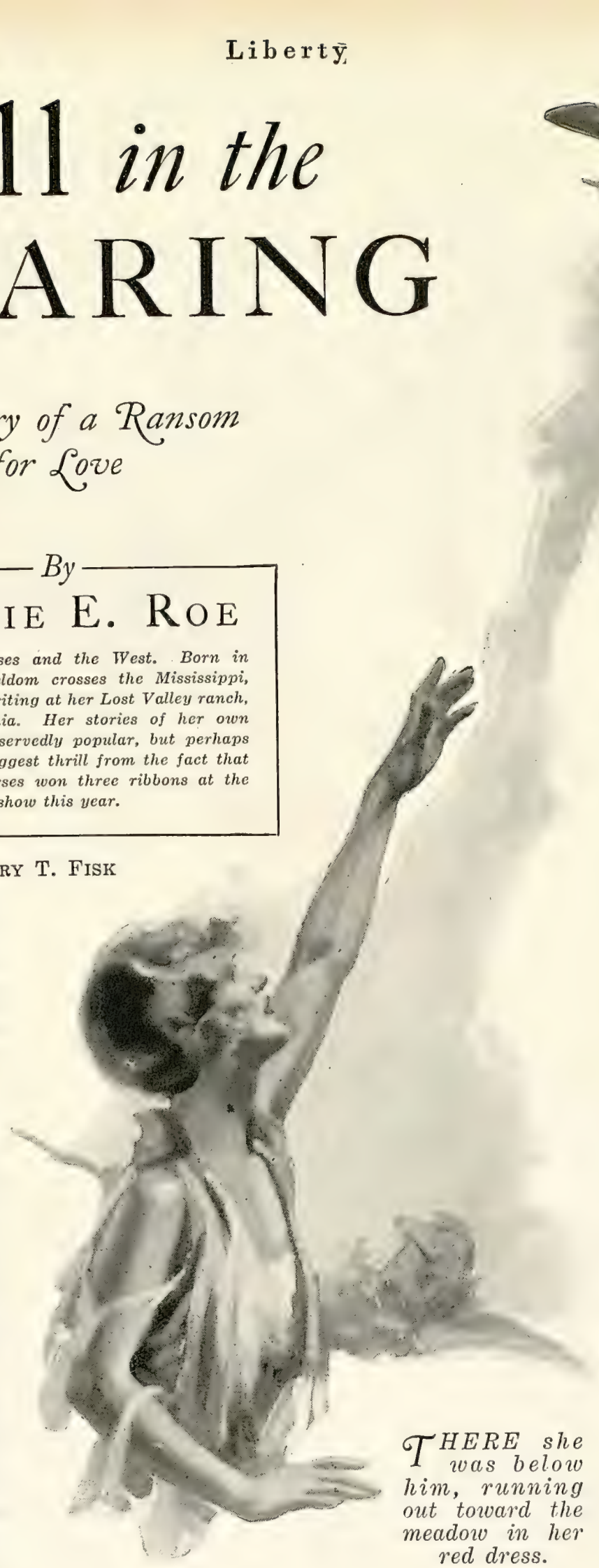
The Call in the CLEARING

The Story of a Ransom for Love

By VINGIE E. ROE

who loves horses and the West. Born in Kansas, she seldom crosses the Mississippi, and does her writing at her Lost Valley ranch, Napa, California. Her stories of her own country are deservedly popular, but perhaps she gets her biggest thrill from the fact that one of her horses won three ribbons at the San Francisco show this year.

Pictures by HARRY T. FISK



THERE she was below him, running out toward the meadow in her red dress.

PILOT JIMMY SANDERS leaned on the stick a bit. He was flying high in the clear turquoise blue, and the trackless wastes of jumbled mountain ranges that was Mexico lay under him like a rough dark carpet.

Far to the edge of the picture he could see the flat silver thread that was the Rio Grande and the boundary. The plane, owned by the Hidden Horde Mine in the state of Sonora, was loaded to capacity with bricklike slugs of pure gold, fresh from the retorts. In the unsettled state of the country the American owners could trust no other method of export.

As the ship tipped earthward in a long sweet glide, the rough carpet rose slowly toward him, breaking its dim perspective into ridge and range and valley. There was always a thrill to Sanders in this coming up and unfolding of a landscape when he lost altitude, as if the heart of something living opened and disclosed its secrets. And there were always secrets in any country—strange hidden spots of beauty, of loneliness—to make a man wonder. There was a secret in this lonely stretch just over the border—a secret which he had tried for a week to solve.

He was coming down above it now, as he had done two days ago going south, and he leaned over the edge of his cockpit to get a better view.

There was the clearing in the heart of the wooded mountains—the only one for a hundred miles each way—and in its center stood the long log house, the astonishingly long stables with their rows of log corrals. Also there were the horses and the many, many wagons.

He had gaped at this great array when he first saw it, wondering.

Jimmy Sanders had been raised on a farm in Indiana, and he knew that in that clearing was enough stock to work a dozen good-sized farms.

The astonishing thing about it was that there was no farm down there to work! Nothing but hundreds of miles of uncleared forest rippling over rugged hills. He came down prettily and drifted across the clearing at a height from which he could see distinctly the details of this odd holding. The ground was beaten hard, as if by the feet of men and horses, and there was nothing green about the strange abode except the long strip of meadow at the back of the house and the dark cloak of the encroaching forest. There was no sign of life about the place, except the horses in the peeled corrals, which charged madly about at the sound and sight of the plane.

BUT as he was a bit over he saw a tiny figure run from the house into the beaten yard and stand looking up at him. This was a woman, he knew by the fluttering of the brightly colored dress she wore, and by that indescribable grace of pose and carriage which only a woman can put into her actions. Jimmy craned down and she stood still, her hands cupped at her temples the better to focus her sight on the great white bird that left its shadow trailing after across the wide yard and the strip of meadow beyond. On this strip of meadow there lay a spread of white garments bleaching in the sun, as if someone, doing a sizable wash, dried them there in lieu of a line.

Jimmy wondered if she were young and decided she was, for she had come bolting out of the house too fast for anything else. Yes, he decided, must be young. . . . Pretty, too, he'd bet a buck—these black-eyed señoritas had a lot of "it." Lonely, of course. He began to wonder if it wouldn't be a lark to drop her something—something that wouldn't smash. Maybe a bunch of flowers from Denver. Didn't suppose she'd ever seen a hothouse flower in her life.

The girl leaped for the door, but Jimmy had more than he had looked for in the woman. Snarling with rage, she came at him like a fury.

Thinking, and far over the forest again, he took another look back and down. He was zooming now, and the earth was tilting forward under him, rising toward his tail. The clearing was a toy spot already, but he could still see the spread white wash and the scarlet dot beside the house. He climbed back to 2,000 feet and sailed away for the U. S.

But all that afternoon he thought at intervals of the strange habitat in the wilderness, and the lonely figure which had watched with its cupped hands at its temples.

In Denver he delivered his ballast of dull soft gold to the company's agents who were at the flying field to receive it, filled its space with the same amount of lead ingots, and turned the ship over to Turner, the company's own expert mechanic, who was maintained there for the express purpose of caring for the good little crate.

He had a day and two nights in Denver, which wasn't such a bad town, Jimmy figured, and was ready to take off at daybreak for the back trip on Thursday. Departure always set his blood to pounding, filled him with exhilaration. He had an added sense of adventure this time, for his last hurried errand had been to a florist's shop and he carried in the cockpit a flat white box, securely tied and weighted at one end. It was packed full of pink carnations, two shades. Carnations last long and stand more heat and drouth than any other flower.

When he crossed the silver river on the fringe of the two countries he was looking eagerly for the tiny spot of tan that was the clearing.

There it was, far down and to the left. He tilted the ship into a sideslip, which, besides giving him left distance, also lost altitude rapidly, and, presently flattening out, sailed directly toward it and down. He turned her nose sharply toward the earth, which rose and clarified startlingly. The roar of his engine was enough to scare the life out of those corralled horses, he thought, grinning. But the corrals were empty. There wasn't a horse there, nor any of the wagons. Neither was there a sign of life of any kind about the place. He was coming close before he saw the little red figure run from the house as it had done before. He was so low that he could see the color of her hair—a gleaming red-gold in the sun.

And he had looked for black!

Who ever saw a señorita with golden hair?

BUT he recalled the fact that his histories had spoken of the clear blondes of Castile, its most treasured beauties, and his delight in the adventure deepened. At the proper height and distance he leaned over and dropped the box. He watched it whirl and swivel down above its pulling weight. It fell at the edge of the green meadow and he saw the little bright figure run toward it, reach it in record time. Then he back-sticked and climbed away toward the south and the Hidden Horde, toward the heat and dirt and tensity of the mine and its guarded headquarters.

"Have a nice trip?" Boss Kendricks asked him. He liked the superintendent. All the men liked him. Kindly, tolerant in reason, but hard as nails when necessary, Kendricks handled his difficult and dangerous occupation expertly. Also he knew the temper of the unsettled country and took as few chances—of massacre, of pillage—as possible. Every building in the place looked like an arsenal.

There was no knowing what night a ragged cloud of insurrectos might swarm out of the surrounding hills.

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy. "A peach of a trip."

"H'm," said Kendricks. "That tone means nothing less than girl. Girl?"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CALL IN THE CLEARING
Continued from page seventy-three]

"Don't know yet."

"*What?*"

"No, sir."

"Look here, son. If you've got something in Denver, better make sure it's not a married woman. They're more dangerous than these Mex rebels."

"Ain't in Denver," said Jimmy cockily. "And I'm going to have quite some time to make sure of that other. Some time! When I do, I'll tell you about it."

The load was ready for him by Saturday and he took off from the rough little field below the dump of the Hidden Horde with more than his usual eagerness. He had thought a good deal about the señorita with the golden hair. She was quick as a cat. Bet she was quick in her mind, too; one of those laughing girls who could understand things before you said them. He gave the little crate the gun joyously.

How high and blue the sky was, how feathery the summer clouds. It was always near noon when he crossed the mysterious spot in the mountains, the clearest part of the day. Long before he was due to see it he began watching for the clearing. There it was. Like a topaz gem in a green-gold setting. He approached it from a long slide, coming low. There were still no horses in the lines of corrals, no wagons, no sign of life about the place. Nothing except the girl running out at the first sound of the plane. She ran toward the meadow and the white wash spread there. Must be a regular bear for work, she washed those white pieces so much. Jimmy craned down at her, and, leaning over, waved his arm. He got a thrill as she spread both her arms and waved back. Then he was passing, looking back. He was about to face about and lift the ship, when something about that wash on the meadow struck him with a sense of oddity.

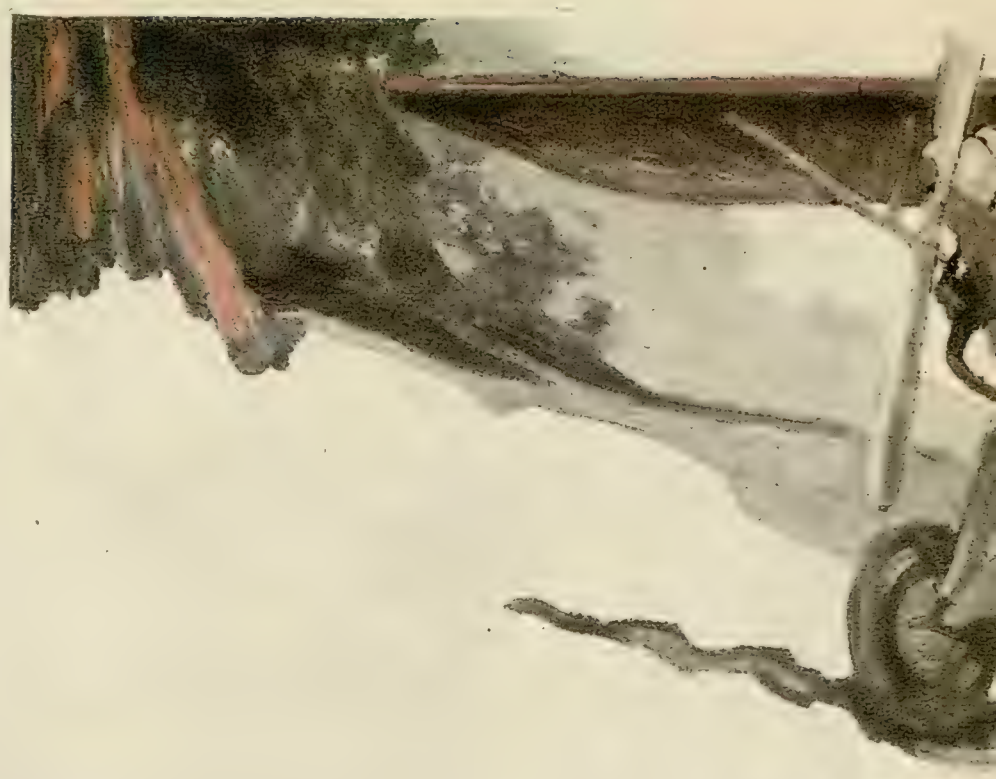
He looked again. The pieces were placed at short intervals, like those stepping-stones one sees so often in the grassy yards of Los Angeles Spanish bungalows, and they formed a large and perfect S. She was trying to talk to him by the making of letters with the white clothes on the green! Talk about a kick! Jimmy felt his heart do a zoom inside him. S—S! Going to spell her name for him, he'd bet. Smart little kid! His pretty golden señorita. *His* señorita. He knew as well as he wanted to know that she wasn't married. That was the trick of a girl, no mistake. All the way to Denver he was filled with pleasant speculations, mostly concerning the word she was going to make on the meadow—a letter at a time! He wondered what it would be and spent a lot of time recalling all the Spanish names that he could think of—Sancha, Somesa, Santella, Saraphina, Suz.

He liked Sancha—hoped it would be that.

IN Denver he discharged his gold and fretted for the scheduled time to pass. He could go back sooner than day after tomorrow, but if he did she would not be expecting him and he would lose that fascinating next letter. So he went to five movies in the interim and bought a pound of candy and had it packed in a little ornamental tin box and tied with thin wire. He debated for a long time whether or not to write a note, and finally decided against it. No. No note. He'd let her know he was watching and was sharp enough himself to get her meaning.

Maybe she couldn't read English, anyway, and though he spoke Mex like a native, he wasn't sure he could write it. So he took off on his accustomed schedule with his little box and his load of assorted thrills. By the time he had sighted the silver border he was convinced that the next letter would be A. He wished she would make two letters, or three. He could read a much smaller one than she had made. But she seemed to have only so much wash and employed it all in the giant S.

But long before he was near enough to see a little running figure in a scarlet dress he knew there was no white letter on the meadow. There was no figure either. A terrible disappointment shot through him, and with an



odd sense of warning he did not make his usual long decline above the clearing. Instead he cut his speed and passed slowly and steadily at a considerable height, but low enough to scrutinize the clearing—and saw it swarming with men.

Hundreds of men. Also the horses and wagons were there again.

THEY were a drab, monotonous mass, packed into the clearing, covering it like ants. And they all looked pretty much alike. What on earth were so many men doing so far in these mountains?

And then a sudden chill went down Jimmy Sanders' spine, a cold ugly ripple that settled in the region of his heart.

Those men were soldiers! Insurrectos!

The clearing and the corrals and the horses—all so near the line, yet hidden from all eyes save those of some lone airman like himself—constituted a rebel headquarters. There was fighting in the section a bit to the east, with ghastly things happening to the armored trains that made erratic dashes for the border, carrying prominent passengers. Only last month a bank president from Mexico City had tried to get out that way and had been massacred with all his party.

The Federal troops were desperately trying to clean the rebels from the mountains, but they had baffled all attempts—and they had guns and ammunition for further orders. No wonder! There were enough horses and wagons in that clearing to pack in supplies for half an army. And they were at it steadily, threading for the passes of the hills where no other wheeled thing could penetrate.

But it wasn't the hazards of internal war that sent that cold chill down Jimmy's spine.

It was the señorita.

The señorita with the gold Castilian hair, who could run so lightly in her flaming dress, and who made letters on the grass.

The boy sat stiffly in his seat, staring ahead, and covered fifty miles of airway before he could control the shiver that followed that ripple of cold.

An insurrecto camp—and a girl. The gay, bright creature who had waved her arms at him.

A—a camp follower!

Jimmy knew his Mexico and its ways. He had not worked four years among the mines for nothing.

When he slid down from a long slow incline and sat gently down on the field at the Hidden Horde, he felt as if the bottom had dropped out of things. Strange, how a girl whose face he'd never really seen could have taken such a root in him. It seemed as if he'd seen something fair defiled before his eyes—like a lily trodden in the mire, or a dirty hand laid on an immaculate altar.

He pulled himself from the cockpit and walked stiffly to camp, and to save his life he couldn't fake the care-

JIMMY pulled her against his breast and said, "There, there. Don't cry, honey."

free badinage which usually accompanied his entrance.

Kendricks looked at him and grinned. There was no evading the keen scrutiny of the superintendent nor its inevitable results.

"H'm," he said. "Found a husband, I take it, kid?"

Jimmy looked back at him straightly and miserably.

"Worse," he said. "Four hundred of them."

"What?"

But Jimmy stumped off to his cabin. He couldn't discuss the thing then, though some day he'd probably tell Kendricks all about it.

He kicked himself mentally while waiting for his load, and vowed savagely that he'd change his route north by enough westering to leave the mysterious clearing a hundred miles off.

BUT when he took off in the blue dawn two days later, he struck out north by northeast as usual. Force of habit, he told himself. He'd swing west later. But he didn't swing west. Instead, as if drawn by a magnet, he held the ship true on her accustomed course.

To save his life he couldn't help it. Seemed as if he must look down on the mysterious spot which had come to mean so much to him in these last few weeks, if only to drive home to himself the good and sufficient reason for leaving it off in future.

It was clear noon again with the magnitude of stellar space the true reality about him, and the dull earth spread out so far below that it seemed negligible, the unknown and obscure. It was the earth that held secrets, Jimmy thought miserably, always springing something to take the joy out of life. He was flying very high and the cool light air would have been exhilarating to one less morbid than the boy felt himself to be that day. But grim as he was he could not keep his narrowed eyes from searching the dark carpet of the ridging hills for that one familiar spot, and presently he saw it. It was a faint, tan-colored blur far down, and he could just distinguish its various objects—the house, the long barns, the meadow—and, so small as to be but a faint tracery, a streak of gleaming white. To save his life Jimmy couldn't help the leap of his heart that choked him, nor the profane mutter that followed it.

"Damn!" he said aloud against the abysmal roar of his engine. "Four hundred aren't enough! Wants one more—which she won't get." And then he gave the ship the gun.

A minute later he craned over the side, straining his eyes toward the white tracery. Mute white tracery that meant something.

The second letter of the magic name he would never know.

With grim lips Jimmy sliced her into a sideslip and went skimming down to the right like a coin in water. The clearing began to rise, sliding under him. He saw it clarify and unfold—and he saw that there were two distant bits of tracery on the green meadow!

A TRIFLE beyond, he straightened and sailed away a bit, but those white signals called him irresistibly, and he turned and circled, losing altitude rapidly. As he gained earth visibility he came back, flying low enough to see everything in the clearing. And this is what he saw: Spaced well apart on the green background two large white letters—an O and an S.

O and S. What sort of name could they help form? And then with a great shock he remembered that first letter—S.

S O S!

The international distress signal!

As if everything he had in the way of acumen crystallized in him, Jimmy Sanders became conscious of many things.

The fair hair of the girl, the periodical absences of the men and the horses, the white letters always on the meadow *when the corrals were empty.* This was no señorita. No camp follower. No flirt.

This was a woman of his own race trying desperately to tell him something.

And he had been a stupid fool. But he wasn't one now—and there she was below him, running out toward the meadow in her red dress, the same red dress she had worn for weeks. And this time she held up her arms toward him in a tragic gesture of appeal. A bit of the color went out of the boy's ruddy cheeks and a hard bright light came into his eyes. He dipped the plane a bit to show her he had seen her and shot away north, coming lower every second. Then he turned and came drifting back, skimming the crown of the forest, gauging the distance, the length of the meadow. It would be a tight bit of work to land and take off, and what foolhardy risk he ran of life and limb, and of the golden cargo which he carried for the Hidden Horde, only heaven itself knew.

But he had got the call which all the world must answer and he could do no less. He must taxi directly across the bits of white upon the grass and he hoped fervently that they would not tangle in his landing gear. But he had no time to wonder, for the good little boat was dropping on a long sweet plane with her engine dead, and there was the grass beneath him. He touched, lifted, sailed, touched again, and went taxiing along to come to dead rest in the center of the field.

And the girl in the red dress was running after him with the speed of a racer.

He saw her as he climbed out of the cockpit, and then he was on the ground and she was there, her two hands clutching his arms, her face—a lovely, lovely face with great blue eyes ringed with dark hollows—a foot from his own. It was white as a moon in fog and its pale mouth was twitching, and there were tears beginning to spill on the thin cheeks. With open mouth Jimmy gaped at her, she was so palpably broken and overcome at his presence.

"Thank God!" she cried piteously. "Oh! Thank God! Thank God!"

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

[THE CALL IN THE CLEARING
Continued from page seventy-five]

And then Jimmy Sanders became primitive and human, and bedrock simple in one swift second. He pulled her forward against his breast and held her tight while she cried hysterically with her face against his leather jacket. He patted her thin back under the red dress, which was worn and shabby, and said, "There, there. Don't cry, honey. S-h-h, s-h-h-h."

In a minute she pulled herself together and straightened from his embrace.

"Ca-can't help it," she hiccoughed, "not—not just—yet. Too won-der-derful."

She wiped her face with the end of one ragged sleeve and tried fiercely to get control of herself.

"Name's Val-Valery Marsh," she said jerkily. "My father was killed in a train massacre two months ago—banker from Mexico City. Tried to get out, but they got us all—all but—but me. Ransom.

"They're holding me for half a million *pesos*, and the government won't pay it. The bank's worth it, but all the white officials were on—on that train. The general says he'll hold me for one more week—then he—he'll give me to his army!"

She stopped, gulping, and looked at him with strained blue eyes in their hollow sockets, and Jimmy Sanders felt his blood run cold within him.

"My good God!" he said thickly. "And to think I nearly—but let's go—right now. Get yourself a heavy coat and something to wrap on your head. And hurry!"

Without a word she turned and ran toward the log house. Jimmy saw her disappear inside its open door and turned to the plane. She was hot and shipshape; would take off swiftly. He'd have to taxi back to the far end of the meadow for the take-off, but he'd wait until the girl was with him. No telling what could happen here in a matter of minutes. And on the heels of the thought he heard her scream.

He started for the house on the run, then stopped and ran back for the automatic he always carried in a little pocket in the cockpit.

With the gun ready in his hand, he leaped inside the door to see Miss Marsh struggling in the grasp of a huge Mexican woman, whose great body rippled with flesh at each exertion.

"She's deaf," screamed the girl, "stone deaf. She's been left to guard me. She sleeps at noon! Help me!"

Jimmy helped to such purpose that the vast creature went shuddering to the floor. The ragged girl leaped for the door, but Jimmy had more than he had looked for in the woman. With surprising agility she got to her feet, her clawing hands raking the wall above her. A *machete* hung there, a wicked broad-bladed weapon, and it came down with her raking hands. Snarling with rage, she came at him like a fury, and it was only his quick leap and the sight of his leveled gun that saved him. The girl was already near the waiting plane and Jimmy turned and followed.

HE gave her a word of direction about helping him turn her about and caught the propeller. But in that moment, just before the engine caught to fill the world about with its roar, a sound broke on his strained ears. The sound of creaking wheels, the rattle of approaching wagons.

"The soldiers!" screamed the girl and laid hold on a wing, her face thrust forward, her eyes pleading for more than her life.

There was no time now for a correct get-away, for a nice gauging of distances. Jimmy caught her by the arm and literally tumbled her up and into the empty seat. As he leaned beside her to adjust the strap he thought of the gold in its neat canvas bags—the heavy, heavy gold which was his ballast and his passenger as well!

The gold of the Hidden Horde for the safe delivery of which in Denver he was responsible. He had forgotten the gold, and that the ship was loaded to capacity. She'd never lift above the trees that ringed the meadow with her added burden—never in this world! Jimmy Sanders turned sick to his foundations. Then he bent over and, lifting the bags one by one, deliberately threw them out.

"More guns for the revolution," he thought grimly. Then he was in and taxiing back toward the northern end of the field in a circle.

As he brought her around with her nose in the wind he glanced quickly toward the southwestern corner of the clearing where a road came in from the forest. Two men on tired horses were just coming out of it at a run. The roar of the plane had galvanized them to unwonted action. But Jimmy stopped to see no more.

He was putting the good little crate into the fastest take-off of her career and had work for all his faculties. He had a vague sense of gratitude to heaven that the meadow was so smooth, and gave her all the gun he dared. Even at that, the distance was so much short of what he'd rather have had that a cold band tightened down around his heart and he ceased to breathe for a long and awful moment. Then he felt her tail come up, there was the customary little thrill of airiness, and he saw the rapidly approaching wall of trees begin to sink.

AS he cleared above the forest's roof he knew that his wheels had grazed the feathery green itself. And then came the singing whine of three bullets so close beside him that he ducked his head.

The insurrectos were nothing if not quick on the uptake.

They were doing their utmost to kill with their long-ranged rifles the pilot of the plane that had pillaged their stronghold.

But Jimmy Sanders was not to be killed that day—not with the vast blue skies opening their arms to him, with the mysterious clearing falling rapidly out of the picture, and with the precious ragged red figure of his—his señorita—sitting courageously upright in the other seat.

As he zoomed for altitude his heart was performing antics inside him which not even the thought of Kendricks and the lost gold could quiet.

But he did not go to Denver—there was no pressing need! Instead he landed, late that afternoon, at El Paso and went straight to the commanding officer of the garrison stationed there. He took Miss Marsh with him, just as she was, in her ragged dress and worn shoes, wrapped in a heavy Mexican serape, with the terrible shadows of anguish under her eyes, and told his story.

"And there, sir," he said in finishing, "you'll find the leak in the border where the guns and ammunition go through—just west of the big bend beyond the narrow stretch in the river."

"And now, Valery," said Jimmy three hours later, "if you feel rested and cool and happy enough after your supper and bath and new pretty clothes"—he looked at her with a prideful crinkle at the corners of his eyes—"*and* if you've had enough reporters and photographers and interviewers, could you spare a little time for me, privately? I'd just love to hire a car and drive around this man's town a while. It's moonlight and the air's wonderful—and there's a box of Denver candy in the cockpit."

She looked at him earnestly out of her big blue eyes and her lips trembled.

"Mr. Sanders—Jimmy," she added with a little tremulous laugh, "I rather think I'll have all the time there is for you, now and hereafter. I seem to have been looking for you all my life."

"Woman," said Jimmy, though he could not keep the thrill out of his voice, "is that a leap-year proposition—even though it isn't leap year?"

"Take it as you like," she said.

Jimmy reached for her hand.

"Come on," he said briefly.

THE END

Headliners for FALL

By Bettina Bedwell

Paris.

THEY'RE out. The new fall fashions! *New* is the word! Fashion monarchs make public the fashionable exposure of the Venus-curved figure. Hips, my dears! Waistlines curved in where Nature placed them, and held there by belts or fitting, or both. Knee freedom at an end, and skirts' rights to the territory between calf and floor established. Exaggerated skirt flares suppressed in favor of gently flaring umbrella gores, long floating panels, and hipline ruffles.

Suzanne Talbot and Jean Patou define the divine curve of the back from shoulder to hiplines on winter coats, and dip hemlines at back for perfect harmony. Madeline

Here Worth combines velvet, lamé, and net. The cutaway coat is a notable feature.

A Maggy Rouff dinner ensemble of rose and brown lace, and a plum velvet jacket.

Maggy Rouff signs this black lace and velvet ensemble. The jacket is trimmed with fox.

© Lucien Lelong

This dinner dress of black satin is one of the smart frocks in the new period.

Vionnet and Cheruit, and Patou himself, as well as Maggy Rouff and many others, wrap the smart coat around the midbody, and tie or belt it there. Sleeves follow the curves of the arms, or become extravagant at elbows and below for the sake of the picturesque. Straight, unromantic flapper lines are absolutely *out*. Blouses and bodices take on a decorative aspect. Boleros, ruffles, capes, jabots, scarfs, collars, cuffs, etc., give harmony to the silhouette. Coats are given luxury-lady aspect by use of opulent fur for collars, cuffs, and bands. Silver, blue, and red fox, astrakhan, broadtail, beaver, and squirrel are frequently employed on the smart coat.

For sports: Hand knitted tweed tricots made by Jane Regny and Marcel Rochas into longer gored skirts, and bloused sweaters or waists. Patou's Russian blouse sweaters, cutaway cardigans, and cape coats, or coats with long stole scarfs with diagonal stripes of fur are other leading novelties. Hand-knitted sweaters are tucked in under the skirt, or are longer than the hips. Belts of tweed or of patent leather circle a high waistline. Fine striped materials worked diagonally give grace. Pastel blue, plum brown, amethyst, olive, and white are sports shades.

For afternoon: Velvets, panne and velveteen, broadcloth, duvetyn, crêpes, wool and silk, and very little printed stuff. Draped princesse frocks, not too closely fitted, with skirts that flare below the hips, and that are often halfway to the ankles. Waistlines indicated or omitted. Coats of every length, and many coats that flare at the three-quarter line and frequently end there. Rich fur trimmings. Brocaded satins and crêpes, moiré, faille, crêpe de chine, and velvet for frocks. All the blues, down to royal and navy. Olive, emerald, and bottle greens. Plum, rust, and seal browns. Beige, greige, and black. All of the dark brownish reds and purple dahlia.

For evening: There the new period comes out in all its glory. Chiffon lamé in gold, silver, and colors is a ruling fabric. Brocaded satin, plain satin, velvet, metal moiré, crêpes, and fine nets, plain and dotted. Delicate sparkling embroideries, and costumes entirely in supple velveteen. Coats are often mere jackets of velvet, or they are three-quarter length, and made of metal, moiré, or velvet. The evening gown adds modesty to its décolletage with shoulder caps, berthas, scarfs, and high necklines.

* * *

Lelong increases the girth of the smart hipline by adding numerous circular ruffles thereto.

The last word in evening necklaces is four or five strands of pearls or crystals twisted à la rope. Lelong.

Nicole Groult stiffens the ankle-length hemlines of evening frocks by lining them with bright taffeta.

Suzanne Talbot's carved crystal belts, necklaces, and bracelets are sensationally successful evening accessories. So are her evening bonnets of lacquered coque feathers.

2400 Miles

On One Pair of "Chicago" Skates

That doesn't seem possible does it? But it's true. Alex Petyan did it, using one pair of Chicago Rubber Tire Skates and only changed wheels three times on the long journey. He was greeted by governors and decorated with medals. It was a great event and proved conclusively the extreme durability of

"CHICAGO"
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Rubber Tire Roller Skates
"Speed Without Noise"

Roll on Rubber~

Other records on these skates are also interesting—the run from Tacoma to San Francisco—900 miles, the run from Oakland, Cal. to Los Angeles—468 miles. These are interesting demonstrations of the fact that these composition tires add greatly to the life of the skates; in fact a recent test using several boys skating long intervals on rough pavements showed them to outlast steel wheels two-and-three-to-one

Built like a fine piece of machinery, with special composition tires that outwear steel wheels two-to-one, these skates are worth twice as much as ordinary skates. Accept no substitutes.

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Note at the left—the movie stars Clyde Cook and Leila Hyams—on their new rubber tire "Chicago's."

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then get our new No. 101 Double-Tread "Triple-Ware" Chicago's. The wheel shown at the right shows double tread, which gives triple wear. These very durable skates are priced at only $2.25. If your dealer cannot supply you order direct from us enclosing price. Accept no substitutes.

Note Double Tread of Hardened Steel. Outer tread is crimped over Inner Bushing Tread and will last three times longer than other steel wheels.

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Successful Hair Dyeing

By Eileen Bourne

IT is calculated by persons with fingers on the nation's beauty pulse that dye applications, given in beauty parlors or at home, run into millions. And the prophecy is made that so long as gray hair is looked upon as a sign of age, and youth continues to be the economic necessity it is, youth-counterfeiting with hair dyes will maintain its place among our busiest industries.

It is one of the great tragedies of our so-called emancipated lives that women are not permitted to accept more philosophically the changes the years are bound to bring. And in no particular of the struggle for the appearance of youth is there quite so much confusion as in this matter of dyeing the hair. Hair dyeing introduces a foreign element, several foreign elements, not the least of which may be the foreign look it gives an individual when dyeing is inexpertly done.

Amateur work does not bring forth happy results, as witness the off shades seen and the blotched jobs with several colors showing on one head; so that hair dyeing, expert, successful hair dyeing, becomes a matter of serious financial outlay.

Naturally enough, an amateur is ignorant of the action of hair dyes. She does not know, for instance, that a dye applied directly to the hair, without previous treatment, makes hair darker. To accomplish a successful job, a color matching the original shade of hair is chosen, then the hair is bleached lighter before the dye is applied.

The ordinary methods of changing the color of the hair are three: bleaches, including everything from sun exposure to soda and ammonia shampoos; golden washes and peroxide of hydrogen; and then the hair dyes proper. The latter are in paste and liquid form, with Egyptian henna paste bearing the best reputation for harmlessness. This advantage is counteracted, however, by its imparting only red shades to the hair, and on some hair, as black, having no effect whatever, whereas applied to white hair the result is a very light orange color. On light brown hair the color becomes carroty. The henna pastes are used in connection with chemical or coal tar products to get other shades, but again the hair has to be lighter than the actual color before the dye is applied.

An operator, if he is a conscientious person, will dissuade his client from her desire to have a beautiful shade (foreign to her natural coloring) rather than a becoming one. He will urge her to accept the color nearest to or matching exactly her own original hair, because he knows the disappointment and chagrin that follow off-shade choices. And if he is an artist, a head can be dyed beautifully and satisfactorily.

HAVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Inclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, Liberty Weekly, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page Liberty Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the inclosed 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.

Name .....
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. .....

City ..... State 162

Show Girl in Hollywood

A New DIXIE DUGAN Adventure

By

J. P. McEVOY

Pictures by
J. H. STRIEBEL

Dixie Dugan, the new Colossal star, who has a special Hamburger steak named after her.

WHAT IT'S ALL ABOUT: Dixie Dugan is starring in Sinning Lovers, a film rôle she obtained through her fiancée, Jack Milton, a New York broker. The picture was at first pronounced a failure, but Producer Sol Nebbick bought the film and revamped it, and the revised version is about to have a joint première in New York and Hollywood. Dixie's sister Nita, Milton, and Jimmy Doyle, Dixie's former sweetheart, are in New York—all thinking of Dixie.

PART FOURTEEN—OVER THE TOP

COLOSSAL FILM CORPORATION
subsidiary
COSMIC FILMS, INC.

INTER-OFFICE COMMUNICATION

TO ALL DEPARTMENTS March 11th, 1929.

Pursuant to a request from the Hays' office that the title Sinning Lovers be changed so as to forestall any possible objections from the censors, the picture will be released under the title Loving Sinners.

SOL NEBBICK.

(From the Hollywood Daily Screen World, March 14.)

LOVING SINNERS BOOKED INTO GRAUMAN'S CHINESE

House Will Be Dark while Elaborate Prologue Is Prepared.

(From the New York World, March 26.)

THE SCREEN

ENTER DIXIE DUGAN

Dixie Dugan, starring in Loving Sinners, a singing, dancing, talking picture, opens at the Astor Theater next Friday night simultaneously with its première in Hollywood. These double "world premières" for Hollywood and Broadway are the newest racket. Our Hollywood spies report this picture as something unusual. Dixie Dugan was caught only a few months ago in one of the movie raids on Broadway after clicking in Get Your Girl in a short but snappy run at the Klaw Theater last season.

SB462 23 HOLLYWOOD CALIF 956A MAR 29
NITA DUGAN
439 FLATBUSH AVE BROOKLYN NY
THEY ARE THROWING ME TO THE LIONS TONIGHT IN SENSATIONAL WORLD PREMIERE GRAUMANS CHINESE THEATER ALL HOLLYWOOD WILL BE THERE PRAY FOR ME DIXIE

FC255 30 BROOKLYN NY 320P MAR 29
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LABREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
YOUR PICTURE OPENING IN NEW YORK ALSO TONIGHT NEWSPAPERS FULL OF PUBLICITY YOUR NAME IN BIG LIGHTS OVER ASTOR THEATER ON BROADWAY WE WILL ALL BE THERE LEADING THE CHEERS NITA

NA 374 20 NEW YORK CITY 243P MAR 29
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LABREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF
IN THE MOB AT THE ASTOR THEATER TONIGHT PULLING HARD FOR DEAR LITTLE DIXIE DUGAN WILL BE THAT DIRTY BUM JIMMY DOYLE

NC 533 38 NEW YORK CITY NY 1156A MAR 29
FELTS PALACE OF FLOWERS
HOLLYWOOD BLVD HOLLYWOOD CALIF
DELIVER FIFTY DOLLARS WORTH AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSES DIXIE DUGAN TONIGHTS PREMIERE GRAUMANS CHINESE THEATER AND INCLOSE CARD SAYING DEAR DIXIE COMMA WARM HANDS COLD HEART DASH BUT WISH

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

America's Greatest Money-Making Opportunity

More than $100,000,000.00 worth of **Greeting Cards,** it is estimated, are bought annually. This means that $1,000.00 worth are sold for every thousand population. Think of it! **Isn't it a wonderful opportunity?** Remember all the friends who sent you cards last year? They would rather give you their orders this year than a stranger. You can earn hundreds of extra dollars . . . . easily, quickly and surely . . . . through **The Famous Hertel Plan.** Mrs. C. B. Quinn made $2,000.00—while a busy Illinois housewife's **first** six orders amounted to $301.75; a Maryland man got eleven orders from the first fifteen people he saw; and a lady in a small town **in only 19 hours** made more than $193.00. You can easily make $25, $50, or $100 a week, and more.

FREE! This $10.00 SAMPLE BOOK

"So Enthusiastic . . . I Can Hardly Wait to Hire a Woman to Take Care of My Two Babies," wrote
Mrs. P. E. Brenneman

"I have sold your cards for five years . . . . as to my aim this year, I believe that $2,500.00 would come close to being right." Just think of it! She makes so much money . . . . that she can easily afford to pay another woman to mind her babies.

No Selling Experience Required—Hertel Cards Sell on Sight!

The reason is that the quality, value and design is exceptional—in fact, most extraordinary. They are created by noted artists, famed for their ability in producing beautiful etchings—hand-colored designs—multi-colored reproductions—steel die engraved designs—fancy lined envelopes, etc. **Prices are amazingly low, too,** and this wonderful line is nationally known—our company has been established for a quarter of a century. Is it any wonder that you need no experience—that Hertel Cards sell on sight?

Write today. Give two references. If application is accepted, your money worries are over.

THE JOHN A. HERTEL CO.
Dept. A-66
318 W. Washington Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Earn a Week's Salary in a Day

Get Details—Write Today

Remember, this company has been in business 25 years. It's reliable and responsible, able and willing to carry out its promises to you and to your customers. *References:* Nat. Bank of Republic, Chicago; Dun, and Bradstreet.

Earn $25, $50, $100 a week, and more. Grasp this opportunity. Write at once! Give two references. Mail application NOW!

Weekly Pay-Monthly Bonus Check

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD Continued from page seventy-nine]

YOU ALL THE LUCK IN THE WORLD SIGNED JACK MILTON
MAX SCHLING FLORIST
SAVOY PLAZA NEW YORK

* * * * *

(Denoting time lapse of twenty-four hours)

(From the Los Angeles Times, March 30.)

WOW OF A SOUND FILM ON SCREEN

Dixie Dugan in " Loving Sinners " Sets New Pace for Talkies

Grauman Show Dazzles at The Chinese

By Edwin Schallert

Say it with singing, dancing, and harmony. That's the new language of the screen. Rhythmically, spiritedly, pathetically, and gayly, Loving Sinners will make you believe it, even if you don't.

This is a picture! It's an eye-opener and an ear-opener. It's right off the grill of the latest in sound development, and, oh, what a wow! . . .

(From the Los Angeles Evening Express, March 30.)

LOVING SINNERS REVELATION IN THE WORLD OF SHOWMANSHIP

By Monroe Lathrop

Hollywood had another long evening of thrills last night provided by the champion thrillmaster of the show world, Sid Grauman.

Thrills for those (a) who love to be a part of the hurly-burly of massed humanity; (b) for those who react like moths to a blaze of light; (c) for those who revel in the fame, fortune, and admiration that movie wealth bestows; (d) for the sightseers (with umbrellas) who get an awesome eyeful of the cinema idols; (e) for those who gorged upon one of Grauman's plethoric banquets of entertainment; (f) for the champions and devotees of the triumphant talkies.

Item (f) refers to the sensational Dixie Dugan who overnight stepped into the white light that beats on the throne of stardom with her first vocal superfilm, " Loving Sinners ". . .

(From the Los Angeles Examiner, March 30.)

LOVING SINNERS PREMIERE MARKS NEW MILESTONE IN FILM HISTORY

BEAUTY FINDS EXPRESSION IN MADAME MODE'S LATEST

Another brilliant première at Sid Grauman's Chinese Theater, with fashion, celebrities, Klieg lights, huge sun arcs playing against towering jets of steam, dazzling pyrotechnics of colored beams that glowed over half of Hollywood, and a gloriously gowned and groomed audience comprising the crême de la crême of the beauty and chivalry, the wit, wisdom, and the charm of Moviedom.

White gowns, pale blue, with rich dark furs, were the tones most exquisitely expressed in chiffons and velvets. Green, sparkling with crystals, and peach and apricot tones in satin were among the lovely gowns. Mere description is vague because line and grace can scarcely be described adequately. But pretty women, distinguished men, Madame Mode's latest creations, all go to make a picture of fashion and beauty and interest to be held no place outside of Los Angeles.

Among those present last evening were:

MRS. SOL. NEBBICK, gold and brocade wrap over gold lace gown.

MRS. HARRY RAPF, white ermine wrap over white satin evening gown.

MRS. JOSEF VON NEBBICK, green chiffon bouffant gown with matching velvet wrap trimmed with white fox.

MRS. BERNIE HYMAN, ermine wrap over gold chiffon gown.

MRS. LARRY WEINGARTEN (Sylvia Thalberg), blue satin and lace frock with white wrap trimmed with white fox.

MRS. WILLIAM DE MILLE (Clara Beranger), blue taffeta Parisian frock with sable wrap.

We had tea on the terrace and Mary was charming to me. And Doug was nice, too.

MRS. CECIL DE MILLE, red velvet evening gown under brocaded velvet wrap.

MRS. PAT ROONEY, red chiffon with ermine coat.

MRS. FRED NIBLO (Enid Bennett), white satin gown with Burgundy velvet wrap.

MRS. KING VIDOR (Eleanor Boardman), watermelon chiffon frock with ermine and sable wrap.

DIXIE DUGAN, Adrian-designed frock of white tulle trimmed in a leaf pattern of sequins with white gardenias worn at hip top, short cape of tulle.

RENEE ADOREE, white chiffon gown under black chiffon velvet coat with white ermine collar and cuffs.

JOAN CRAWFORD, white brocade frock with white gardenias under ermine wrap.

AILEEN PRINGLE, black velvet ensemble silver trimmed.

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN, yellow souffle, crystal trimmed.

NORMA SHEARER, blue taffeta ensemble, silver trimmings.

MRS. JAMES GLEASON (Lucille Webster), black lace and chiffon, wrap of black velvet trimmed with white fox.

LILA LEE, corn-colored chiffon frock with corsage in three shades of orange, cloth of gold wrap.

CLARA BOW, emerald green chiffon frock under wrap of white ermine.

LUPE VELEZ, red brocaded wrap over matching chiffon gown.

MARY PICKFORD, coral velvet cape with white fox collar over matching chiffon dress.

ALICE WHITE, pale green chiffon embroidered with pearls and brilliants, green velvet wrap.

JANET GAYNOR, white chiffon with crystal beads, silver wrap with black and white fox fur collar.

GLORIA SWANSON, embroidered jade chiffon with matching wrap.

MRS. HAROLD LLOYD, white georgette, ermine coat.

MRS. JACK WARNER, pink beaded chiffon, wrap of pink moiré; corsage of pink camelias.

NC 422 52 BROOKLYN NY 906A MAR 30
DIXIE DUGAN
1842 NO. LA BREA AVE HOLLYWOOD CALIF

YOUR NEW YORK OPENING WAS A RIOT AND WORLD TIMES AND HERALD TRIBUNE CARRY RAVES THIS MORNING STOP WRITING AIR MAIL TODAY INCLOSING ALL CLIPPINGS STOP THEY'RE MARVELOUS YOU SLAYED EM BABY WE ARE ALL PROUD OF YOU SAW BOTH JACK AND JIMMY BUT DIDN'T GET CHANCE TO TALK TO THEM LOVE NITA

(Full Page ad from Variety, Week of April 10.)

CRASH—
went all records for a single day's business in any Pittsburgh theater when "Loving Sinners" rolled up Saturday gross at the Stanley $2,000 over best previous figure for any house!

SMASH—
Chicago—Dixie Dugan in "Loving Sinners" smashed all house records at Roosevelt first week. Opening day of second week surpasses opening of first week, making new history for this theater.

MAX BALABAN

BIFF—
First week at New Grand Central, St. Louis, K. O.'d all previous records in spite of opposition from three other sound attractions.

SOCKO—
$50,000 advance sale Astor Theater, New York—lines for two blocks all day long on Hollywood Boulevard Grauman's Chinese Theater.

DIXIE DUGAN IN "LOVING SINNERS"
is rolling up a national record never approached in the picture business

IT'S A COLOSSAL SUPERSOUND EPIC
"Colossal Leads in Sound"

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD
Continued from page eighty-one]

SOME NEWS ITEMS FROM LOS ANGELES AND HOLLYWOOD NEWSPAPERS

Dixie Dugan was signed yesterday to a long-term contract with sensational salary increase by Sol Nebbick, who will produce independently but release through Colossal.

* * *

It is rumored the Beverly Hills estate of the late Hedda Natchova has been leased by Dixie Dugan, the new Colossal star.

* * *

The Pig 'n' Whistle is featuring the new Dixie Dugan sandwich.

* * *

Dixie Dugan, the sensational Colossal discovery, will be mistress of ceremonies at the regular Saturday Tea Dansante at the Roosevelt Hotel tomorrow.

* * *

It was "Dixie Dugan Night" last night at the Montmartre where the new Colossal star judged the regular weekly dancing contest.

* * *

The subdivision formerly known as La Brea Pits has been renamed Dixie Dugan Vista by the enterprising firm of realtors, C. C. C. Tatum.

* * *

Hollywood, Calif.,
April 12, 1929.

NITA—YOU BIG STIFF:

I love you and I'm crazy with excitement and I feel marvelous. Boy, if I felt any better I'd be a national menace! I'd be a scourge! Baby, I thought I knew Hollywood, but I was just a little stepchild with my nose flattened against the window looking at the pies and cakes inside. And that was only a few weeks ago. Now I'm inside with a pie in each fist and a face full of cake and everybody saying, Oh! So *you're* Dixie. Well, I'm *so* glad to meet you. I saw your picture and you're marvelous—won't you come to tea or dinner or breakfast or a cocktail party or a bull fight or what am I offered? Hot cat! Wait till I brush a few butlers off me. Where am I? Oh, doctor! Is it a boy or a Rolls?

There are at least fifty Hollywoods out here, Nita; the lowest one away down in the sub-basement next to the boilers, and then one by one going up and up to the roof garden where the stars sit in rose lights and munch caviar and flip cigarette butts down on an adoring world. I've been tossing my share over the rail this last few weeks and, boy, howdy, I love it! This is la vie.

You should see me rolling around in a town car, making important noises through speaking tubes at an imported chauffeur all dressed up like a Moose on parade. You can rent anything out here—even Mooses, or is it Meese?

Mail pouring in asking for my picture or a few kind words or a check for a nursing home for waltzing mice or could they name the triplets after me or is it true that my second husband is the King of Siam.

I have two secretaries. One has nothing to do but say yes and the other one no. Me, I have nothing to say. My publicity representative speaks for me. He also writes stories about my lowly origin, how I started at the age of five in a factory in Brooklyn, working fourteen hours a day making those little straw hats for horses, and how through sheer pluck and determination and grit and will power and love for my mother and devotion to the flag, I fought my way up and up to the heights, but still remain the simple sweet little home girl at heart—an ideal for all American womanhood—who realizes fame is only a bauble and who secretly yearns for a little nest full of kiddies and things. I don't allow him to show me any of the god-awful stuff any more—I busted all my combies laughing.

I fought my way up to the heights, but still remain the simple sweet little home girl at heart.

The clips you sent me from New York were great and reviews have been pouring in from all over the country—marvelous! I read them and wonder who this Dixie is they're talking about. It can't be the same little punk who only a few weeks ago was pacing up and down in a panic, wondering if her option was going to be renewed.

How quick you go up in this business. And down too, I guess. Express elevator service. No stops between the tenth and thirty-fifth. This car going to the basement only—crockery, tinware, remnants, odd lots. Especially odd lots. Violinists who came out here to play symphonies sitting on sets scratching Hearts and Flowers by the hour. And now with the new yappies they haven't even a set to sit on.

Hard-faced mothers from all over the country dragging their little girls around to studios, ready to sell them out to anyone from an assistant director to a property man just to make a little money off them. Agents with young girls tied up under long-term contracts at a hundred a week, leasing them to studios for ten times that and pocketing the difference. Hundreds of pretty kids from small towns, nice family girls, church girls, even society pets going broke and desperate, waiting tables, selling notions, peddling box lunches on the street corners.

I could tell you stories that would curl your hair. For instance, you know a lot of people in the East retire and come out here to the coast to spend their last few years. When they die their relatives back East usually want the body shipped home and the railroad companies won't take the corpse unless there's a passenger on board accompanying it, so every year a couple of hundred tickets for railroad passage to eastern cities are turned over to an organization here that helps stranded girls, and the girls ride back East with the bodies. Tie that one!

When I see you I'll tell you a lot of other things that you wouldn't believe if I wrote them. Would you believe that Tom Mix has a marble tennis court? And the great mystic Dareos, who advises all the stars, is an Irishman with a brogue you could cut with an ax? And he has a crystal that is about as clear as a beer bottle, and his shrine looks like the office of an eye, ear, nose, and throat doctor—minus the couch. And it is in the Bank of California Building with hours on the door 12 to 5 P. M. and 7:30 to 9 P. M., so you can see he has his ghosts punching the clock. I wonder if he docks them if they show up late with a hangover.

I didn't tell you, Nita, but when I was feeling so low I thought I would go for one of those séances and I gave him three bucks and he told me I was psychic and not to make any important changes for the coming year, and that I had been deeply in love and would be again.

He certainly must have reached away out into the astral world for that one.

Show me a girl that hasn't been in love and won't be again and I'll show you a bearded lady. But it's a great racket. How the dames fall for it.

And now the scene changes. We are back in the studio with Dixie Dugan, the new Colossal star who has a special Hamburger steak named after her at the Brown Derby

on Wilshire Boulevard, and who lunches in the Colossal executive bungalow, and has tea with Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, and is the week-end guest of Marion Davies at her beach house down at Santa Monica.

Pickfair, where Mary and Doug rough it with nine or ten house servants and three or four on the grounds, overlooks all the Beverly Hills and most of the Pacific Ocean. The house used to be a clubhouse—two long wings in a V shape with a flagged terrace in the V. Kind of an English-looking place with shingled walls and no one to wait on the table except the head butler named Albert and an assistant butler and an assistant butler for the assistant butler.

I couldn't help thinking of our town house in Brooklyn, Nita, and how Mary and Doug would have envied us our Ole, imported specially from Sweden and installed in our basement at great expense to all the tenants. The table is set every night for ten or twelve whether they come or not—I'm talking now about Mary's table, not ours—and Mary sits at the head of the table and Doug sits to her left. Well, we had tea on the terrace and Mary was charming to me. I call her Mary. And Doug was nice, too. And the lawn was green and sloped away down the hill for what seemed days, and the bees buzzed in the flowers and the birds warbled in the trees and I looked down on Hollywood and tried to remember what it was like to be down there, hungry and out of a job.

You should see me rolling around in a town car, making important noises through speaking tubes.

But Marion Davies' beach house, Nita! Just a little dovecote right on the ocean. Only twenty-five bedrooms, Nita, but it's home and we love it. Two garages with six cars and chauffeurs to match. Chefs, butlers, footmen, maids, valets, all connected to push buttons that you can reach from anywhere you sit, stand, or lie. It's run like the Ritz would love to do things if they could afford it. But don't get the idea, Nita, that it's swank. Everything is so unbelievably marvelous—so beautiful, so rare, exquisite, and in perfect taste that no one has to waste any time trying to impress anybody.

Just to give you a slight notion, darling: The upper hall is papered with this Zuber paper with marvelous reproductions showing the history of America. I asked one of the thirty or forty guests who was trying to get up enough energy to look at the ocean if he had any idea what that stuff cost, and he said, well, about four hundred and fifty dollars a set. And then I went around and counted the sets, Nita, and there was about twenty-five of them. Twenty-five times four hundred and fifty. *You* do it! And believe it or not, it's all finished with a special finish so that guests can lean against it in wet bathing suits. Guests are certainly taken care of in this country.

Marion was nice to me, too. And what a darling she is—and smart! Baby! I'd like to have a brain like hers. It doesn't seem fair to be so pretty and have so much sense too.

Tomorrow I am flying in a private Sikorsky Amphibian on a party to Agua Caliente down in Old Mexico for a bit of diversion. Heigh ho! How is the dear old B. M. T.? Give my love to all the rush-hour sardines and tell them to cheerio, that maybe in their next incarnation they will be real sardines and then they won't have to stand up.

DIXIE.

(From the Los Angeles Examiner, April 16.)

BREAKFAST CLUB PLANS GALA ENTERTAINMENT.

There will be two guests of honor tomorrow morning at the Breakfast Club. Dixie Dugan, the new meteoric star of "Loving Sinners," the Colossal Film triumph that is sweeping the country, and Teddy Page, New York millionaire sportsman and young society aviation enthusiast, who is out here looking over airport sites for a new transcontinental air route. Mr. Page has just returned from a brief pleasure trip to Agua Caliente where he took a small party of friends in his Sikorsky Amphibian, the same ship, incidentally, in which he flew across the country from New York last week.

Dixie's biggest thrill will be described in next week's final installment.

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 26

1—Edmonton; Winnipeg; Regina.
2—April.
3—England and France.
4—A cordial understanding, especially between two governments.
5—A sermon delivered to a graduating class.
6—Coarsely abusive or profane language; vituperation; ribaldry
7—Seven.
8—The log.
9—General John J. Pershing.
10—One who treats mental diseases.
11—So passes away the glory of the world.
12—Sir Isaac Newton.
13—The United States twenty-dollar gold piece.
14—Spleen.
15—The hanging gardens.
16—Hoochinoo, a distilled liquor clandestinely made by Alaska Indians.
17—A parole granted to a prisoner.
18—A valve which opens the full area of a pipe.
19—For Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I of England.
20—Barber of Seville.

Don't Do This → *use*

LEONARD EAR OIL

An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Soothing and Penetrating. On the market since 1907, and many thousands have written of the relief obtained. Price $1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Deafness" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

STOPS FALLING HAIR

Lucky Tiger Knocks Dandruff and Scalp Ailments like Whyte-Fox (1 and 2) Medicated Massage heals skin irritations, and No. 2 Whyte-Fox stops rectal itchings. Used by Millions. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for free booklet.

At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors

Kansas City, Mo. Dept. E **LUCKY TIGER REM. CO.**

SPARE TIME MONEY

easily earned taking orders for our **Christmas Greeting Cards in Box Assortments.** 21 artistic cards and folders in Florentine, Old English, Water Color, Engraved and Embossed designs. Superb creations in ribboned and parchment folders of costly paper. All with harmonizing envelopes in a beautiful Christmas box. **Actual value $2.80—Sells for $1—Costs you 50c.** Its a matter of showing the cards—they sell themselves. Alma Christ writes "Sold 50 boxes today." Start NOW.

Samples FREE *Write for free samples and particulars*

WALTHAM ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 39, 7 Water St., Boston, Mass.

BURNS and SCALDS

Stop the throbbing and smarting at once with a soothing touch of

Resinol

MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write to-day for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited
214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

"You're playing well today!"

"My pain is gone! I took

These efficient tablets relieve pain harmlessly.

Salicon TRADE MARK

USE THIS COUPON

HOW to FINANCE and BUILD
A Cozy Home of Your Own

OUR New Plan, explained and illustrated in this book, builds a home complete on your lot! Attractive architecture and all materials supplied and guaranteed by us. Payments like rent—as low as $25.

GET THIS BOOK FREE

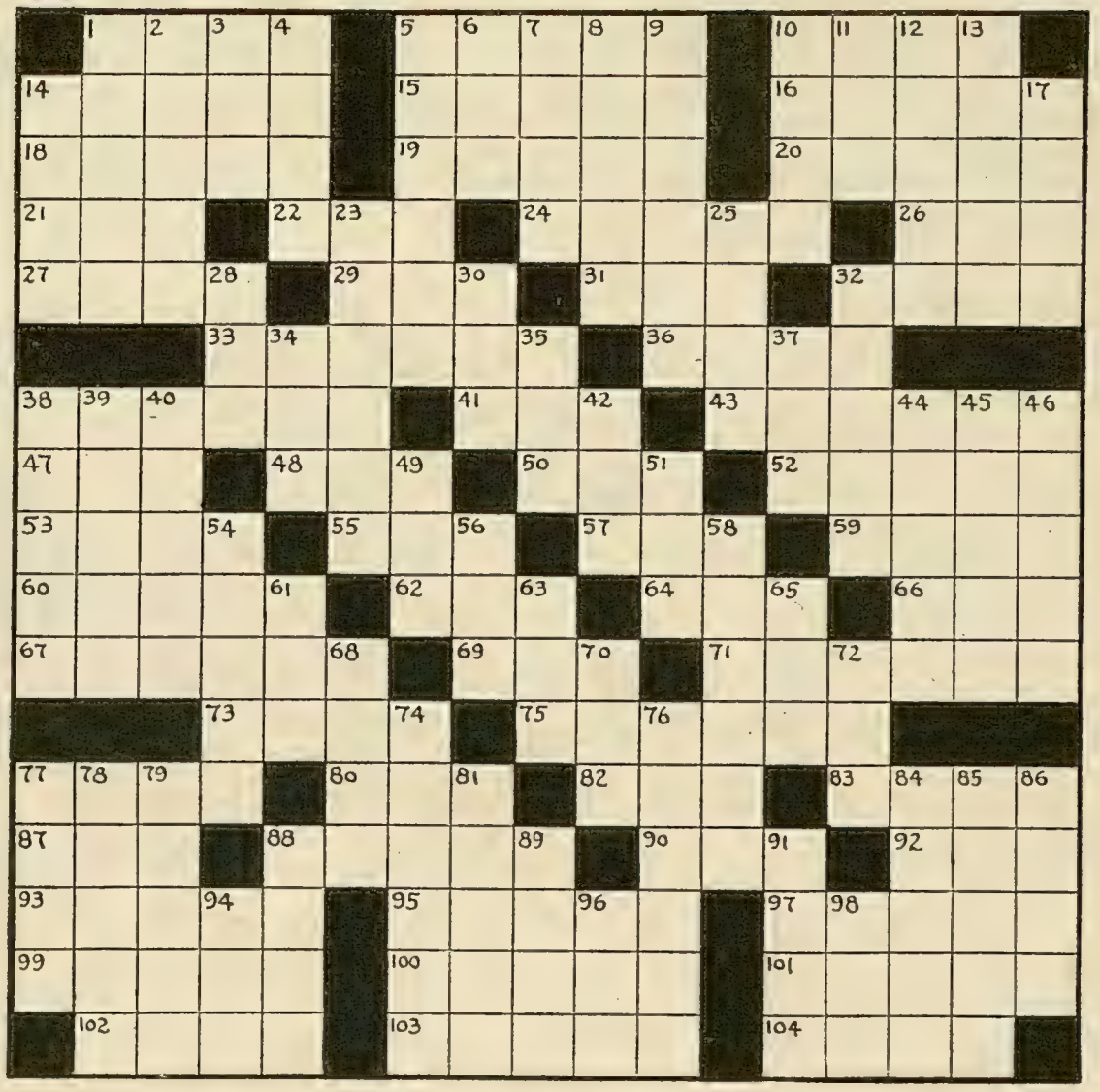
Sears, Roebuck and Co. Chicago - Philadelphia

Please send Book mentioned in Liberty, Sept. 21, 29

Name.....

Address.....

Liberty's Twin

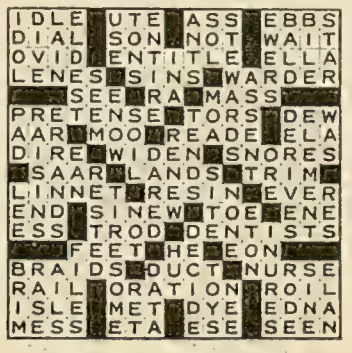


HORIZONTAL

1 Responsibility
5 Stinging insects
10 Exclamation
14 Packing case
15 To mix, as metals
16 View or prospect
18 Corvine bird
19 Becomes erect
20 An anæsthetic
21 Devoured
22 A color shade
24 Man's name
26 Sooner than
27 State of disorder
29 Fresh
31 Lair
32 Woman's name
33 Obstruct
36 Work with painful effort
38 Stick
41 An appendage
43 Fire tender
47 Female sandpiper
48 Attention
50 Breach of continuity
52 Trap
53 In excess
55 Unelevated
57 Beverage
59 Increase
60 Single performances
62 Humor
64 Deed
66 Peer Gynt's mother
67 Resulted as a consequence
69 Pinch
71 Covered with a substance
73 Comprehends
75 Cave
77 Stay
80 Point
82 Form of to be
83 Blockhead
87 Commotion
88 Perennial plants
90 Accustom
92 Recline
93 Vessel having a regular run
95 Broil
97 River in Austria
99 Irish poet
100 Species of heron
101 New; unusual
102 Salver
103 Ovules
104 Solar disk (Egyptian mythology)

VERTICAL

1 Declaim
2 Part of a church (plural)
3 American Indian
4 Dispatched
5 Cautioned
6 Beverage
7 Strike
8 Gazed intently
9 Plan; scheme
10 Assert to be true
11 Illuminated
12 Whitish gray
13 Severe
14 Stuff
17 District
23 Temper
25 Man's name
28 Pronoun
30 Moisten
32 Lengthwise
34 Ill temper
35 Tatter
37 Pronoun
38 Ascended
39 River in Scotland
40 Cants to one side
42 Flying mammal
44 Unit of weight for stones (variant)
45 Irregularly notched
46 Reëspouse
49 Quarrel
51 Edible seed
54 To wake from sleep
56 Succeed
58 Admittance
61 Domain of a bishop
63 Nervous twitching
65 Rocky pinnacle
68 Expensive
70 Animal's foot
72 Moreover
74 Continued attempts to gain possession
76 Leaps; bounds
77 Ointment
78 Simpleton
79 Giver
81 Mingle
84 A fruit
85 A cloth fabric
86 Duck
88 Playing card
89 Father
91 Woman's name
94 Period
96 Preceded
98 Decay



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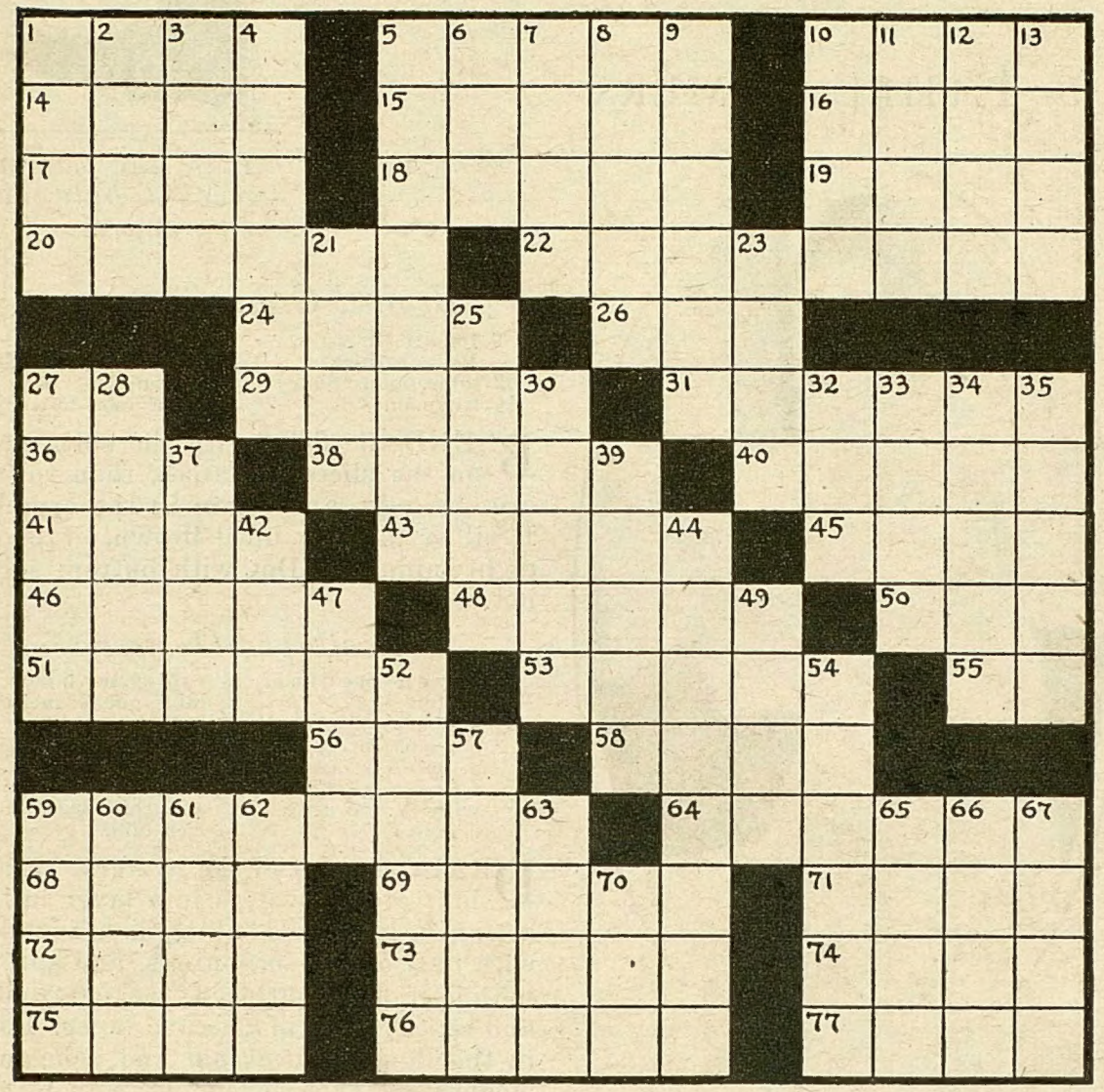
Answer to last week's puzzle

Puzzle Pages



HORIZONTAL

1 Seeds of certain leguminous plants
5 Three-toed wading bird
10 To brag, or shout in exultation
14 Acquire by labor
15 Wife of Ashur (I Chron. iv. 5)
16 Adventitious sound accompanying respiration
17 Language of the Scotch Highlanders
18 To fasten by passing through a hole
19 A continent
20 To give agreeable satisfaction
22 Athenian historian and general
24 Young antelopes
26 Perched
27 Belonging to
29 Letter of the Hebrew alphabet
31 Full of fissures or chinks
36 Priestly vestment
38 Sheet of standing water (plural)
40 Transfers of ownership
41 Uttered
43 Island of the Cyclades group
45 Beverage (plural)
46 Name of a mountain park in Colorado
48 Shafts sunk to obtain gas
50 Crude metal
51 Broad pieces of paper
53 Uproarious disorders
55 The symbol for an element
56 Printer's measures
58 Composition for two
59 Mats at an entrance
64 Family groups of four generations (Cymric law)
68 A song
69 Hibernian
71 Heavy hammer
72 Material used in brewing
73 Pliant
74 Measure of distance
75 Otherwise
76 Hasten
77 Afresh

VERTICAL

1 Look cautiously
2 Nobleman
3 Bottom end of a wooden pulley block
4 Acts furtively and cowardly
5 Cut or torn into long and narrow pieces
6 Mark aimed at in the game of curling
7 The holm oak
8 Bathes
9 The prominence of the palm at the base of the thumb
10 Gambling game played with dice
11 Fine eruption on the body
12 Hodgepodge
13 Reconcile to the loss of anything
21 An Asiatic kingdom
23 A genus of bustards (zoölogy)
25 A scolding woman
27 Fertile spots in a desert
28 Break forth in or like a sudden flame
30 Fisher for lampreys
32 Entangle
33 Combining form: oil
34 Burns to hardness
35 A city in Germany
37 Morsel of food
39 Hard; compact
42 River in Wales
44 Cast off, as the skin or dead matter
47 Main axis of a plant
49 Boil
52 Gastropod mollusks
54 One of the simple eyes of an insect (zoölogy)
57 Narrow or relatively long piece
59 Mistress of a school
60 Verbal
61 Lubricates
62 Classify
63 Location
65 Reclined
66 Feast of the nativity of Christ
67 Killed
70 Pronoun

C	H	U	G	■	F	E	R	N	S	■	C	A	M	P
R	O	L	E	■	A	N	I	O	N	■	U	R	E	A
A	M	U	L	E	T	S	■	V	A	S	E	■	A	L
B	E	L	A	T	E	■	L	I	K	E	■	E	L	L
■	■	A	D	A	■	R	A	C	E	M	E	S	■	■
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L	E	A	R	N	■	S	A	L	M	■	P	I	S	H
■	■	T	R	E	P	A	N	S	■	P	A	L	■	■
B	I	S	■	A	R	M	S	■	C	A	R	M	E	L
O	S	■	S	L	I	P	■	S	I	N	C	E	R	E
A	L	E	E	■	G	A	M	U	T	■	A	N	I	S
T	E	N	T	■	S	N	I	P	E	■	E	T	A	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

EVEN "WHEN IT RAINS IT POURS"

IODIZED TO PREVENT GOITER...ALSO PLAIN

Sousa

GREATEST of all Band leaders says: *"Complete Equipment of Conn Instruments enhances musical value of any band at least 50%."* More than 50 years of experience, and exclusive patented processes make Conn instruments superior. Easiest blowing. Most flexible mechanical action. Most perfect tone. Yet they cost no more.

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WRITE! today for free booklet and special FREE TRIAL OFFER. Mention instrument.

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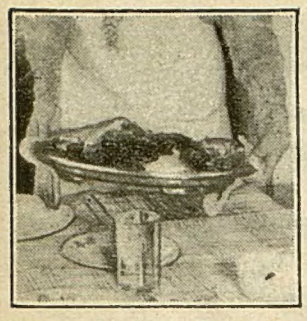
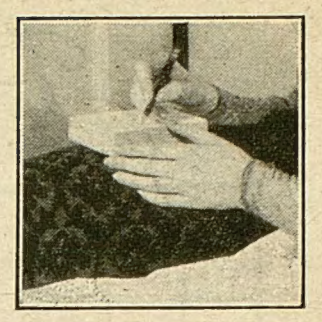


The clever hostess uses attractive dishes.

Kitchenette Menus

By Ethel Somers



Plan the coming week's balanced meals.

THE greatest problem connected with kitchenette cookery is the one of selecting menus that are both balanced and palatable and yet adapted to a limited time and working area, as described last week.

To make your plans concrete, we are suggesting in this article a menu series for one week in which the health needs of the modern business woman are particularly considered.

A WEEK'S KITCHENETTE DINNERS

Sunday

Soup
Broiled Stuffed Chops
Broiled Tomato Border
Creamed Brussels Sprouts
Sliced Fruit — Sponge Cake

Monday

Liver and Bacon en Brochette
Creamed Potatoes — Buttered Boiled Onion Slices
Salad Greens — Pickled Beets
Washington Pie — Iced Tea

Tuesday

Soup
Salisbury Steak
Raw Health Salad — Scalloped Potatoes
Fried or Chilled Coconut Cream Dessert
Toasted Sponge Cake

Wednesday

Sandwich Dreams
Au Gratin Potatoes — Spinach Greens
Combination Salad
Assorted Fruit Bowl Dessert

Thursday

Beef Loaf — Baked Whole Potatoes
Cauliflower Nosegay
Shredded Greens — French Dressing
Floating Island

Friday

Stuffed Tomato or Oyster Sandwich
Grilled Eggplant
Peach Cobbler (biscuit top) with Cream
Cocoa

Saturday

Braised Shoulder or Breast of Lamb en Casserole with Vegetables
Lettuce Hearts — Dressing
Jelly Roll — Coffee

Broiled Stuffed Chops

3 chops cut 1½ inches thick
2 chopped shallots
2 tablespoons butter
½ cup chopped sautéed mushrooms
¼ cup bread crumbs
¼ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon paprika
Enough liquid to bind

MIX the bread crumbs, shallots, and seasonings for the stuffing. After sautéing the mushrooms in butter, add them, together with enough liquid to bind the mixture. This liquid may be stock from the mushrooms, evaporated milk, cream, or water. Make a slit in the round side of each chop, cutting to the bone. Fill with the stuffing, skewer the edges together, and broil or pan-fry until well browned and tender, or about thirty minutes.

Linenlike rubber tablecloths or paper substitutes are practical for kitchenette use.

Sugared Ham Slice

1 slice smoked ham (1¼ inches thick)
2 to 4 tablespoons brown sugar
8 to 12 cloves
2 tablespoons dry mustard
¼ cup water or milk

BLEND the mustard and sugar together and rub it into the ham. Stick with the cloves. Broil or pan-fry until well browned on both sides. Add water or milk and cover tightly, cooking until tender, or about forty minutes.

For a quicker product, use a boiled ham slice.

DON'T stunt the growth of your kitchenette accomplishments with meager food recipes. If you will consult Miss Somers' LIBERTY cookbooks new vistas of culinary art, especially adaptable to the working area of the kitchenette, will appear. These booklets cost but 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. In sending for them, please use the coupon.

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.
☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.
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City.....State..... 9-21-29

Broiled Green Tomatoes

6 tomato slices ½ inch thick
2 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt
½ to 1 egg
½ cup bread or cracker crumbs
1 tablespoon butter

BLEND the flour with the salt, place on the sliced tomatoes, then roll in crumbs, egg, and again in the crumbs. Broil or pan-fry until brown, or about eight minutes. Dot with butter; serve hot.

Scalloped Oysters

1 dozen medium oysters
½ cup very fine or 1 cup coarse cracker crumbs or cooked macaroni mixed with ⅜ cup grated cheese
¼ cup oyster liquor
2 tablespoons melted butter
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika
¾ cup thin cream or rich milk

DRAIN and wash the oysters. Place half of the oysters in a layer in the bottom of a greased baking dish, sprinkle with half of the seasonings, and spread with half of the buttered cracker crumbs, and repeat to form a second layer. Pour in the liquor and cream and bake in a moderately hot oven (375° F.) for twenty-five to thirty minutes.

Lobster à la King

1 cup lobster meat
½ cup cream sauce or seasoned cream
½ teaspoon dry mustard, if desired
1 pimiento, shredded
1 teaspoon minced green pepper
1/16 teaspoon pepper
¼ teaspoon salt
2 ounces fresh mushrooms

SAUTÉ the mushrooms in the butter that is to be used in making the cream sauce: (1½ tablespoons butter, 1½ tablespoons flour, ½ cup milk). Make the cream sauce by blending the flour into the melted butter and stirring in the milk. Stir while cooking until the sauce thickens. Continue cooking over water at least ten minutes. Add other seasonings and the lobster meat. Serve hot on toast.

Meat à la King

THE above recipe may be varied by using left-over cooked meat such as chicken, pork roast, veal, or lamb.

Meat Soufflé

PREPARE as for lobster à la king, blending a well beaten egg yolk with the hot mixture and then folding in the stiffly beaten egg white. (One egg is sufficient for this recipe, although two may be used if a richer dish is required.) Bake this mixture in a buttered baking dish set in a pan of hot water in a slow oven (325° F.) until firm when tested in the center with a silver knife. If desired, it may be varied by placing layers of chopped asparagus tips or greens, such as spinach, between the layers of the meat mixture. Serve with plain or colorful cream sauce made by adding minced green pepper, pimiento, mushrooms, etc.

Nothing more delicious comes in a glass than a long cooling drink of Borden's Malted Milk

Nothing like a Borden's frosted malted milk to give you that quick energy on extra busy days.

Here's the perfect light lunch. A Borden's Malted Milk—and an appetizing sandwich.

WE SERVE Borden's THE IMPROVED MALTED MILK All flavors Delicious

The red Borden Diamond is always the sign of a really good delicious malted milk.

It's energy in a glass. Drink a delicious cream-rich Borden's Malted Milk. Picks you up when you're fatigued and played out. Restores energy swiftly, effectively. Appetizing. Easily digested, too. Made by The Borden Company, 350 Madison Avenue, New York.

Watch that mid-morning tiredness disappear with a quickly prepared glass of Borden's Chocolate Malted Milk. Give it to the children when they're hungry between meals—when they're tired after play. They love it. And it keeps them well—it's always an energy-making drink. Watch your children thrive on it.

Borden's MALTED MILK

Unanimous medical approval comes to a complexion soap for the first time - - - from 73 of the most eminent dermatologists* in America

I'm sure we all know from our own club meetings how next to impossible it is to get even six or eight people to agree on *any*thing under the sun.

So you'll probably be surprised when I tell you that 73 men could *unanimously* agree about this lovely new complexion soap, Camay.

But—these men are *scientists*. They are the foremost complexion authorities in America—teachers of dermatology in some of the largest medical schools or consultants at some of the greatest hospitals and clinics. They examined and tested Camay *scientifically*.

And this was their verdict: "Camay is a pure and unusually mild soap, the kind we would prescribe for even the most delicate complexions."

No other complexion soap in history was ever honored with such scientific approval.

Many of the doctors added such personal commendation as the following from a famous New York City dermatologist:

"I have induced one of my patients who claimed that she could not stand any soap, to use Camay for her face without causing any irritation."

Another practicing in a large Southern city says:

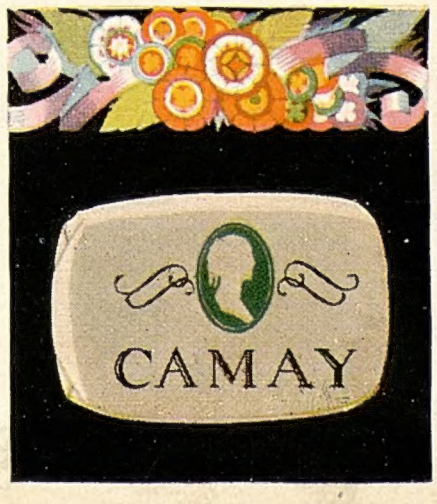
"My skin reacts very quickly and unpleasantly to an alkaline soap. Even during this changeable weather I find that Camay has not irritated it."

I think you'll be especially pleased to discover that the Camay which has such unquestioned medical approval is really as lovely as if it were a frivolous trifle! And there simply never was anything like Camay for helping to keep complexions fresh and outdoor-looking!

Helen Chase

Face Your World With Loveliness—is a free booklet of complexion advice from 73 of America's leading dermatologists. Write to Helen Chase, Dept. YLL-99 Box 1801, Cincinnati, O.

CAMAY 10¢ A CAKE



★ **What is a dermatologist?**

The title of dermatologist rightfully belongs only to registered physicians who have been licensed to practice medicine and who have adopted the science of dermatology (the care of the skin) as their special province.

The reputable physician is the *only* reliable authority for scientific advice upon the care and treatment of the skin.

I have personally examined the signed comments from 73 leading dermatologists of America who have approved the formula and cleansing action of Camay Soap. I certify not only to the high standing of these physicians, but also to the accuracy with which their approval has been stated in this advertisement.

M.D.

(Dr. Pusey is a former president of the American Medical Association, editor of The Archives of Dermatology, and Professor Emeritus of Dermatology at the University of Illinois.)